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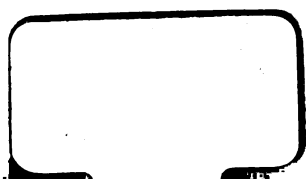
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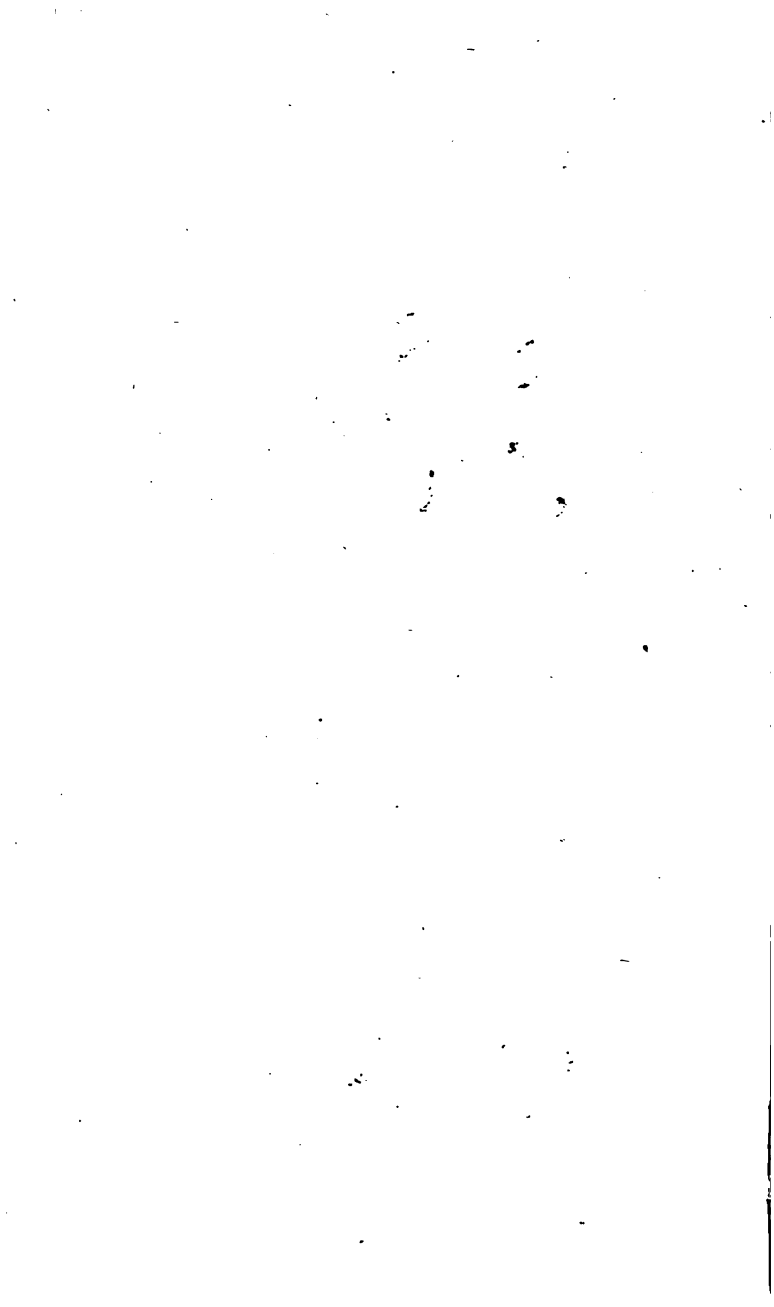


SCENES AT BRIGHTON.



A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.



SCENES AT BRIGHTON;

OR,

“*HOW MUCH?*”

A Satirical Nobel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By INNES HOOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF *SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE*, &c.

“ Satire should, like a polish’d razor keen,
Cut with an edge that’s scarcely felt or seen—
Mine is an oyster-knife.”

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I must have liberty
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To blow on whom I please: for so fools have,
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. SHAKESPEARE.

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Horace in London.

VOL. I.



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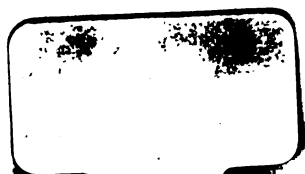
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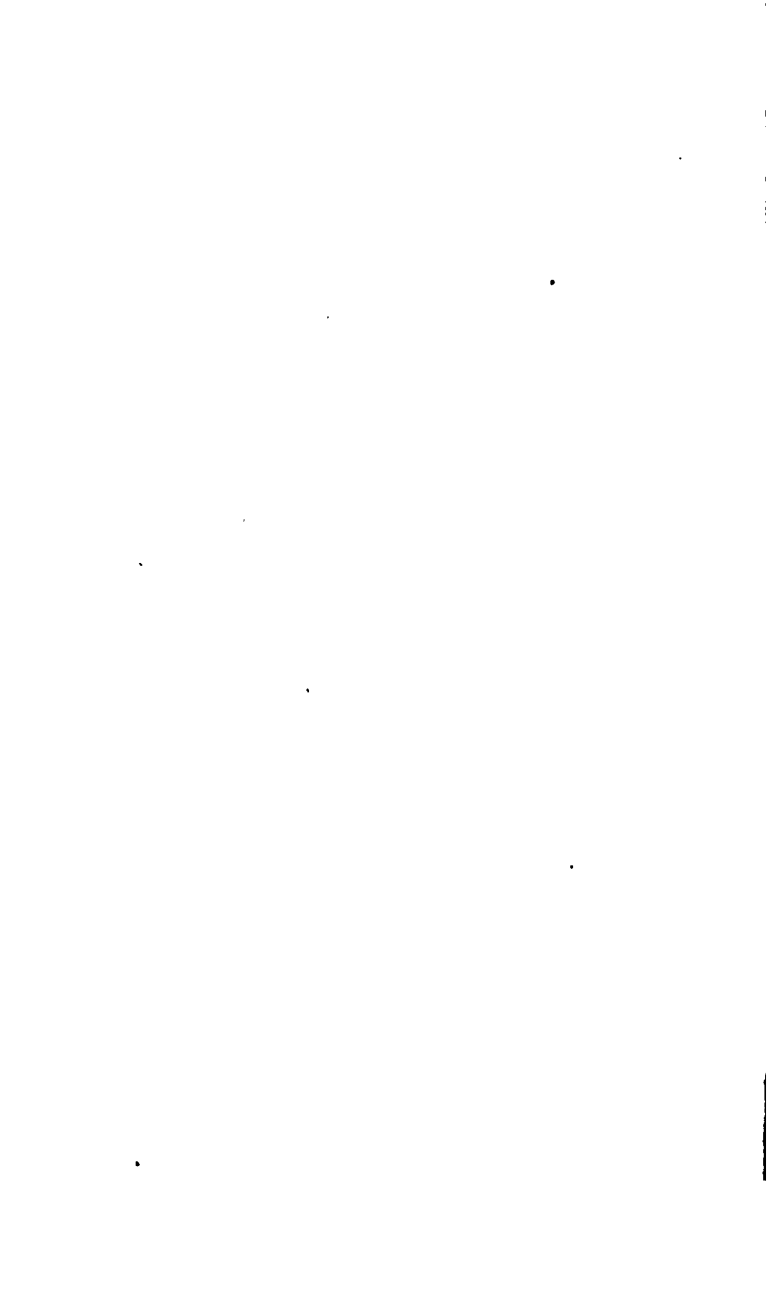


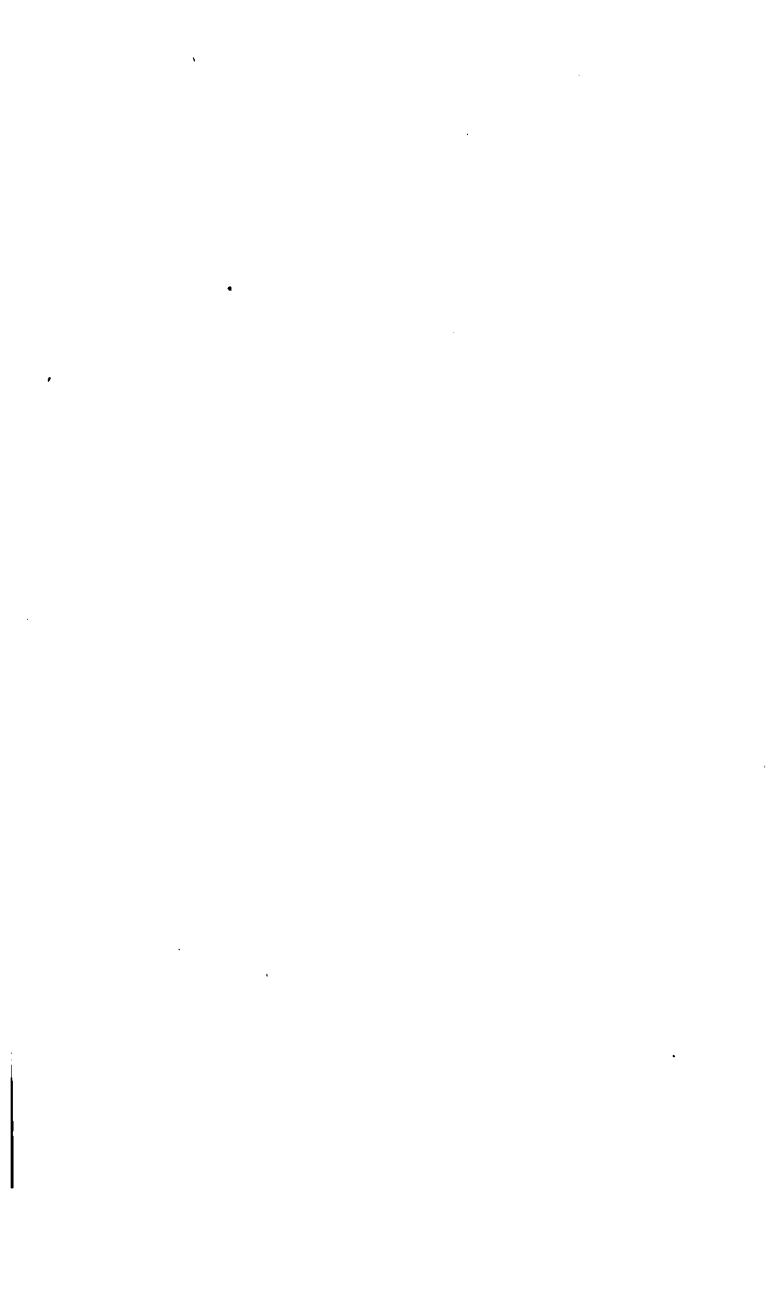
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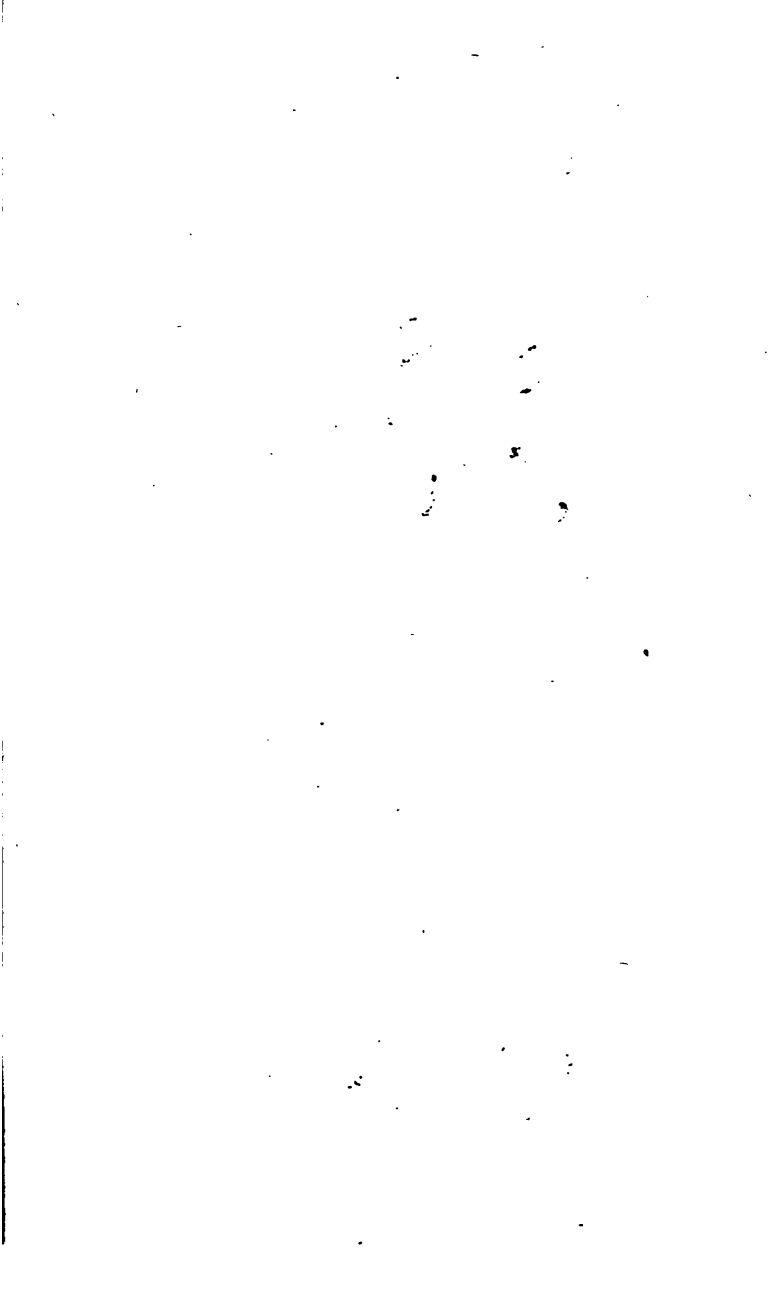


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Or black or fair, it makes na whether;
I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alone is no worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing."

"I CANNOT make out which the devil it is of those girls that has the money!" exclaimed sir Archibald Murray, looking from the club-room window, as the three Miss Templemores, accompanied by their mother, passed up the

Steine before him. "That one of them has sufficient," he continued, still anxiously peering after them, "to make a man monsus comfortable, is as certain as —"

"That we shall lose the game!" groaned out a surly old gentleman, banging down his card, at the same time, on the table, with such force that every body felt the shock.

Bursts of this sort however were nothing extraordinary, and sir Archibald continued—"I really should like to know which it is;" his voice assuming a tone of suppliant inquiry as he spoke, "for that *one* has enough to make her pretty well worth one's while, is a most decided thing, depend on it. Come, Stanley, if you do not know which it is, cannot you give a guess? come, say one; for a frolic."

"Not I," coolly returned his friend, who was nevertheless straining his neck with equal avidity out of that side of the
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“She does not stand upon trifles,” idly observed the honourable Mr. Legge from the card-table; “windy weather, I see, will not suit her market.”

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disgust, "why, I shall expect to hear them all cry ba-a-ah in a minute."

"The wool you see is beginning to grow," observed captain Auckland, alluding to the Austrian trimming of their pelisses.

"Black sheep after all," said Mr. Legge from the card-table.

"If you will take my word for it, the outside one nearest here is the one," exclaimed captain Auckland, with ecstasy in the tone, and his eyes vividly following her as he spoke. "I tell you, you may take my word for it. Now attend: The two other pelisses, I have just discovered, are of kerseymere, Salisbury flannel, linsey-woolsey, or some such stuff; while hers in the bonnet—mind, the bonnet—did not I say the bonnet?—yes, hers in the bonnet is of the best superfine lady's cloth."

"Hush! you know not what you do!" exclaimed Stanley and sir Archibald in a whisper.

whisper. "Unless your father is a peer of the realm, do not, out of kindness to us, venture on publishing such a discovery. It is well for you," looking round and perceiving the M. C. had departed—"it is well for you that that man is gone; he would have settled your parentage in a minute, *by the living God, sir!*" imitating the M. C. as he spoke—" *by the living God, sir, his father is a tailor!*" he stands on no repairs, but deals out your honours with as much dexterity as Jonas the wonderful conjurer does his cards. This man's father is a *baker*, that a *linen-draper*; and positively there is one woman here, respectable enough in her way, whose sire, he actually asserts, was a *batchman*! I wonder his bones can rest in peace under such a mortifying discovery to his survivors. Think of his taking to his rounds again, on earth, just to plague his wanton publisher; *night-work* would be no exertion to him: I can fancy I see him now—

not in all the majesty of Hamlet's father—armed from head to foot, but from top to toe—*tout-à-fait* the watchman—candle and lanthorn, rattle, great-coat, and staff——”

“Come, come, in Heaven's name finish your picture!” interrupted sir Archibald, looking at his watch; “I must say your friend would be of use here to cry the hour—it is past four! Come, let us get our horses. Those people have left the Steine, therefore let us be off. What do you say to a gallop on the downs? We dine, you know, at Westbrook's, and we shall not enjoy his good cheer, unless, as is *Brown-stout's* method, we first go out *appetising*. Westbrook gives the best feeds of any man in Brighton; even Steinbach (who is as decided an epicure as any German I ever knew) allowed the day he dined there, that *Mr. Westbrook kept ver coot dish*.”

Every body, who is any body, must
know

know the club-room at Brighton. Perhaps it would be as well for them if they did not; for many who have reduced their characters and their estates at the same period, have lived to curse this temple of fortune, and to wish, when too late, that their *habeo* had been *debeo*. The ladies even are no strangers to its vicinity to the Steine. It is not good taste to look up to it, but they know the window to be constantly thronged with young men, which reminds them to set themselves up, and to turn out their toes, as they pass to and fro before it.

The Miss Templemores were ignorant of its very existence, and of the scrutiny they had endured within its walls; but they needed not this spur to perfection; for being but newly arrived in Brighton, they had set themselves up, and turned out their toes, from the moment they left their own mansion.

"Mrs. Templemore and family—Grand Parade.' How much am I to put mamma?" asked her eldest daughter, who, from writing the best hand, had been selected to put down their names in the M. C.'s book.

"A guinea, my dear girl—a guinea is quite sufficient," whispered Mrs. Templemore; "nobody thinks of giving more."

Her daughter, without saying any thing, pointed to the sum before her.

"Lord —, two pounds two"—"lord — and family, two pounds two."

Mrs. Templemore paused a moment, then said, in a decided tone—"No, Cecil, no; I will not do any such thing; we are not lords, you know. One pound one will do very well for us. Why do you hesitate?"

"I would rather give the other pound myself!" said Cecil, colouring as she spoke; "I would rather give any thing out of my own pocket, than not look like
like

like other people; I know, Mary, you will give me ten shillings towards it."

"Anything sooner than see the paltry one pound one. You cannot give less than that, mamma; and it looks so paltry and poor to give no more than you are obliged."

Mary had spoken to the purpose.

"Put down what you like," said Mrs. Templemore, in a tone, which, though any thing but satisfactory to a person who did not know her, was perfectly so to her daughters. They knew its every variation; and the result of the present was, that she preferred their judgment to her own. She had taken the arm of her youngest daughter, and was walking out of the library. The two others followed.

"I wish mamma would always let us do as we like, without so much demur;
it

it generally comes to that at last ; and you know what we do always turns out well ; therefore I think our judgment might be depended on."

" We never shall though, while we have no money," returned Cecil, with a sigh. " Money is the cause of all our disputes ; and while it continues only to come out of mamma's pocket, it never will be any otherwise. Why there is Leslie might have put down four pounds—five pounds—what she would, and mamma would have never thought any thing about it. What a pity it is, Mary, we had not all had such godmothers as hers ! I would not have minded what had been her name—Simkins, Jacob, Jobson—oh, sixty thousand pounds would have made any thing sound sweet ! Leslie, to be sure, is a most plain appellation ; but

" What's *Leslie* ? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part,"

and,

and, notwithstanding her name, I positively think she will take."

"I have no fears of the sort," said Mary, with renewed confidence in herself, from having just met the gaze of a whole bevy of officers. "Those men never once looked near her; and whatever you may say, I never can think her handsome."

"You have got my card-case, Cecil," said Mrs. Templemore, applying to her eldest daughter. "We must call on Mrs. Westbrook this morning; somebody, you know, told us it was the fashion of the place to make the first visit; but Leslie and I have just been praying that we may not find her at home."

Cecil gave the card-case, hoping at the same time there would be no necessity for its use.

"I cannot make out this new sister of ours," observed Mary, walking slower, that she might not be heard by any one but Cecil; "such an odd wish, you know,
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was, *which* to attach it to. Some talked of a lottery-ticket; others of an heiress; and there were many who scrupled not to say, that any body could get money if they liked it. Every one however was ready to visit them. Something better was expected at their hands than the usual *routine* of bread-and-butter balls; and so that it did not fall to their share, they cared little who *paid the piper*.

This point decided upon, there was yet another, neither so easily nor so satisfactorily to be arranged—the young ladies' pretensions to beauty. Many were the discussions the subject gave rise to; but the conclusions were nominally the same—the women could see nothing in them; the men pronounced them exquisite!

The *wall-flowers* were not exempt from thorns on the occasion. Not that they felt any necessity for exertion on the
the

the part of their daughters; they were perfectly equal to the pulling down the young people; but when folks pretended to say that the mother was yet a fine woman, and that she might be married again as soon as her daughters, it was their place to be at the pains of persuading the world, that they certainly knew nothing about it. But to return to the party at Mrs. Westbrook's.

"What a nonentity that woman is!" said Mrs. Templemore, as they descended the steps of the door; "I never could bear her at Bath, and I think now she is become more stupid than ever. What evening is it she has asked us for? She drawls out her words so, I cannot attend to half she says."

"You always want to find people so clever, mamma," said Cecil, to whom the question was addressed, and who had not yet lost the smile of delight:
the

the *invites* had planted on her countenance; "I am sure she is very friendly to us, and that is much better. What could be more so than her asking us for this evening? I felt a presentiment of it when I went in."

"I wish you had just given me a hint of it then," said Mary, with a smile, "that I might have gone home and prepared myself; I have yet nothing exactly in a state to put on: there is all the lace to tack on to my frock—to put the sandals into my shoes, and it is not nearly six o'clock."

"Let Hester do it while we are at dinner," said Cecil, in a hasty whisper.

"Oh no," returned Mary, with a desponding shake of the head; "I do not think that will do. Mamma, you know, believes the house is all going to rack and ruin if we give her but one stitch to do, as if the linen could take up all her spare time! I did not mind when we
had

had not a man-servant; but now I think we might expect a little help. I wonder what Leslie would do if she was us?"

"Badly indeed, I believe," said Cecil, looking towards her, "with a shrug. "Why the other morning, when I was in her room, I watched her, and positively Moreton not only dressed her hair, but actually stuck the pin for her in the front of her sash!—By-the-bye, could not Moreton put the lace on for you?"

"She might trim my shoes," said Mary, delightedly catching at the idea; "but on second thoughts, my lace is in so many pieces, and wants so much management and contrivance, that I believe I must make shift to put it on myself."

Although all Brighton were in the dark about it, my readers must, no doubt, ere this, have discovered Leslie Templemore to be the heiress.

The

The circumstances attending it, were they properly narrated, or, as Shakespeare has it, "graced with decent horror," would, in themselves, form sufficient matter for a long and not uninteresting story ; but I prefer the giving them in as concise terms as possible.

Mr. Templemore was the only son of a man of good fortune, but of most extravagant habits. His estates were not entailed ; and Horace, while enjoying all the proud luxury of to-day, had no bright prospect for the morrow. Yet his father's heart, though loving him as such a son deserved to be loved, was perfectly at rest on the subject. If money would make him happy, its attainment was in his power ; if youth and beauty must be its attendants, they waited but to be his own.

Constance Leslie, his young and beautiful ward, with parental delight he saw
lived

lived but for his son; he saw it in the timid fondness of her look when Horace addressed her; he saw it in the suppressed misery, the anxious fear, when he was irresistibly drawn to the side of another. That other was the daughter of the village curate—lovely in her lowliness, and preferred amidst her poverty!

Sophistry was vain. Of what avail to Constance were her boasted thousands? no shield could save her from impending woe.—Horace married, and her peace was wrecked for ever! Hatred for awhile usurped the place of love; and on his quitting his father's house for a humble one more suited to his finances, in the neighbourhood, she formed the resolution of never seeing him more.

Worn down with sorrow and self-upbraidings, her wretched guardian sunk into the grave. His house was to be sold—the scene of all her hopes and fears

for her pleasures and her gains! She could not bear that it should go into the hands of another, and she became its purchaser.

Again she was in the same place with her first, her only, her last love—her hate, her detestation! No overtures on either side were made towards a meeting; and a chance one was her chief study to avoid. Horace still continued to inhabit the same cottage; and she heard, with the bitter smile of satisfaction, that on the final arrangement of his father's affairs, three hundred a-year was all he had to divide on. Yet still he was happy—happy with her he loved! whilst she—
 —Oh, what is the empty pageantry of this world's wealth? Can it sooth, or cheat of one sad sigh the breaking heart? Can it dry the tear of vain repentance? Can it still the sob that breathes of desolation? She saw that in poverty he was happy—she had seen him

in his garden, surrounded by his children—three blooming girls. She drew down the blinds of the carriage; the four gallant horses passed swiftly on.

“We shall never again be friends,” said Horace, with a sigh, following the carriage with his eyes as he spoke. He looked at his children, brushed the curls from off their snowy foreheads, imprinted a kiss on the youngest, that sat on his knee, and softly murmured as he rested his own on her sunny cheek—“Alas! we shall never be friends!”

On reaching her home, poor Constance was taken in a state of insensibility from the carriage. It is true, she had drawn down the blinds, but it was only to conceal her care-worn face, her bitter tears, from the sight of him she loved. Through the crevices she had seen him—seen his children! She examined her heart—there was no hatred

there; she felt nothing but the *soul's sickness*—rejected love.

His children from the moment were dear to her; she longed to embrace them—to trace in them a resemblance to their father—to teach *them* at least to love her. Yet how was this possible? Had she not, in a moment of feverish impetuosity, cast her own doom? had she not, in a moment of agony and delirium, avowed her love to him whose faith was plighted to their mother? No; it could not be; she could never know them. She had herself planted an impenetrable barrier between them: he could not even respect her now; and though she had been hurried on by feelings that, at least to her own heart, carried their excuses with them, what was this to him? was he to be bribed into love? was he to barter a fond heart for the empty trappings of wealth? Alas! no; and poor Constance felt the fallacy of gold.

To

To meet his children, when unaccompanied by their attendant, now became her dearest wish ; and with this view the whole of her mornings were passed in straying from one lane to another. Sometimes she saw them with their father at a distance, and then she would haste in an opposite direction, as fast as her trembling limbs would support her—sometimes she met them fondly linked, hand in hand, with their mother ; and then she would proudly pass them, hating this enviable parent—hating herself, yet still yearning heart and soul after the children.

Chance at length befriended her ; unexpectedly she met them, and alone. It was in a field not far from their own humble dwelling ; the chimneys peeped from the trees that surrounded it, and she could hear their faithful house-dog bark as the traveller passed by : it was with her a

favourite spot; it was here she felt that he was near her, though lost to her for ever.

The ground was her own, and from that cause, fearless of interruptions, she had ordered a rustic seat to be built. At this spot she first met his children, yet how they had entered the field she was at a loss to guess, for the park-railing entirely skirted it. She approached them slowly, fearful of alarming them; but so intently were they engaged, that they saw her not, until she was near enough to detain them, had her appearance scared them away.

Their occupation was sticking roses, wildflowers, and rushes, through the apertures of the rustic seat; whilst bits of stick, broken china, and pieces of brick, strewed the ground before it. It seemed that they had long taken up their habitation there: the seat was
nearly

nearly hung round with flowers, and they must have worked like ants, to have accomplished it with their little hands in the course of the morning.

“ Here are some more flowers for you,” said Constance, in her softest tone; and taking the nosegay from her girdle, she threw it on the bench.

..

The eldest for a moment turned and regarded her; and Constance was dreading the result of her scrutiny, when the second, who had caught up the flowers, applied to her sister to know which was the best place to put them in. A dispute here arose as to their disposal; and Constance, not on sure grounds enough herself to venture at remonstrance, threw herself on the grass by the side of the youngest.

The little thing was digging a hole with a stick, and Constance, with the

wish of making herself agreeable, took up another, and began to dig with it. Nowise disturbed, the child continued to work with all its might, sometimes staring at her strange companion, but oftener fixing her eyes intently on the hole.

Constance soon relaxed her labours. The little creature before her was the exact image of its father, and to sit and gaze upon those well-known looks, was the first happiness she had known for years. Oh! how she longed to press her to her beating heart, to kiss the soft rosy down upon her cheek, to touch the bright ringlets that played upon her neck, and to hear her pronounce the name of father! and yet she dared not venture; for there was more of sufferance than satisfaction in the glances the child every now and then threw towards her; and she often turned, with anxiety, to ascertain that her sisters were still near her.

“ This

"This holly-oak shall go in the middle," said one, in a more determined tone of voice than she had before thought proper to make use of, at the same time snatching from the little clenched hands of the other a magnolia, the gift of Constance: "it shall go in the middle—that is its place—ought it not to go in the middle?"

This appeal was addressed to Constance, and the other stood in a sulky mood, awaiting her decision. The situation was a difficult one to acquit herself well in; she wished to make friends, and the agreeing with one at the expence of the other was not at all the way to bring it about. After a short debate within herself, she said—"Suppose you give the flower to your little sister; let me put it into her hat," taking up an old brown beaver one as she spoke, at the same time receiving the magnolia from the little angry girl before her.

“ And I think,” she continued, delighted to see the peace restored, and hoping to turn their thoughts from their late dispute—“ I think that you can spare a few more to decorate your own with.”

Her lap was soon filled with all sorts of flowers, and the three old brown beaver hats. She had made herself useful, and as they all crowded around her, she no longer feared a dismissal.—“ And what is your name ?” she asked, putting on the head of the eldest its gaily-decked covering, bending still more beneath its weight of flowers than when in its original plainness.

“ Cecil Templemore,” returned the child, adjusting, with all the precision of a birthday belle, her May-day-looking *chapeau*.

“ Cecil Templemore !” repeated Constance—for there was bliss in the very sound—and she fondly kissed the rosy lips that pronounced a name so beloved.
—“ And

—“And what is yours?” she asked, applying to the little fat thing that hung on her sister’s shoulder.

“Mary Templemore.” And Mary received her brimless crown, with her flowers *par nécessité* pinned over it, and her kiss at the same time.

“And now tell me yours?” continued Constance, fondly taking the youngest in her arms: “beautiful little treasure, tell me your name?”

“She cannot talk,” said the two others, speaking both at the same time—“she cannot talk, but her name is Leslie.”

“*Leslie!*” repeated Constance, scarcely believing the evidence of her senses—“*Leslie!* what could induce him?”

The children did not seem much to like the novel expression of her looks, and they were walking off hand-in-hand, when Constance perceived their intention. Nothing however could persuade

them to stop, as they said they must go home to their mother.

"And to your *father* also!" said Constance, disappointed that they had not, of themselves, mentioned his name.

They stared at her for a moment, then, with the same careless expression of countenance, both repeated together—"He is dead!"

Constance scarcely attended to them, for she was again, and perhaps for the last time, straining the little Leslie to her heart.—"And now," she said, "you will go home to your father;" and again she kissed her darling Leslie.

"He is dead!" they again both repeated, lifting up to her their beautiful large eyes: there was not a tear in them, yet they repeated once more—"He is dead!"

Although Constance credited not what they said, her heart nevertheless sunk within

within her.—“ And when did he die ?” she asked, her voice failing her as she spoke the word, and quite ashamed of the weakness that occasioned it.

“ Was it yesterday or to-day ?” asked the eldest, turning to her sister, and stealing a flower from her hat at the same time.

“ The bell is a-ringing for him,” said Mary, assuming a piteous tone.

“ And black men came,” said Cecil, taking off her own hat, and placing her sister’s flower in it; “ and Jane was so busy to-day, we all got out through the palings.”

At this moment the bell did toll, and Constance fell down senseless at their feet.

The violence of the shock produced a long and dangerous illness; but Constance at length recovered—recovered to adopt the little Leslie, and to love

her with a tenderness only inferior to that she had felt towards her father.

Mrs. Templemore was easily persuaded to part with her. With three children, and only three hundred a-year to support them on, the getting rid of one was no difficult task to reconcile herself to. The child, she was sure, would be well taken care of; and she felt the injustice it would be, to allow her own feelings to interfere with that which was evidently for her daughter's advantage.

From this time she saw nothing of the little Leslie; for though she had parted with her in the idea that they were often to meet, she soon after quitted her cottage; and the removal to another part of the country entirely precluded her from the indulgence.

An occasional letter at Christmas, accompanied by a present to her sisters,
was

was all the connexion that existed between the families; and when, at the death of her kind friend—her dear protectress—Leslie, at the end of her mourning, was once more to return to her mother's roof, it was as though she were thrown entirely among strangers.

A mother's heart however cannot long remain so to a daughter, and Leslie bid fair soon to possess an equal portion of it with her sisters: indeed, she brought her welcome with her; for though yet in her minority, through the munificence of her sainted benefactress, her allowances were such, that Mrs. Templemore most sensibly felt their advantage.

There are few people who have a carriage and servants at their disposal, without the attendant drawbacks of having to pay for them: but this was not the case with Mrs. Templemore; though nominally Leslie's, the carriage
was,

was, in every other respect, her own; the servants under her command; and, what was better than all, though the money passed through her hands, Leslie's guardians cleared every thing.

Until now she had resided in a retired village in Wiltshire, educating her children to the best of her abilities—that was, attending to them one month with scholastic rigour; the next, letting learning take its chance.

We all know what this chance must come to: the Miss Templemores could play on the harp (a present from their sister), because they liked it; could make out the interesting parts of a French novel, because they liked it; could play on the pianoforte, because they liked it; but they did not like history; they did not like geography; they did not like arithmetic; in short, they did not like a great many things necessary towards
the

the perfecting that polite monster—education. In drawing, they had a natural taste, which, from pencils being denied them in their youth, owing to their *expence*, they took particular pleasure in cultivating. They sang with sweetness and taste, which made up for the want of science: but, indeed, they were such handsome, and, when they pleased it, such agreeable girls, that the little world they moved in gave them credit for any thing they chose to lay claim to.

This little world at length became too small for their enlarging desires. Bath was within a day's journey, and to Bath, by dint of tears, smiles, crossness, and coaxing, they finally prevailed on their mother to go.

In six months they returned again to their own home—the same, in every respect, notwithstanding their expectations,

tions, as when they left it; the purse only had suffered change. Here they must remain, until the purse should be again replenished, by the savings of many years, *ennui* and "single blessedness" staring them in the face. To be sure, Bath had done little towards removing the latter of these miseries; but then they had staid so short a time! and hope taught them to believe, that twelve months would do what six had failed to accomplish.

At this juncture poor Leslie lost her friend, and the current of their affairs was changed. The contents of the will were soon made known to them: every thing was left to Leslie; but Leslie was to live with them, and to pay handsomely for her board. The world again opened before them; Bath again was the haven of their hopes; and again the Miss Templemores could speculate on the future. Forming brilliant prognostics and effective,

fective ball-dresses, they passed their six months mourning: at the end of this time, Leslie was to join them; and when sea-air was recommended for her health, they readily gave up the idea of Bath for Brighton.

CHAPTER III.

" This is the day for toeing it and heeling it ;
 All are promenading it from high to low ;
 Run, neighbours, run ! all is quadrilling it ;
 Order and sobriety are *dos-a-dos* !"

— — — — —
 " Should you want advice from law, you'll nothing gain
 by asking it ;

Your lawyer's not at home ; he is busy *pas de basquing*
it—

Should you wish to lose a tooth, and go to nail for
 drawing it,

Can't possibly attend you—the dentist's *queue du*
chat-ing it."

" I WONDER what will be the result of
 this campaign," said Cecil Templemore,
 seating herself at her toilet-table, and ad-
 dressing Mary, who was still labouring
 away at her lace by the side of the fire.
 " If it produces more," she continued,
 holding alternately on her head a white
 wreath

wreath of flowers and a pink, to finally ascertain which was the most becoming—"if it produces more, I say—I am certain—yes, quite certain, it never can be so pleasant as the one we had at Bath."

"Why not?" said Mary, rather out of sorts from the gathering thread having broken of her lace—"why not? for I am sure we did not get much good from that, whatever it might have been."

"*Good!*" repeated Cecil, silenced for a moment by the unlooked-for, sobering reflection; "but I am not talking of *good*, Mary," she continued, "I am talking of pleasure; and I am certain we never shall see here the dear old faces we knew so well at Bath."

"I hate old faces and old lace," returned Mary, making good the edge with fine thread. "I never shall get this done in any time to look decent. What shall I do?"

"Why give it me, and I will work at it while you do your hair," said Cecil, taking

taking it as she spoke; "when that is dressed, you will not be so nervous, and then you can finish it with ease."

Mary's temper was soon as smooth as her hair.

"Oh, do you not remember," said Cecil, working away at the same time as fast as Mary's oft-directed eyes could wish, "do you not remember, Mary, when we first went out at Bath, what exquisite ideas we had of felicity? To be seen, we thought, was to be admired; and to be admired, was to be married."

"And do you not remember," asked Mary, who could talk away as fast as her sister, "can you ever forget, Cecil, the master of the ceremonies' grand ball? it was almost the first we were ever at; and how we got on so well, considering the little pains ever bestowed on our dancing, is a thing I cannot make out."

"I must say," rejoined Cecil, delight-
ing

ing in the retrospect—"I must say, I acquitted myself to any thing but my satisfaction."

"And yet you got on tolerably."

"Rather say *intolerably*, my dear Mary; but major Carteret was so good-tempered, so perfectly good-tempered, that instead of being vexed with my blunders when I did any thing wrong, he pushed and pulled me about, till I found myself in my proper place again."

"And then the little idea we had of *etiquette*," continued Mary, "when we used to expect, and felt disappointed if strangers did not ask us to dance with them, never dreaming of the necessity of an introduction, you know."

"And I really almost wonder," said Cecil, "when I recollect the pains *we* used to take to shew them such an advance would in nowise be objectionable, that they really had not done so.

Why,

Why, I declare that I have, as innocently as possible, flirted with a person I have not known through a whole evening; and though, to be sure, I have expected that in the end my hand would be either asked for the dance, or for matrimony, yet nevertheless the being looked at was quite satisfaction enough for me. Oh, Mary, how the world refines away one's pleasures! Now I would not give a *soû* if the best man in the room was to devote his time to staring his eyes out at me—that is, if there it was to end.”

“It does indeed!” said Mary, echoing her sister's sigh. “Ignorance may lead one into follies; but ignorance is another term for happiness, after all. Shall we ever again experience the bliss the bare expectation of a ball used to bestow? and then when the night came, how rigorously we used to set about dressing ourselves! and how we used to talk of it beforehand! and how we used to plan
what

what new bits of our hair we would bring down and curl for the occasion !”

“ Oh, how well indeed I remember it !” said Cecil, laughing the *heart's laugh* at its very recollection—“ how well I remember about the hair !”

“ And then you know,” again proceeded Mary, “ in about half-an-hour at farthest the new curls were sure to shew themselves. I think I can see them now, the hyacinthine clusters, and the straight ends staring out beneath. We certainly had no idea then of managing our heads. Why, I remember it has often happened, that after having bestowed two hours or more upon their *dressing out*, the very first jump we have taken in the dance has prostrated all our combs, black pins, and flowers, at our feet, leaving our hair to dangle at liberty, *mermaid fashion*, upon our shoulders.”

“ And no doubt,” said Cecil, “ when we carelessly put it up again, we looked
much

much better than after all those ill-directed pains, pulling out one's curls hair by hair; and, after all, how mortified I have felt, when I have recollected how much better I have appeared in my every-day style, than in my pains-taken holiday '*quirks and turns*!' How different they look now!" she said, peeping over her sister's shoulder, and reflecting in one glass two of the prettiest heads in Brighton—"How different they look now!" they both repeated together, viewing with delight the lovely, the smiling faces before them. "I think we shall do; and my lace does not look bad," said Mary, at the moment the servant entered to announce that the carriage was waiting.

There was always yet a great deal to do when the Miss Templemores considered themselves dressed. There were not only gloves to find, but to pick out which was the cleanest pair; there were
not

not only smelling-bottles to find, but to fill each said smelling-bottle with perfume ; their gold chains were to be washed with soap-suds—their fan-sticks to be tied together with string—their artificial nosegays to be mixed with real geranium leaves ; and every body in the house to be questioned as to where might most probably be their cloaks ?

No one, however, on entering Mrs. Westbrook's drawing-room, would have dreamt of any thing of the sort ; indeed there was so much fashionable collectedness about them, dignified superiority, and consciousness of loveliness, that to have assimilated them with any portion of domestic drudgery, would have been little better than profanation.

There existed between the three sisters what the world terms a strong family likeness, that is to say, when Leslie's countenance was animated ; but

her cheeks so often were quite pale, her mind so evidently abstracted, that her sisters, who never failed to put their eyes, nose, and mouth to the most becoming school, bid fair to get the start of her, and to carry off the palm of beauty; or, to speak in military metaphor, what Leslie lost by sometimes *standing at ease*, they gained by being always *attention*. Yet Leslie could better afford to be pale, to be abstracted, than they could. Her features were better formed, her eyes of softer expression, and she had hair of that description and colour, which, from being a shade darker than their own, they had even condescended to envy. But the world are better pleased with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, than with this epicurean style of beauty; and though Leslie most insidiously would have wound round their hearts, they preferred letting them be taken through surprise by her sisters.

“ I wonder if it is to be a *kick-up* to-night ? ”

night?" asked sir Archibald Murray, who, with his friend Stanley, was lolling his elbows among the tea-cups on Mrs. Westbrook's chimneypiece; "the room is getting so monstrous full, that I think they will soon have the charity to turn some of us into another—not that I want to mend my pace, for I am as tired as a dog, but it is the only means one has of getting introduced to strange girls—I like to get some one to talk to." Stanley smiled. "Now I see you think I am after the needful," continued sir Archibald, nodding his head to that part of the apartment the Miss Templemores occupied. "Not that? then what the devil is it that pleases you so much? Are we to be wedged here all night? is that the fun?"

"Oh God, no!" said Stanley, endeavouring to conquer his risibility; "never was such a thing known in Brighton! Why the girls here are called *jumpers*. I met Tom Shelton the other

day in town; if you want a jumping wife, says he, go to Brighton for her; they hop about there like shrimps."

The "notes of a fiddle" were now heard at a distance; and, at his particular request, sir Archibald Murray led the eldest Miss Templemore down to the dancing-room.

"Let me introduce you to a partner," said Mrs. Westbrook, approaching Stanley, who was still continuing to laugh at something his friend had said. "Come," she continued, tapping his arm with her fan as she spoke, "come, I see you are quizzing, and I must positively put you in employ, for the better security of my friends."

There is a degree of horror attached to the idea of a *chance* partner—the risk is terrible—not only the blind, and the deaf, and the halt, may be awarded to
you;

you ; but you may literally be called on to wear out your own legs in the service of a damsel on her last legs.

Stanley shuddered at the very thought, and, in a voice scarcely audible, began —“ Thank you——if I dance——Mrs. Westbrook——I should like——that is ——”

“ It is for Miss Mary Templemore I want you,” said Mrs. Westbrook, annoyed at his frigidity. There was magic in the name, and in a moment he found himself with his fair partner, opposite her sister and his friend in the quadrille.

The Miss Templemores, by dint of infinite practice and quick perceptions, had rendered themselves perfect mistresses in the polite art of dancing. They could now perform the *pirouette, contre-tems, pas de basque, pas de grace, à merveille* ; in short, no *pas* now of any de-

scription came amiss to them. Their partners got on as well as could be expected. A sensible man certainly is out of his sphere when we see him racking his body and his brains to *dove-tail* into a *dos à dos*, or *queue de chat*—when we see him straining at a caper with as much pertinacity as he would use to the solving of a problem in Euclid; and yet men, and men of condition too, delight in thus exhibiting themselves. You will see them, with infinite self-satisfaction, perform the feat of the *cavalier seul*. At first they advance with timidity; the retreat gives them confidence; then, like old posthorses warmed in their harness, they finally dash about backwards and forwards, jump up on one side, come down on the other, tie up their legs in a knot, ravish them asunder again, and, like mad dervises, continue to leap and to spin about, till both breath and measure are exhausted.

“ What

“What pleasant partners we have got!” said Mary, taking advantage of their momentary absence, in search of lemonade, to commune a little with her sister; “mine is really delightful! he is telling me all about the people in Brighton; but though it is vastly entertaining, I must say I would not come under his lash for something. What does yours say?”

“Nothing as yet to the purpose,” returned Cecil, with a visible air of discontent; “he is the most stupid man I ever met with! He has asked me three times how long I have been in Brighton? and from the brilliant specimen I have already had, I have little hopes but the next question will be to the same purpose. But he is a baronet!” she continued, in a more sprightly tone; “therefore I do not mind much.”

The fact was, poor sir Archibald, though the most troublesome man in

the world with his tongue in the society of men, was nevertheless, as Stanley expressed it, as mute as an oyster when under the influence of that of the other sex. This accounts for his friend's laughter ; but sir Archibald was so tenacious upon the subject, that though he once allowed that the presence of a modest woman seemed to throw a *wet blanket over him*, no one else cared to sport with him on the subject.

“ You will soon know all the Brighton characters,” said *Stanley*, as *jockeying* sir Archibald, he threw himself into the seat between the sisters. “ Believe me it is a most amusing study ; and there is *Clanmaurice*, a fund within himself, dying to be introduced, though off for Ireland to-morrow. Will you allow me ?” They bowed. “ Colonel *Clanmaurice*—the Miss *Templemores*.”

Mary indeed, through the aid of Mr.
Stanley,

Stanley, had become acquainted with the character of every body in the room; and though it was after a manner in which they would have been sorry to have recognised themselves, it was nevertheless a correct picture. But the world do not value themselves on their every-day face; and any bye-sketch that may be taken of it, is therefore considered a personal injustice. It is a common observation; "but then I was at home, and it was not fair to judge of me;" and when the *company complexion* is so much more to be preferred than the one for *home consumption*, is it not ill-tempered of the limner to bestow his talents on the latter?

Thus however it was with Stanley. He had got them in their every-day garb—nay, even in their very nightcaps; but they did not look pretty in them; and though, like another Apelles, Stanley loved their contemplation, it is not for us to

sport with the follies of our fellow-citizens.

“How beautifully your sister dances!” exclaimed colonel Clanmaurice, addressing himself to Cecil, who was still indefatigably endeavouring to hit on something that might suit the comprehension of the baronet. Finding it, however, vain, and pronouncing him to herself “a melancholy fool without his belles,” she gladly attended to Clanmaurice. He repeated his observation in terms of even stronger admiration. Cecil looked towards Mary. She was quietly seated by her side. She then looked towards Clanmaurice, and following the direction of his eyes, her own fell on Leslie. An officer, in full uniform, stood by her side — “She does not know the value of her partner,” said Cecil to herself, as she watched the apathetic manner in which Leslie replied to his apparently-animated conversation.

conversation. "How odd it must seem to him to be taken so little notice of!" continuing her mental soliloquy; "it is very thoughtless of Leslie really; for if she would endeavour to please him, he might then wish to be introduced to us."

Mary had now caught sight of the blue and gold, which, ever attractive in her eyes, was now doubly enhanced by the jewel it contained. The form before her was indeed one of nature's best works!

"With wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, e'en though he had no wit."

"But who would not look well in such a dress?" she thought, turning with less interest than before to attend to the conversation of Stanley; while Cecil felt that silence even might be borne from lips that had mustachios on the top of them.

Notwithstanding the shock of seeing

D 6

Leslie

Leslie so much better provided with a partner than themselves, the evening went off much to the Miss Templemores' satisfaction. They had not only danced a great deal, but danced with every body they desired; and though Cecil had thrust herself forward when Mrs. Westbrook brought up to them the *tall handsome officer*, yet Mary's dancing with three little *stumpy* ones, that came in afterwards, prevented all heart burnings, by setting *quantity* against *quality*.

Mrs. Templemore even allowed the evening had passed agreeably. She had played at whist, and had won; and in being introduced to families of distinction by their particular request, gained a confidence in herself she had till now been a stranger to.

Reared in obscurity, there was a timidity about her, her daughters in vain sought to dispel. Indeed she never
seemed

seemed to lose sight of the responsibility of being, to use her own words, *answerable for every thing*; and though she laughed with them when they ridiculed her, listened when they reasoned with her, she was still as bad as ever when called upon for exertion. How they had ever prevailed on her to go to Bath, was still an enigma to themselves. To be sure they had trouble enough when they were there; but house-rent was dear, things were most exorbitant, and it was but too true that none but herself knew the responsibility of being *answerable for every thing*.

The Miss Templemores hailed with delight the change that had visibly taken place in their mamma's *constitution* since Leslie's residence under their roof. At first *they* regarded their sister with a jealous eye, for they were well aware of the many advantages she possessed over them; but as soon as they ceased to fear that

that she would betray her learning at every word, the good company she had kept at every step, and the fortune she was possessed of in every thing that she put on, they were reconciled to her society, and began to love her for the good she had bestowed upon them.

Nothing indeed could be so different as the Mrs. Templemore of the *Cottage in the Lane*, and the Mrs. Templemore of the Grand Parade. There was now an easy dignity about her, a fashionable importance, that surprised as much as it pleased her anxious daughters; and though occasionally at home, the nervous irritability of *responsibleness* would suddenly break out; abroad she was every thing they could possibly desire.

Such is the difference of a heart at rest, and a heart tormented by the shadows of poverty. With the acquisition of worldly wealth, they saw she had received.

ed a stock of heavenly happiness they never could be too thankful for. To be sure it was but temporary ; but Leslie was so young, and they, without much flattery, so very beautiful, that they certainly *must* be married before any change would again take place in their mother's circumstances. Thus argued our two pretty philosophers, as they sat trimming their petticoats for the evening.

CHAPTER IV..

There Envy shows her sullen mien,

With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate—

There malice stabs, with rage serene,

In deadly silence, treacherous friendship wait:

MARRIOT.

.....

They, against nature, for applauses strain,

Distort themselves, and give all others pain.

STILLINGFLEET.

It would have been surprising to those who did not know the common run of the Brighton visiting, how the Templemores, who came there as strangers, so soon got into society. Indeed it was not a little so to themselves. They, to be sure, knew that their family was respectable; but why the world, who could not go on such sure grounds, should take it

it for granted, was to them a thing inexplicable.

The set they moved in was unexceptionable; every body in that set paid them peculiar attention; they seemed but to exist in their presence; and the only wonder was, how they had so long continued to live without them.

The fact was, Mrs. Templemore was considered a woman of large property. She lived in a certain style, and the *arithmeticians* of Brighton knew she must have recourse to pounds, shillings, and pence, to keep it afloat. She had her carriage; the young ladies their saddle-horses; and though they neither expected a drive in her carriage, or a ride on her daughters' horses, yet these things were claims upon their consideration they could not consent to look over.

With these ideas, her door was throng-
ed

ed every morning with visitors, anxious to get in to look about them; for every evening she had sufficient cards of "at home" to turn even stronger heads than her daughters; and though not a word by herself was said about money, they were so kind as to pronounce that they knew to a certainty, that all three of the Miss Templemores were heiresses.

This, however, was only the effusion of the female part of the community, for the men were too dearly interested in it to go upon any thing but sure grounds. That one had *the stuff* was very generally believed; the only question was—"Which had it?" and "How much?" and though nothing satisfactory appeared to them in answer, attentions they seemed to agree could, even in a state of uncertainty, do *no harm*; and although they might flirt to please themselves, they were not obliged to please the young ladies by marriage unless the pill was gilded.

With

With this all the pride of Brighton flocked to the Templemore standard. They might have danced all night, and in the morning have still found legs for their service. In short, they had the *ribbons* in their own hands; and if the gentlemen ever did intend to kick themselves out of harness, there was no appearance of restiveness in their natures at present to warrant the suspicion. But gold is known by the touchstone, and the touchstone of man is gold! The *animals* were yet to be tried, and the Miss Templemores lived in clover.

There may be those among my readers who know no more about Brighton than the man in the moon, perhaps indeed not so much; for though enjoying an elevated station, this gentleman does sometimes, by dint of his candle and lantern, condescend to look down upon us. Should my friends think it folly to be wise on the subject, they have
my

my permission to skip and go on. Are they willing to lose their blissful ignorance at a cheap rate, *attendez*.

Brighton, or Brighthelmstone, as it was formerly called, is situated in the county of Sussex. I do not state this to shew my own erudition, but as we are not all born geographers, it may not be an unnecessary piece of intelligence. It was once, like Hastings, a miserable fishing town; now the "queen of watering-places."

The houses, generally speaking, are more convenient than handsome, irregularly built, and of such slight materials, that it is not an uncommon circumstance their tumbling themselves down before the artisans have finished building them up.

In the year 1699, more than a hundred huts were swallowed by the sea. Such
a circum-

a circumstance would be no bad thing in these days ; for so voraciously are the builders set to work, that unless some such blessing overtakes them, the place stands a fair chance of swallowing itself. The cliff indeed holds out strong hopes of the sort ; for while, like the articles of an auction, it is constantly going, going, going, going, no doubt, in the space of a short time, it will be—gone.

Like every other watering-place that beskirts this dear little island, the search after health and longevity acts as an apology for all sorts of idleness, and sometimes social imposture. It is here the voluptuary washes the cobwebs from the interstices of his flaccid anatomy ; the swag-bellied denizen, the rancid adhesion of old cheese, Irish butter, junk, assafoetida, tallow, mundungus, and train oil ; the dame of fashion, rouge, wrinkles, and rotundity ; the delectable dandy, false teeth, false *tête*, and false mustachios.

The

a chapel or two in the town. Here the *lamps of fashion* are constant in their attendance, where, separate from the *parish mutton*, they parry the assaults of the devil behind their fans, study attitudes, quiz the clergyman, and are allowed to go to heaven their own way.

The boarding-houses are numerous, and generally filled with, what they term themselves, very *genteel company*. The ladies take pains to be as *lady-like* as convenient; and the gentlemen make a point of putting on their Sunday silk stockings every day. The approaches to the head of the table are by seniority. If a *two-pounder*, or *gourmand*, should happen to mingle in the circle, the purveyor endeavours to get rid of him by persuading him the air is too sharp for his lungs; if that fails, he is in danger of being advertised, described, and pounded, as a stray cormorant, who will be sent to his parish on paying his expences.

The

The coast is, like many of its visitors, bold, saucy, intrusive, and dangerous. The country also may claim a similitude, for it is rude, dull, unproductive, and uncultivated.

Mais arrêtez, monsieur l'Auteur ; we have all friends occasionally in Brighton—friends whose minds are more or less of the correct, possessing more or less of obliquity, and are more or less subtle and superficial. We cannot bear then to read your book, if you take a pleasure in maltreating them. To all lenity is necessary ; and though a naturally-right mind will perceive and represent things in their true point of light, yet it often stands in need of a curb, to prevent it from mixing the true streams with the fictitious hues of fancy ; it wants to be guarded against the seduction of its own senses, the misprision of its own wit.—The reproof is just ; but if I am to be *dash-ed* and snubbed about in this way, I shall not be able to get on at all.

ed every morning with visitors, anxious to get in to look about them; for every evening she had sufficient cards of "at home" to turn even stronger heads than her daughters; and though not a word by herself was said about money, they were so kind as to pronounce that they knew to a certainty, that all three of the Miss Templemores were heiresses.

This, however, was only the effusion of the female part of the community, for the men were too dearly interested in it to go upon any thing but sure grounds. That one had *the stuff* was very generally believed; the only question was—"Which had it?" and "How much?" and though nothing satisfactory appeared to them in answer, attentions they seemed to agree could, even in a state of uncertainty, do *no harm*; and although they might flirt to please themselves, they were not obliged to please the young ladies by marriage unless the pill was gilded.

With

ed, therefore not the less pleasant; but the curious observers had long anticipated its approach—anticipated it in the compliments to their own charming looks, the attentive inquiries after their friends—anticipated it in all the scrapings, crawlings, dodgings, doffings, dippings, and *fishing*, of the *arbiter deliciarum*, or M. C.

With the arrival of their tickets, the trouble of the Miss Templemores began; where it would end, was not so obvious; though their mother ventured to predict, that such extravagant notions as theirs would lead even a Cressus, in time, to his county jail. They did not care—she could not expect they would go in dresses every body had seen a thousand times, and new ones they positively must have.

Nothing more was to be said; Mrs.

Templemore made them a yearly allowance, and if they chose to barter necessities for superfluities, she knew of old that it was not in her power to turn them. The question was, what they should have? but here were so many incongruous things to be brought together, that decision was no easy matter. There was no end to their consultations: this hour they laughed—the next, almost cried; for what was pretty, they found was not cheap; and that which was cheap, not pretty.

Their mother, from having heard nothing else for many days, at last became interested in the subject, and every thing went on well. They could now, though they had certainly not put much constraint on themselves before, talk openly; they could bring down their dresses for public inspection, proffer this, reject that, attempt the accommodation of an
old

old dress over a new satin slip—the adjustment of the old slip under a new gauze dress.

“What would you advise, Leslie?” asked Cecil one morning, getting more confounded and perplexed, as the time for decision became shorter. “I am sure you must have something very pretty to wear yourself, or you never would be so quiet and contented about it.” Leslie raised her eyes slowly from the book she was perusing, and her sister repeated the question.

“Advise!” she returned, looking round the room, and seeming, for the first time, to perceive its affinity to a *slop-shop*—“advise, dear Cecil! I advise! You would not ask me if you knew the little idea I have of the subject. Morton often declares, and I believe she is right, that I hardly know a lace robe from a linsey-woolsey one; but you are

not going to throw all these things away?"

Her sisters stared at her for a moment, and then laughed so heartily at the innocence of the supposition, that they could not readily reply to it.

Leslie, in fact, knew neither the value of money, or the importance of dress. With women indeed the knowledge of the one constitutes the other, but Leslie was ignorant of both: from infancy, both purse and wardrobe had been filled by her kind friend and protectress: by her, wants were anticipated ere they were formed—hopes realized in the moment of their birth. Since her death, she had thought of little but her loss: it is true, the time for mourning was expired, but her heart still grieved, and in private, tears chased each other down her cheeks, as busy memory brought too forcibly to her

her recollection days of happiness gone for ever.

But Leslie, on entering her mother's house, hushed up these feelings of regret; for she had that quick perception about her—that *tact*, which taught her to believe, that murmurings of grief would blend but ill with the new affections she was entering on. Her heart indeed sprang towards her new relatives; but though there was comfort in the kiss she could impress on her own mother's cheek—solace in the affection she cherished towards her sisters, her brightest joy was buried in the grave of her benefactress.

Sorrowing as she did, there was a quiet taciturnity about her, that ill accorded with their cheerful dispositions. It is true, they loved her sincerely; but there are various sorts of love; and while receiving from them all the attentions.

dictated by affection, Leslie yet felt it was of a distinct character from that they entertained towards each other. Far from uttering complaints, Leslie only felt she was a stranger to them ; but the warmth of a fond heart was chilled—thrown back upon itself, as it pondered on the insignificance of its claims. With her sisters indeed she had not one thought in common ; reared, as it were, in each other's arms, their minds had become so entwined together, that any approaches towards sociability seemed a stepping out of their own concerns—an advance more intended as a compliment to her than any satisfaction to themselves.

Under this impression, Leslie gratefully received, but never sought their attention : yet, in spite of her better reason, an envious feeling would creep about her heart, as she listened to their mutual and merry laugh ; and when she saw
them

them hanging on each other's arm, as they entered or quitted the room together, she would sigh to herself and say—"I never can become a Cecil to Mary, or a Mary to Cecil." Yet these reflections, with nothing ostensible to complain of, only tended to vex her; they shewed an ungrateful spirit for the little kindnesses she was every hour receiving from them—an encroaching one for desiring more than it was in their power to give.

There was only one clue that would have accounted for every thing, and this poor Leslie was fated never to arrive at. I have before said she knew not the value of money; therefore she dreamt not, that in the eyes of her family she was considered a distinct being from themselves. Ignorant of the cause, the effect sensibly concerned her. Unconscious that wealth throws a halo round the person denying the approach, *tender familiarity* was all she longed for. She

E. 5.

hated.

hated to be helped before her sisters at dinner—to be asked, when they were not, at what time the carriage should be ordered—whither she would like to go—and, above all, whether she would like they should go out or stay at home in the evening? In a word, she could have answered them—she liked nothing but what they liked—desired nothing but what they desired.

Yet this facility on her part to be pleased did not aid in the bringing it about: condescension enforces consideration, and poor Leslie found herself more considered than ever.

Sensible minds are never best adapted to assist themselves; a fool will scramble out of a trouble, while your sapient body but plunges deeper in. So it was with Leslie; she felt the evil, but hopeless of a remedy, bad became worse; she retired within herself, and the distance between
them

them was rendered greater than ever. As they seated themselves at one end of the room with their work, she, with a book, withdrew to the other; they envying her the delights of leisure, she than their powers of employment.

Ignorant of both the art and the usefulness of work, Leslie, with curiosity, would watch their progress, wonder at the pertinacity of their pursuit, and when she has seen them puzzling for an hour over a little scrap of muslin, she has wished she could herself receive pleasure on so slender a foundation. That they should work for amusement surprised her; for any thing else, still more so. Indeed the *necessity* of the act never struck upon her comprehension; and while she saw them every evening come out in what appeared to her an entire new suit, it would have been difficult to have persuaded her to the fact. Unskilled in the various powers of the needle, she

could not trace its ramifications in these displays. With no ideas herself, or interest on the subject, she could not discover that the elegantly-trimmed satin robe of last night, stripped of its ornament, was now playing the subordinate part of a slip; that the flounce that had once appertained to a pink dress was sometimes translated to a blue; or that bodies met skirts, and skirts met bodies, without one particle of previous homogeneity. All this Leslie never once surmised, and still less, that it was the fruits of the morning's occupation; but sharper eyes than hers might have been puzzled, for it was scarcely possible to trace in these piece-meal *contrapositions*—never in a great state of forwardness, for they were only finished the moment before they were put on—the elegant habiliments of the evening.

In time however the most amusive things will fail; Leslie ceased to watch
her

her sisters, and books became her only resource: she had indeed no other companion; for morning visitors were rarely admitted, and Mrs. Templemore had been so accustomed to attend to every domestic concern, in the little life of economy she had before existed in, that though now unnecessary, her heels were true to their office, and she seldom joined their morning's coterie.

With nothing to chase them from her mind, mournfully sad were Leslie's ruminations. The loss of her friend, her more than parent, was the first sorrow she had known, and her heart cherished, rather than sought to subdue, the gloom it had imprinted there. Often would she have recourse to her book to hide the starting tear; and when she has hastily retired to her own room, it was to hush the convulsive sob that threatened to betray her. Her grief however was in safe keeping; for her sisters were
too

too much engaged in their own mundane affairs, to follow her thoughts to the grave of her friend. That she was unhappy, and in *Brighton*, would have been difficult to persuade them; that she should so long regret one who had left so much cause for rejoicing, equally incredible. It is true, they did not, as they termed it, understand her; but every deviation from their own wild course, they put down to the score of excessive education—every inattention to the concerns that enchanted them, an excusable affectation in the possessor of sixty thousand pounds. The present circumstance however levelled all distinctions; they were yet unprovided with a dress, and it only wanted one night and two days to the ball.

The novelty of her situation delighted Leslie; she was called on for *advice* by her elegant sisters; and though well aware of her total incompetency to the task,

task, she nevertheless felt all the satisfaction that accrued from so confidential an instalment. Accordingly she began to talk largely of silver gauzes, lama muslins, Brussels lace, blond net and roses; and she might just as well have talked of *diamond* coronets, *pearl* necklaces, *ruby* crosses, and *amethyst* solitaires. This was indeed all lost time, and Leslie finding none of her bright ideas would take effect, at length proposed that Morton should bring down her wardrobe for their inspection. This looked like business, and a hasty ring was given for Morton; but, alas! Morton was out, and in this dilemma, Leslie, fearing to sink into her former insignificance, again began to rack her brains for wherewithal to fix on. But again nothing would present itself but gold gauzes, silver muslins, embroidered blonds, and fancy wreaths of flowers; all as far from her sisters' reach, as is Indus
from

from the pole, and from the pole all the way back again to Indus.

But though destitute of the requisite notions on the subject, Leslie's heart was too much the seat of good temper, to be damped by the failure of its first onset; and she was still ringing the changes on her princely assortment of attire, when the thought came across her, that though her wardrobe could not come to her sisters, there was no reason why her sisters might not go to her wardrobe. The overture was most thankfully received; and with a kiss for the kindness of the thought, they left her and hastened to her apartment.

Oh, what a glorious sight awaited them! this was indeed what a wardrobe ought to be! and they took a little time in wondering why Leslie, with such a number of things, should have gone out
two

two evenings following in the same dress. They had not however here time to solve it ; and the bed, the floor, the chairs, and the tables, were soon strewn with objects fit for their choice.

“ I do not wonder at Leslie’s grand ideas, do you, Cecil ? ” said Mary, holding up a superb lace dress : “ I thought at first she was sporting *fine* just to quiz us ; but I am sure now she was in earnest. Only fancy us in gold lama dresses, how beautiful we should look ! ”

“ This lace one would content me,” replied Cecil, sighing from the bottom of her heart, and putting it before her as she spoke : “ what a pity it is that Leslie is so little ! ”

“ Or what a pity it is that Cecil is so big,” said Mary, laughingly echoing her sister’s sigh. “ Oh, Cecil ! you might as well think to thrust the Irish giant into it, as those broad shoulders of thine ; you had better not—you will only tear it,
and

and then Mrs. Morton will be about our house."

"I would not care for a hundred Mrs. Mortons if I thought it would fit me," returned Cecil, putting it by with a look of regret. "But it is all the same to me," she continued, after a moment's consideration, "for I would rather wear that old dyed brown crape of mine, than by borrowing this, subject myself to that fine lady's animadversions. I do not think I like Morton."

"I like her very well," carelessly replied Mary, who had begun an attack upon another chest of drawers—"I like her very well, as to that; but I am sure she must cheat Leslie, for I know to a certainty she takes care of all her money, buys her clothes, and pays all her bills; therefore do you not think she must now and then help herself to a little? It stands to reason. But look here, Cecil; here are silk stockings sufficient to last an Indian voyage! Oh, what luxury!

Some

Some new, and those that are not, no doubt all mended ready to put on."

"It is these things," said Cecil, counting them up and down in rows as they lay—"it is these things that make me long for money—a rich old husband—any thing so as it brings but money! How delightful to be spared the necessity in the morning of balancing which it is to be—*silk* or *cotton*? and then when you have resolved on venturing your last clean pair of silk, from the expectation of seeing some one you wish to look well before, hearing mamma give that hateful order after breakfast, 'not at home to any body;' and it looks so foolish to go and take them off again."

"It is a folly then I am but too often subject to," returned Mary, displaying as she spoke her beautifully-turned ankle, bearing the disgraceful appendage of a cotton covering upon it; "it cannot be helped, situated as we are; and indeed if we begin to grow discontented, here is
food

food sufficient to break our hearts.—Look here!” and she pointed to a quantity of new white kid gloves; “there is at least a dozen pair! and here are four more, quite as good as new; she will never get to the end of them, depend upon it!”

“Depend upon it she will though,” retorted Cecil, in an uncomfortable kind of tone, that betokened something of the sickness at her heart—“depend upon it she will, for she never spares them. She puts them on the moment she is dressed, and never takes them off till she begins to be undressed again. I never think of putting on mine till the servant knocks at the door; if I do, I am sure, in the letting down or pulling up the carriage glasses, to split them across the thumb, and then they are done for.”

“Until you come to the end of your stock,” interrupted Mary, “for then you know, dear Cecil, tear or no tear, *man of war fashion*, you sometimes are obliged to

to begin over again. I often think you are extravagant." Cecil cast an expressive look of comparison around. Mary understood its meaning, and in reply said—"But then, Cecil, think how widely different the means!" She would have perhaps moralized for an hour, which, much to Cecil's discomfiture, she had sometimes a knack of doing, had not a box of fans diverted her attention.—"Here is an amber one, a gauze one, two ivory ones, and positively an ebony, and a black crape one!" displaying them as she proceeded before the eyes of her sister. "What, in the name of fortune, can she want with two mourning fans?"

"Heaven knows!" returned Cecil, who had enumerated them up to half a dozen. "But I am not surprised at their number," she continued, with something like impatience turning them all into their resting-place again; "there is nothing so very miraculous in their number, Mary, when you consider that she never
feels

feels the necessity of letting her partners take them away without a struggle, from the fear that they may surmise your *poverty*, but not your *will*, dictates the prudery of a refusal. What a foolish whim it is in men ! I declare that those who have performed the gallant office by me, I have not cared if they had never dreamt of me again, pretending all the time I was gratified by the compliment ; they, with equal duplicity, giving me to understand, they could not exist without the solace of a *souvenir*—weakness dictating the one, vanity the other ; for, no doubt, my fans have been ostentatiously displayed on the breakfast-table of my beaux the next morning, to idle companions, who have not given me credit for so innocent a motive for my compliance as fears of detected poverty.”

“ That was just the way my beautiful French fan went,” said Mary, in a tone between a laugh and a whine. “ I declare I think I should have cried, had not
Miss

Miss Delaware seen Mr. Langley take it, and you know how handsome she used to think him, and how she used always to place herself before him when she knew the quadrilles were going to begin. I do not think he ever danced with her more than twice, with her odious long ringlets. I wonder how she made them curl so well?"

At this moment Leslie entered; and her sisters, without appearing to observe her, shut up a few of the drawers before they turned to address her. She found them as far as ever from decision; indeed they had passed their time more to their tastes, though not so profitably as attention to this one point might have proved.

Leslie looked for a moment round her, and then made her way across the floor, treading indiscriminately on the articles strewn over it, to a silver gauze

gauze that hung on a chair at the farther end of the apartment.—“ This then is the one you have selected ?” she said, taking it from its resting-place, and removing from its bosom a faded nosegay that was fastened there. She kissed it as she placed it aside ; and observing her sisters smile, she continued—“ You see I have had my fits of sentiment. This dress was made for the first ball I was ever at, in which I was in love with all my partners successively ; and as I have never worn it since, this miserable relic still exists to remind me of my folly.” Mary and Cecil looked curious, for they suspected more than Leslie had confessed ; and an intelligent glance passed between them as they remarked, that instead of throwing it away, she placed it carefully in a toilet-box. Again she addressed them—“ If you really should like,” she said, measuring as she spoke the dress she held against the figure of Mary—“ if you really should like

like dresses of this description, I think"—There was a timidity in her manner that shewed she was fearful of offending, and a pale blush mantled on her cheek—"I think I could furnish the materials. The bodies will look well of any thing else, and I know I have sufficient for the rest."

Her sisters were in raptures. Morton was to make them ; and though they knew not the extent of their obligation, for Leslie's dress fell a sacrifice, nothing could exceed their gratitude.

The expected night at length arrived ; the silver dresses fitted *à merveille* ; and the Miss Templemores, brilliant in beauty, buoyant with hope, and with fluttering hearts, entered the New Ship Assembly-rooms.

Mr. Forward was in *high feather* ; the company were coming in thicker and faster, and nothing could exceed his
VOL. I. F amiability.

amiability; Now he would lay his lily-white finger on his lily-white cheek, and smirk and squeeze up to a *somebody*; then he would raise his grey eyes over his gold-rimmed glasses, arrange the collar of his sky-blue under-waistcoat, and familiarly nod to a *nobody*. Indeed he generally contrived to make his ceremonies square with the local condition of his multitude—that is to say, to some he was *all in all*; to others, *not at all*. He had an odd way of talking to those that would listen to him, of his own military career, and the noble connexions of his *moitié*, rather out of place certainly; for those who lent a willing ear, had merely an eye to a good partner for their daughters; and those who pretended to believe him, only did it with the intention of coming on him some day for the same forbearance towards themselves. All persons who are conscious of their insufficiency in personal merit, seize every possible opportunity of prating
and

and vaunting about their antiquity of blood, and magnificence of consanguinity; and whether the account be true or otherwise, the attempt is justifiable; as those who have not dignity to support their own reputation, should assuredly rely upon those who can, in some way or another, do it for them. But to return.

It was soon known in the room that the Templemore party had entered, and sir Archibald Murray and Mr. Stanley immediately made their way towards them. Their progress through the crowd however for a moment was arrested by Auckland. He came open-mouthed, eyes starting from his head, and began to talk so fast, that, for the purpose it answered, he might just as well have held his tongue. The drift, however, of his harangue was this, that, God forgive him! but the Miss Templemore, whom he had fixed on for *the fortune*,

he now found could not be worth a doit ; for while her sisters were dressed up like kings and queens, she was positively as plain as a pikestaff!

“ *Go it then !*” said Murray, pushing on by the side of his friend ; “ we shall do it, Jack, depend on it ! ‘ one or both of us, the time is come,’ as Shakespeare says. Beauty and fortune combined ! lucky dogs ! are not we ? The game is in our own hands, by Heaven ! Let us be devilish agreeable to-night ; we took *uncommon* at Westbrook’s ! but let us be devilish *varmint* to-night, I say.”

“ ‘Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we’ll do more, Sempronius—we’ll deserve it ;”

and with this quotation of Stanley, they were in the vicinity of the ladies.

Mary’s eyes sparkled as she watched their approach ; and a rosy smile dimpled round her mouth, when accepting Mr. Stanley’s welcome hand for the first quadrille.

quadrille. Not so with Cecil: she no sooner perceived the advance of *the enemy*, than her pleasurable anticipations received a *damp*er time only could mollify. The philosophic reflection, however, came to her aid, that as she *must* dance one quadrille with him, the sooner it was over the better; and she turned to receive the noble baronet with more suavity than she herself had believed possible.

It was indeed but too evident to Cecil, and her mother also had made the remark, that sir Archibald's attentions certainly *meant something*. But Cecil, though she would have been loth to have rejected the positive good that might be the result of them, would yet most willingly have dispensed with attentions, considered by her in no other light than attendant evils on what the world considers a *good match*. Such is the perversion of the human heart; and Cecil, without one grain of partiality to-

wards "*the man*," would have made no scruple of linking her fate to his, if, as she expressed herself in private to her sister, *she could just be married to him, and have done with it.*

It is such arrangements as these that bring matrimony into disrepute. It is those who tie themselves up in the noose for the adventitious good it may hold out, that raise the clamour against its insufficiency. But everybody knows all this, and Cecil among the number; yet the knowledge had no influence over her actions, and she continued to *put up* with sir Archibald's *little endeavours*, merely from the hope that it would lead in the end to rank, fortune, and liberty.

Whether, however, it was her silver dress made her hope for better things, or that sir Archibald had given her a surfeit of himself in the morning, but Cecil was never less inclined to *make the amiable*

amiable to him as on this, Mr. Forward's grand night. It is true she accepted him for her partner, but that done, she left the rest to him, pacifying her scruples with the reflection, that he could not always expect she would be at the trouble of wearing herself out in finding subjects for him just to say, "yes" and "no" to.

Sir Archibald was soon *awake* to his quandary, and equally sensible of his incapacity of averting it. What to do he did not know. Perhaps she did not like talking; and then he would while away the time by pulling up his shirt-collar, pinching his neckcloth, and settling his wristbands. But he soon found out the fallacy of this argument; for though mute to him, Miss Templemore had a lively sally for every one else who addressed her. Oh, how he cursed his natural infirmity, his ill-timed modesty, his devilish folly! What was there in

the shape of a petticoat that it should so cruelly tongue-tie him? Was he not the mouth of the company among the good jolly fellows he associated with? and then so completely to lose the power when it would best serve his purpose! It was barbarous, and he repeated "devil take me!" to himself a thousand times. But the devil is an obstinate animal, and sometimes refuses to do as he is bid; and poor sir Archibald was still continuing to stand *mum chance* by his partner, when she suddenly turned upon him to know the name of the person that Leslie was dancing with. She had never observed him till now, and she thought she had never in her life seen any thing half so *distingué* as the person in question before her.

Although sir Archibald liked not its purport, the demand reanimated his drooping courage. Here was an opening for him to talk, and to talk he believed

was

was the high turnpike-road to fortune ; therefore calling to his countenance its most insinuating address, he faced round, and suddenly pronounced the word " Steinbach."

Cecil could not resist a smile ; and as it was the first the baronet had seen her indulge in that night, he valued it accordingly. With timid people *breaking the ice* seems every thing, and sir Archibald instinctively feeling his hopes hung by a thread, sought to *put 'em along* by following up the conversation ; and he was just about to dash away at something, when Cecil (for he thought it quite enough for one person to talk at a time) spared him the trouble at present, by inquiring whether Mr. Steinbach was not a German ? The yes followed naturally enough ; yet though with any of his own gender he could have launched out for hours on the " curious cut of the fellow's English," not one word more

did he vouchsafe to the deeply-interested Cecil. At this moment the quadrille concluded; and taking his arm, she led the way towards her sister and her handsome partner. Stanley and Mary also joined their party, and Cecil now had as much talking as she could possibly desire.

"How do you get on?" asked Stanley of his friend, taking advantage of Steinbach's introduction to the ladies. "Make sure of *the right*, I say, before you pop the question;" and there was a chuckle in his voice as he spoke that struck to the heart of sir Archibald.

"You do not mean to say I have got *the wrong*?" he retorted hastily, looking alternately from Cecil to Mary, and from Mary to Cecil. "You must shew me pretty sure grounds, my friend, before I flinch an inch; not that I have made much way to-night," he continued, in something of a tremulous voice.

"Somehow

" Somehow I am not in force ; I am not up to the thing at all ; but there is plenty of time before me, and I do not see any body more likely to walk over the course."

" What do you say to Steinbach?"

" Why, the fellow cannot speak English !"

" But then the language of the eyes !" and Stanley looked towards the handsome foreigner.

It happened at the moment that his of the darkest blue were speaking most eloquently, and to Cecil their discourse was directed. Sir Archibald shook himself ; and when he the next moment saw him lead her to the dance, he inwardly levelled his *nouns* at the German, and began to wonder what business such fellows as that had in any body's country but their own.

Cecil, in the society of the interesting
F 6 stranger,

stranger, found ample recompence for her former uncomfortable lot ; not indeed that he conversed much more than sir Archibald, but there was a *soul* in his silence the baronet's taciturnity could not lay claim to ; the one was the silence of *nothing to say* ; the other, that which *says every thing* ; and Cecil acknowledged to herself, that if there was such a thing upon earth as *love at first sight*, her destiny was fixed for life. From that moment every thing but Steinbach faded from her eyes. She could now hear the jingle of a spur behind her, and fail to look round at its possessor ; and her sisters might have danced with twelve lancers at a time, without creating one envious emotion in her breast, so that the handsome Steinbach but fell to her share.

Mary all this time was passing the hours very much to her satisfaction. She had danced a quadrille with Stanley—
she

she had paraded the room with Stanley ; and when she declined dancing any more for the present, he very contentedly placed himself on the sofa between herself and her mother. It was delightful to her to hear him talk ; for besides having a sharp neat way of pronouncing his words, that would almost have rendered the most trivial discourse agreeable, it gave him the power of displaying a set of teeth of such perfect beauty, that the eye dwelt enraptured on their dazzling perfection till the conclusion of his speech, when again they were hid from the view. But Stanley talked so much, that, as the old proverb has it, he did not hide his candle under a bushel ; indeed you never saw Stanley, but you were sure to see his teeth also ; while the medium through which you viewed them, left you not in ignorance that they also knew the art of *biting*.

“ Do look at that fellow,” he said, pointing out to Mary a young man affectedly

fectedly leaning against one of the pillars at the door; "did you ever see so consummate a coxcomb? Just observe his broad back, and the knowing way in which he thinks he squares out his elbows—his sleepy inexpressive eyes, and his little insignificant *mongrel* of a nose; and with all this he thinks himself handsome! Now do not such fellows deserve to be burnt? Yes, positively sells a shop he had left him in the country, buys a commission with the money, retires on half-pay, and then puts himself up to be taken by the best bidder."

"And do you suspect he will ever better his fortune?"

Stanley looked at her a moment, and then replied—"Not unless Miss Templemore condescends to take pity upon him." Mary did not see what possible good she could ever do him; but she forbore to express the thought, and Stanley proceeded—"They call him 'Tom-tit,' 'Water wag-tail,' 'Cock-a-too,' or some such feathery appellation. Why, I know
not,

not, unless it is, that he flies and perches upon every woman of fortune he can contrive to be introduced to. He made his first flight in London, but he was somehow too heavy on the wing; and when he found he could not get off there, he condescended to proceed to *coast-work*. But he continues 'to strain his little throat,' I believe, to as little purpose as ever; for though he waltzes with the *goldfinches* till he is as pale in the face as a swan, coos to them like a dove, till he is as black and as hoarse as a raven, I yet think master Cock-robin will never feather his nest; he will addle his egg, depend upon it."

"Who are those ladies?" asked Mary, pointing to three women who stood before them, dressed in piquet muslins and poodle crops; "we meet them every where, which accounts, I suppose, for their haggard looks and neglected attire—raking certainly does not mend the appearance."

"Oh,

“ Oh, faith !” repeated Stanley, “ it neither makes nor mars the Miss Old-boys. I have known them these ten years, and I see but little difference the run of the *pavé* has done to them. The eldest always looked old, cunning, and dirty ; the second, lovesick, languishing, and *larkish* ; the third, I confess, is the best of the set ; the fourth, rude, rampant, and raw-boned ; and the fifth ties up her head in a turban. The fact is, of the two youngest I know but little ; indeed they are, though you would not suspect it, new-comers out ; for the old stagers, their sisters, contrived, by the aid of *school-boy-cut* hair, and frocks open behind, to keep them *young* as long as they possibly could ; and under these restrictions, the poor girls were actually confined to their mother’s house, till they were old enough to expect houses of their own to be confined in.” The ladies looked serious, and Stanley, suppressing a smile, continued—“ But, after
all

all these manoeuvres, the evil could not be averted; the old ones did not get off, and the young ones, tired of delay, eventually, with radical rebellion, took to curling their hair, sewing up their frocks, and came into company at an age when other girls are thinking of retiring from it, for the purpose of transacting domestic duties in the characters of wives and mothers. Thus the town is now burdened with the five Miss Oldboys; and a burden it really is, when you consider they all 'dote on dancing,' mimicking them as he spoke. "*Ergo* partners must be procured for them.—By-the-bye, we poor fellows are sometimes sadly put upon in that way; if we cannot procure the precise partner we prefer, we become careless—roam about the room; and the mistress of the revels is sure, in that unprotected state, to pounce upon you for some unattractive fair one, who lying *perdue* in a corner, too late for your preservation, bursts upon you in all her ugliness

liness, smirking and smiling, and looking so pleased that she has got a partner at last."

"Who is that your sister seems so pleased with?" asked Mrs. Templemore, in a whisper to Mary, the moment Stanley ceased talking.

"Captain Hillsborough, mamma," answered Mary, who had herself been watching the manly expression of his handsome countenance. "I think he is by far the finest man in the regiment."

"It is not Leslie I am alluding to," returned Mrs. Templemore, in a tone of ill-concealed displeasure; "I know captain Hillsborough as well as you do—I mean the person that Miss Cecil is parading about with?"

Mary did not know she had also been introduced to him, but his name she had forgotten; it was Brittleback, Micclethwack, or something equally uncommon.

"*Steinbach*, you mean," said Stanley.

ley, who had heard the last part of their discourse. "He is a major Steinbach, of the German Legion—an uncommon clever fellow I take it, if one could but understand him."

"He is an acquaintance of yours then?" said Mrs. Templemore, partly satisfied by the supposition.

"Oh dear, no," returned Stanley, delighted to put a spoke in so fine a fellow's wheel. "I scarcely know the man from Adam. This is his first winter in Brighton; and whether he is major or drum-major, a purveyor of *sout-croit*, or a cousin-german to a Dutch prince, is to me equally undefinable. He may be a *chevalier d'industrie* for ought I know."

"Then he is a person nobody knows?" said Mrs. Templemore, in a tone that Mary but too well knew the import of, and she replied—"I should not think that, mamma, for he was introduced to Leslie by the countess St. —"

Although

Although Mrs Templemore's scruples were allayed by this explanation, she was vexed that Leslie had introduced him to Cecil. It was but too evident that her prepossessions were few in favour of the baronet; and Mrs. Templemore saw, with all a mother's anxiety, that the attentions of such a magnificent being as Steinbach could not but conduce to increase the evil. Indeed Mrs. Templemore was constrained to confess, that if Cecil proceeded to comparisons, the worthy baronet was *dished*; not that the lady made use of this expressive epithet, but I must be excused its use, from not having her powers of finding another. Yet of what weight were personal recommendations in one scale, when the worldly ones of a *good match* were in the other? Mrs. Templemore answered, "none." But Mrs. Templemore had passed the hey-day of youth, and saw not with the same eyes as her infatuated daughter, who declared

clared she never should again be able to look with any patience on the little fat figure of sir Archibald, since she had once seen him by the side of the graceful Steinbach.

But the world, unfortunately for its inhabitants, is always on the move; and when we are best contented with its position, not all our entreaties will prevail on it to stand still and be quiet. A new set of quadrilles was forming, and Miss Templemore, Mary, and Leslie, were thanklessly compelled to suit themselves again, out of the new partners that presented themselves, giving up their former ones with pain, and taking to the others without pleasure.

I have indeed often been tempted to wonder to myself, in what can consist the great happiness of going to a ball. Perhaps my lady readers may wonder, with equal pertinacity, what business a
dirty

dirty vagabond of an author has to try the experiment. Thus called on to defend myself, I must explain—that I am not dirty, neither am I by any means the scrub they take me for. I spin not my brain from an attic in Grub-street, but live, breathe, and move in the same circle with themselves; and though in the morning the *cacoethes scribendi* is strong upon me, the being honoured with their fair hands in the evening is the highest reward I ambition. - Yes, my fair readers, I can cut a caper with the same dexterity that I can a pen; turn a *pirouette* with more velocity than I can a sentence; and though I say it, that certainly should not, mount my red roan with the same agility that I do my Pegasus, and to much better purpose; for while the *muses* do sometimes turn their backs upon me, the *graces*, I must say, always welcome my approach. Oh, how I listen to the little nothings, that, like eaves from a penthouse, drop from the dear little

little drawlers' mouths when they condescend to converse with me, little dreaming, pretty angels! that it is all to be registered in a sheet of foolscap next morning! Then when your *thirteen to the dozen* Misses begin, ye gods! how my memory and attention are obliged to skip after them! But, after all, they generally cheat me of my pennyworth—that is to say, I have let out my ears for the hour, and get nothing in return for my pains. Your *sporters cool* are the ones for an author's economy; indeed so necessary are they to my penmanshipic arrangements, that almost instinctively I begin to know them at a glance, and seldom, or ever now fall foul of your sharp-shooting Will-of-the-Whispers.

First, I remark the general lassitude, studied negligence of dress and air, rickety saunter, and listless twirl of the fan; then, when sitting, the careless loll is the favourite attitude, and the
nearer

nearer the resemblance can be brought to sleep, the better both actor and author are pleased. Then, when addressing you, the head rolls backward and forward, the eyebrows are elevated, and the mouth lets the words fall through it without taking the trouble of decomposing itself. Oh, "the drawl," as it is called, was an excellent institution for the bookmakers, whose province it is to "catch the manners living as they rise." You may positively learn a speech by rote, before the speaker has got to the end of it—mind, I say by *rote*, not by *heart*; and take a hint, my fair assistants, disinterestedly given: give over your lisping and lounging, for we authors, whom alone it suits, can repay you with nothing but a copy of our works, neatly bound in boards, little worthy your acceptance, and nothing in the scale of what manners, devoid of affectation, might produce you.

"Ungenerous

“Ungenerous monster!” you will say,
 “to sting the hand that cherishes you!”
 Then, if you are poetical, you will reflect
 that

“Roses grow not on a nettle;”

if you are clever, “Βοτρυας ου χυει α κανθα,”
 and for the future ’ware authors.

But to return to the query of in what
 consists the pleasure of frequenting pub-
 lic places? Did ever a ball yet turn
 out *quite* to the heart’s satisfaction?
 For myself, I can safely say no; for the
 three Miss Templemores, in the same
 monosyllable; and I think also for the
 generality of my readers. And yet while
 the phantom, pleasure, flies our grasp,
 how madly we pursue! reconciling our-
 selves by the hope, if we fail in overtak-
 ing it to-night, of the much better chance
 we have thereby to-morrow.

Thus it was with Cecil and Mary
 VOL. I. G Templemore.

Templemore. The present failed in its promised content, and they had only to look on with anxious anticipations to the future. Not but what they had experienced at Mr. Forward's ball their intermittent moments of delight ; but so strongly were they contrasted by the dull and insipid ones which followed, that the pleasing recollections of one were overcome by the more weighty considerations of the other.

Cecil indeed could not but confess that she had played her cards badly ; that she had done sufficient to dismiss one lover, without exactly being able to congratulate herself on having secured another. But Steinbach in any shape was better than sir Archibald in *no shape* ; and when she reflected on their distinct characters of being, the one so transcendently handsome, the other so odiously ugly, she could hardly allow herself blame for the hasty part she had acted.

acted. The difficulty was *how* to represent it to her mother; for but too well aware of her hopes in regard to sir Archibald, she had little expectation of ever reconciling her to the usurpation of Steinbach. He had indeed created a complete *bouleversement* in her before-worldly opinions; she felt she could never love any body but himself; and it was "all for love, and the world well lost," with poor Cecil Templemore. Yet notwithstanding love reconciles us to a great many things, it could not exactly chase away from its victim the sight of her follies. She was conscious she had been premature in blowing out one flame, while the wisdom of adding fuel to the other was yet to be tried; and she almost began to repent the inconsiderateness of the act, of having availed herself of his musical powers to ask him to the house the next morning.

Poor Mary's conscience was also a lit-

tle on the fret ; and though her mind was assailed with less tormenting reflections than those that harassed her sister's repose, she was not perfectly exempt from remorse. Under these circumstances the sisters were silent and reserved when they retired for the night. The complaint of being fatigued left them at liberty to ponder ; and, without one interchange of sentiment, they settled themselves to rest.

The creaking of their beds, however, betrayed them to each other ; and notwithstanding their talked-of fatigue, at four o'clock in the morning they were as wide awake as they had been at the hour of two. Rendered communicative by this natural discovery, every thing was soon discussed between them ; and Cecil had soon to bear the sorrows of Mary, and Mary to sooth the vexations of Cecil. Yet though they talked for an hour, little to the point was arranged
between

between them; for their conversation, after the first disclosure, degenerated into a mere thinking aloud, and the task of decision was averted. In this state daylight broke in upon them; and warned of the little time they had for recruiting themselves, they again wished each other a *good-night*, and again sunk into their pillows; Cecil, far as ever from having discovered how to smooth the path of Steinbach, and Mary wondering whether Stanley would like her as well when he found out she had not got a fortune. It was the first time that Mary had been guilty of duplicity; and although in her heart the cause almost justified the effect, the uprightness of her soul shrunk from the shadow of deceit her preference for Stanley had led her into. It is true, she had not systematically sought to deceive him; but with the young practitioner there are no gradations in sin; and Mary, in countenancing the belief that she herself was

the favourite of fortune, earned dearly the attentions her weakness, her falseness, secured to her. But of what value were devotions purchased by double-dealing? Yet fallacious, unsatisfactory as they were, Mary sighed over the necessity of dispelling them.

Cecil however saw not her sister's conduct in the derogatory light that she herself appeared to view it in. She had done nothing towards creating opinions that Stanley seemed himself to have been at the trouble of manufacturing; and surely it was a pardonable weakness in herself, and a kindness towards him, the not immediately destroying them by the confession that she was, alas! "not worth forty ducats in the world."—"You really think of this too seriously," continued Cecil, with a view to strengthen her argument; "and Leslie herself, I am sure, would be of my opinion. The horses are yours, and so is the carriage; for has not she

she begged us to consider them so a thousand times? therefore, as far as that goes, your sin is not so *deadly* as you have imagined."

At this poor Mary recovered her spirits; and though it was a weak argument her sister had used, she was ready to avail herself of it as far as it went. Indeed she had not exactly said the horses were hers; and as a *quietus* to her conscience, she resolved, the next time that Stanley awarded them to her, she would stoutly stand up and disclaim them.

CHAPTER VI.



“What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes
with no eyes.”

— — — — —
Oh, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness! *King Lear.*



“She is become so lavish of her presence,
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeit at the sight.”

EPICUREANS in bliss have allowed that
“a pleasure delayed is a pleasure lost;”
while the misanthropic philosopher is
constrained to confess, that an evil hour
put off is but an evil hour still to come.
These are the inconsistencies that “flesh
is heir to;” and Cecil Templemore, after
spinning out her time in walking from
one room to another, running up and
down stairs, pretending to look for things
she

she did not want, and to want things she did not look for, at last found herself opposite to her mother at the breakfast-table.

A glance would have told her the state of affairs, the frame of mind she had to deal with, the reasonableness or fallacy of her fears; yet this glance she dared not take. In this dilemma her only resource was to fly to bread and butter; and with no appetite in the world for the undertaking, she began to pile it upon the plate before her. Ham was added to that, egg to that; and when it was all got there, the difficulty was how to get it away again. She had heard of *chopped hay*, but never tasted it before; she had read of throats swelling and refusing their office, but never felt it till now. As soon however as Mrs. Templemore spoke, she found her apprehensions for the present were groundless; and though she could not hope to escape without the

riot-act being read to her, she believed herself safe for the present, and the *pickling rod* was disrobed of half its terrors, by being put off till the future.

She could now raise her eyes, and converse as confidentially as her sisters ; and though she took care to avoid all allusions that might rouse the *slumbering lion* in her mother's breast, she fully participated in the enjoyment of a family breakfast after a ball.

Yet the sigh would still spring and be coughed away, the thought turn, until checked, towards Steinbach ; and she was ruminating on the best means of breaking his intended visit to her mother, when his name was casually mentioned by Leslie. Cecil's limbs straightened as though in a state of atrophy ; and she breathlessly awaited to see if it created any explosion of her mother's well-guessed sentiments in regard to him.

Indeed

Indeed Mary had disclosed to her Mrs. Templemore's minute inquiries concerning him; and Cecil was not best pleased with Stanley for the unkind manner in which he had replied to them. It was cruel, unjust, and unhospitable; and the thing declared itself to be envy, hatred, and malice. Steinbach a *sour-croût man*! Steinbach a *drum-major*! was profanation; and the mention of his possible affinity to princely blood could not make amends, or even qualify the aspersions. But these thoughts were all put to flight by the agony of the present moment; and Cecil could not venture to raise her eyes from her tea-cup, till she had ascertained, by the tone of her mother's voice, the *thermometrical* state of her temper. Instead however of its being tempestuous as the urn, it was cool and calm as the cream-jug; and Cecil, in auguring better times from it, recovered much of her usual state of spirits.

From one subject she now flew to another, with all her wonted cheerfulness ; laughed at Miss such a-one's dress, Miss C——'s kicking mode of dancing, the Otranto plume in this person's head, the whole garden of flowers stuck on another ; and she concluded with wondering how the pretty Miss L—— could dance at least four quadrilles with the old monster she did, when she herself heard a nice little lancer beseeching her for an hour to stand up with him.

This was Mrs. Templemore's moment to begin ; and in a manner that Cecil knew boded no good, she laid down the paper which, till now, she had been reading, and fixing her eyes on her trembling daughter's countenance, said—" You have often laughed at yourself, Cecil, for feeling, when a child, surprise that people who were old enough to do as they liked, should prefer a good wholesome bun in a pastry-cook's shop, to

to the raspberry and custard tarts that everywhere greeted your own longing eyes. I need not explain my allegory; and believe me, when you are as old, *and as wise*, as the lady you are talking of, your wonder will cease, that the laced jacket was rejected for a black coat with seven thousand a-year in the pocket, which she certainly will have; for he was so flattered by her attention, that I heard him request a private interview this morning, when no doubt his hand will be offered."

"I hate parsons," said Cecil, with a sickness at heart she was loth to acknowledge even to herself—"I always did hate parsons—I would as soon marry a chimney-sweep; the dress is about the same, and his shrieking 'sut, ho!' preferable, any day in the week, to a sermon—nothing should tempt me to marry a parson!"

"You will never marry any body," returned Mrs. Templemore, "if you always

ways conduct yourself with the folly you did last night."

Cecil shook herself as the possible truth struck upon her; and scarcely knowing what she said, she asked, with a boldness meant to scare the reply—
"And who would you have me marry, mamma?"

"Sir Archibald Murray!" returned Mrs. Templemore, in a quiet determined arrangement of voice—"I had hoped, I must say, to see that brought about; but your behaviour of last night has left little expectation of the sort: and let me tell you, I think you would do better to encourage an attachment where success would do you credit, than condescend to flirt with a stranger, who has nothing to recommend him to your notice but his face—a face, that let it have whatsoever it will to charm you, can never recompence you for the real advantage you are throwing away in sir Archibald."

Sir

“ Sir Archibald, mamma, is the last man I should think of,” answered Cecil, with a view to excuse the neglect she had too evidently shewn him; “ he has not one recommendation to make amends for his stupidity;” and again she repeated, “ he is indeed, mamma, the last man I should think of.”

Mrs. Templemore did not immediately reply, but seeing Cecil again about to speak, observed—“ I don’t see what reason a girl like you, without money, has to be particular; what objection do you make to the man? some nonsensical reason I dare say; but take my word for it, he will make you a better husband than most men.”

“ Why, he is a slug, mamma, a perfect slug,” returned Cecil, in an affected tone of disgust.

Mrs. Templemore hardly knew whether to be angry, or to indulge in the smile the epithet created.

Leslie

Leslie and Mary could not refrain; and to check a merriment that threatened to destroy the effect of her discourse, she said, in an assumed tone of solemnity—"I am at a loss to understand what you mean by that term."

Cecil now was laughing as provokingly as her sisters; but she quieted herself a moment, and, in a grave tone, replied—"It is a great fat thing that crawls about, and has neither eyes, nose, or mouth, for any body."

This was too much for any one to support, and Mrs. Templemore seeing the cause went against her, left the room, and the contest ended.

Cecil's heart bounded in her bosom; when a gentle rap-tap at the door announced the arrival of Steinbach. She had not found fortitude sufficient to explain his intended visit to her mother, and his reception therefore still remained doubtful.

She

She was relieved however from a weight of anxiety by seeing Stanley follow him into the room; and she forgave him all his ill temper, when she saw that the friendly attention of her mother to one was partly extended towards the other.

It was now Mary's turn to feel unsettled and uncomfortable. Stanley immediately placed himself by her side, and for the first time his attentions were irksome. But Stanley had too much of what women consider a *winning way*, for them long to remain so; and Mary soon ceased to consider that they were only offered at the shrine of Plutus.

Mrs. Templemore, although she joined in the joyous discourses of Stanley, did not fail to keep watch upon Steinbach; but while one moment the majesty of his person, the fine form of his face, placed her on thorns for the peace of her daughter,

daughter, the guttered sound of his voice, when he spoke, and his ludicrous mode of pronouncing his words, effectually destroyed the apprehension; and in concluding him to possess both bane and antidote to a susceptible mind, she dismissed all her fears of his power over the heart of her daughter.

Sir Archibald had his share in this revolution of opinion so fatal to himself: he had joined the party, and when Mrs. Templemore perceived the little shock his attentions had received, in the last night's dereliction of her daughter, she was willing to confess that her fears had magnified the case, and that Cecil was not so reprehensible as she had lately imagined. Softened in her sentiments towards the German, she could now turn and converse with him—inundate him with questions as to his own country, and the length of stay he intended to make in this.

But

But poor Steinbach, whatever he might be in his native language, was any thing but *au-fait* at the English and they would have been but a stupid party at best, but for the uncommon powers of Stanley.

To Cecil however the time flew away on love's brightest pinion. With Steinbach on one side, she bore with sir Archibald on the other; and though aware of the necessity of keeping up appearances to her mother, she often contrived, when she saw her engaged, to neglect the one, for the satisfaction of attending wholly and solely to the other.

But there was too much policy in *keeping the peace* to do any thing outrageous to disturb it; and though sir Archibald swore to himself he hated Steinbach like the devil, he had nevertheless no reasonable grounds to establish it on. But lovers, like madmen, are an unreasonable

reasonable sort of animals; and to follow the whimsies of the one might be to engender the malady of the other. Yet it wants not the follies of my book to turn the world into fit subjects for strait waistcoats—I speak not on the large scale—my world is Brighton! Brighton! which, like Rome of old, sends as many madmen into the world as there had need be.

Some author has observed, that it is easier to act like a fool than to support the part of a lunatic; meaning, I suppose, that the latter required the assistance of that part of anatomy called a *head*, to render it in any ways palatable. He should have paid us a visit in Brighton; for I think we manage the thing here with as little of that essential as most people.

What can you call, but madness, the married ladies visit to the barraek-room?
what

what more deserves the name than the young ladies repose after dancing? not like the females of old, starchly seated by the side of their mothers; but, to the annoyance of the mistress on one flight, to the housemaids on the other, *all along on the stairs, side by side with their partners*: yes, there they lay, like the animals in Noah's ark, two by two, two by two, two by two, male and female, female and male, reposing their weary limbs, till the music rouses them to the attack again, when, after dislocating their joints, and making their skins the same hue as the famous red lion in Brentford, they betake themselves again to their couches, there to lay out the time, till the spirit, again moving within them, again leads them forth to the ball-room. And what is this but mania? Tell me, would females in their senses ever play up these fancies in public—would mothers who had judgment “look on, and would not take their part?” Oh, 'tis madness—madness all! What but this
said

said ingredient can induce the pretty Miss Dashaway to dress up her head like a nun—a pretty nun, truly—truly! wearing the form upon her head, while there is such disorder in her wit! ‘Can the force of honesty translate beauty into its likeness?’—oh, no! then ‘get thee to a nunnery, go!’”

We have amongst us various sorts of mania; some that infests the head, some that infests the heart. I have often been tempted to wonder, that our manifold dousings and dippings do not remove the infirmity, instead of increasing the disorder; but, *hydrophobia fashion*, I am tempted to believe it is the sight of salt water that brings the dormant frenzy on; and, ye gods! how the poor victims do tear about when under its marvellous influence! round the Steine, back again—on one side of St. James’s street to the other—up the Marine-Parade, down the West Cliff, then round and round *Robin Hood’s Barn*,
till

till they find themselves in the same place from which they started, "shaking their chains, and laughing in the sun," as though they thought it pleasure. Indeed, there is a cunning in their ways that is most taking to the unwary; and many a sober cit has almost wished himself insane, to run his lengths at pleasure. But the counterfeited cannot pass muster with the genuine; neither must your madmen of a hundred a-year vie in pranks with the *dérangé* of a thousand.

The *topping* madman loses much unless he is systematic; therefore a few hints may not be ill bestowed, or augment the lunacy they level at.

Young and inexperienced madmen must confederate with several of their mess as moon-touched as themselves, and bounce into the theatre during the performance, in a state of assumed intoxication, and be sure to disturb the audience

dience in the most interesting part of the drama. By this manœuvre, if dexterously managed, they will gain two important points—the credit of having consumed more wine than their income will afford, and an opportunity of displaying their contempt of good manners, without any hazard of personal danger. This behaviour will be totally out of character, if any of the party give signs of *sanity*, or are tenacious of the comfort of their neighbours.

All mad members of the tribes of Israel must neither mention lottery-tickets, *omnium, bonus, scrip, navy* nor exchequer bills; they must pay their tradesmen on Saturday, laugh at the paschal, eat swine, and sink the *schnogo*.

Then the madman who keeps a carriage, be it of whatever description it will, so as it does go on wheels, is privileged to murder all those mad compatriots

triot's who choose to play the part on foot; that is to say, as there are no prescribed roads on the gently-sloping downs, they may indulge themselves in driving over an old woman, a walking philosopher, or a melancholy quiz, with impunity. Should any of the unfortunates die, a genteel jury may not only cover their lives, but protect them even from the inconveniences of a *deodand*; and if, on examining the corpse, it should prove to be a *mad creditor* of the party, it will render the frolic immortal.

All those disciples of Luna, who sleep, masticate, or sojourn at the Hotel, Castle, or Ship taverns, must take especial care to make the profits of the waiters greater than those of their masters, which, it must be admitted, is no easy matter. The reason of this apparently-prodigious measure is, that all importance in this *bedlamited* place is the produce of *reflection*; and he to whom the waiters

are most "coming, sir," is considered one of the right sort among the *varmint*.

In the mode of communicating their desires, my friends of the *loose screw* must punctually adhere to the following progressive statement. If a duke (and dukes condescend sometimes to *play mad*, as well as their less noble brethren), he must address that portion of the community, whom it is habitual to call his inferiors, by the style and title of *honest man*, or *honest woman*; if a marquis, earl, or viscount, baron, or bishop, by the unornamented term of *man* or *woman*; if a baronet, knight, civilian, physician, or any of that multitudinous order which are denominated *small gentry*, they must use the plain epithet *friend*; but this must be marked by a strong emphasis, and accompanied with a certain talismanic and disdainful toss of the head, lest the poor credulous toads might
imagine

imagine the parties really were in their senses.

Then those married men who are *wrong in the upper story* (do not misunderstand me; it means nothing but a *flash* term for mania), must exhibit a public contempt for their wives, in proportion to their rank in life, or what is termed quality; as it would be a species of petty treason for a *touched* trader to be as negligent of his rib as a *gone* patrician, who, in various instances, may be considered as elevated far above duty, thought, and character. None, indeed, of any condition superior to the *mad mob*, must exhibit symptoms of conjugal fondness, as that would imply a provision of brains and sentiment they would be sorry their heads should lay claim to. Whenever the names of their wives occur in dialogue, they must affect deafness, to avoid a participation in the colloquy, as a declaration of any interest in

H 2

their

their favour might excite, not only the wonder of their wives, the sneers of the *cecisbei*, but doubts as to the fact of their own *imbecility*.

All *brain-bothered* bachelors must consider moon-stricken maids as their destined resource for diversion; they may flirt with them, dance with them, assume the thousand nameless attentions which madness prompts, languish their eyes at them, pant with passion, utter half-finished sentences, and sudden emotions, then *honourably* assert they never spoke a word of love. Let them do it stoutly, and never fear; indeed I would advise them to swear it, did I think it at all essential; but believe me, whatever the fact, the *mad masculine* carries the day, for women's vows go for nothing in the scale of public opinion.

Women, indeed, who put themselves up to public view, are not so much respected

spected as they might be. Like hirelings on a stage, we fancy we are licensed to discuss their conduct at our pleasure hiss when the fancy thinks fit, and applaud with no juster discrimination to their merit; killing them with kindness this moment, and bringing them to their senses with neglect another. Yet how can we expect a pretty face to hide itself for ever in a wood? how can we imagine that a plain one will not at last come and try its luck at Brighton, that emporium of the world—that garden in which men grow as thick, as Falstaff says, “as thick as blackberries!”—ay, and as useless too—dainty to the sight, yet disappointment to the taste, brambles and thorns falling to her share whose vitiated taste prompts to approach them. Yet, Lord have mercy on us! how we are followed, petted and patted, notwithstanding our hedge-pig natures, and “lapt in another Elysium,” by the daughters of folly and fashion! The fact is, we

are spoiled—your humble author among the number, yet *humble* alone in this capacity. See me at other times, and you would little know your *quill-driver*, for I can do the cool dip of the head (y-claped a bow) to the most beautiful among you *à merveille*. Yes, I can say—"I will come *if I can*," to the most animated invite that is going—can ask the best woman in the room to dance with me, by a mere stick out of the elbow, and a "will you stand up?"—can talk of a *magnanimous bore*, a *Gothic idea*, a *heathenish propensity*, *Vandalish* hours, and *antediluvian usages*, with all the cool blood imaginable; and can *put along the prads*, kill characters, blast reputations, handle a cue, eat ice, dress knowing, make my friends wait dinner, take the long odds, and play the devil with any body.

Such is the arrogance of our *amour propre*—such the fruits of a want of discipline

cipline in the fair sex, which, like mothers who spoil their children, only hurl back upon themselves the evil they seek to avoid—loss of love, loss of respect, and, what is worse to them, loss of attention! Fallaciously blinded into a supposition that “love begets love,” they love you at a glance, endeavour to earn your respect, by humouring your follies, and to command your attention, by giving you their own. Yet though no doubt eminently deserving of every thing we have to bestow, I will candidly confess to my readers, they go not the way to attain it. Men are most obstinate mortals; and the rugged road, smoothed by their own endeavours, is preferable to them than the one strewn with roses by the hands of the fair.

What can more exemplify this assertion than the peaceful way in which women are now allowed to pass their days? No runaway marriages, but where Plu-

tus harnesses the horses—no distracted fathers, outwitted duennas, nonsuited intendants, are now to be heard of. “First come, first served,” is the order of the day, and all the time poor Cupid sleeps quietly in the pocket.

Women indeed were never so fully in request as when you would think they took the worst means of obtaining it. I allude to the reign of our grandmothers, whose starched manners subdued the stiff pokers their suitors, till they bent like an osier before them. When down, an enemy is easily overcome ; the ladies, I suppose, took advantage of their weakness, and marriage was the order of the day.

I am constrained to confess, that Cupid is perhaps never more a Cupid than when he is “steeped in starch ;” and when the ladies hands were never received but on the silk-lined flaps of their lovers coats, they

they were doubly valued through the form they enacted.

In these days, all form is levelled to the ground, and the caution and reserve in which the fair were once accustomed to entrench themselves, alone fills the pages of story. All the defences that prudery (known then by the term of *propriety*) had erected, are now degenerated and gone. The females of our time scorn such barriers, throw their whalebone aside, trust to their own strength, and boldly meet us on the plain. Alas! when there, they have no unruly spirits to cope with; unlike their predecessors, who "made the giants first, and then they slew them," they have created no lovers wherewithal to combat with. Here is no pull-devil pull-baker work; the striving is all on one side, and the ladies discover that man is no animal dangerous to approach, no monster whom it should be their chief study

to avoid. With this they follow ever close upon his heels, and whither he goes, there they fearlessly pursue, dispelling the mist of ignorance and prejudice, and boldly assert they are only following the purposes for which nature intended them.

Mais "un sot n'est pas toujours aussi sot qu'on le pense ;" and the youthful and unwary part of the community that my fair philosophers attack, are perhaps not quite so dense-pated as they are supposed. It is indeed surprising to see how soon the most stupid among us are alive to the *manœuvres of the enemy* ; and you will hear the stupidest lips declare, formed apparently merely for the purpose of whistling, that "unless he had been cursedly sharp, *take in* was the word with Miss Thingamy:" and a pretty take-in truly! indeed no more striking proof can be adduced of the degeneracy of the days, than that a man *sans* every thing

thing but cash, should be sought after openly by women of sense, whose success but subjects them to the ridicule and derision of the reflecting part of mankind. And yet actions of this sort have multiplied of late years as fast, if not faster, than bankruptcies; and while they serve to shew how much less business is done now-a-days than in the time of our grandmothers, they afford us the hope that before it shall quite stand still, the young ladies of the day will condescend to put the *cart before the horse*, and turn themselves the *courters* instead of the *courted*.

But I fear I am creating enemies, where, Heaven knows, I desire to make friends; and though I cannot *eat my words*, as some authors are obliged to do, *or starve*, I will quit the subject, offering my best wishes for the success of an undertaking I cannot but condemn, and which, no doubt, were I to write

against it for a year, would continue to be prosecuted by the fair, "*en dépit de tout le monde, et de tout obstacle.*"

CHAPTER VII.



Learning in the hand of some is a sceptre; in that of
others, a fool's bauble. FULLER'S *Proverbs*.

.....

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns-an' stools,
If honest nature made you fools,

What say your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knapping hammers.

A set of dull conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes;
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak. BURNS.

.....

That a dragoon delights in arms,
And thoughtless of mamma's alarms,
Sports high-heel'd boots and whiskers.

Horace in London.

THE present era has been termed "the
age of reason," and philosophers assert
that the world is making most rapid
strides

strides towards that desirable point, *perfectibility*. If indeed to do *without sleep* is an essential step, our fashionists bid fair shortly to reach the goal; but while, like the works of their watches, in winding up one wheel they unwind another, I apprehend the aspiring to longevity to be rather beyond their mark, and that which they may gain in one respect, they most assuredly lose in another.

Saturday night, however, in Brighton, has a distinct character in its arrangements from any other; and on this every body, if they please, may be in bed by twelve o'clock. There are no balls and suppers, nor scarcely a *hop on the carpet*; cards are the order of the night, and stupidity reigns around.

Indeed there are a set of beings who gladly avail themselves of the *bishop's decree*, and give their parties on this night, in preference to any other, not
from

from the benign motive of creating a resource for the destitute, but the comfortable consolatory reflection, that *all will be over at twelve*. Indeed it is much easier to get your friends into your house than it is ever to get them out again; and many a yawning mistress has wished that to-morrow were Sunday, that she might drop her green curtain at pleasure. But unless under a little religious awe, dictation to your friends is impracticable. It is true you may let out your fires, but your card-players protest they are *comfortably warm*, and your hint is, alas! disregarded. Nothing indeed will move your determined whist-players; and it is these dilemmas that have made some people cautious, and have confined their parties to Saturday night.

Mrs. Basbleue was among the number, but her caution was perfectly unnecessary; for though talking Italian may be a fine thing for those who can do it,

it, it is a magnanimous bore to the multitude. The Miss Templemores prepared for the *soirée*, with little hopes of reward for their trouble; for Stanley, though invited, had declared off, unless he had nothing better to do; sir Archibald was as well lost as found; and Steinbach was quite in the dark about the matter.

“I wonder who we shall meet to-night?” said Mary, in a tone that betokened no pleasurable anticipations in reply; “no doubt the halt, the deaf, and the blind—a French *compte*, an Italian *prince*, and a *tame* lancer——”

“Who, though docile he seem,” interrupted Cecil, “will hit us all off at the mess table to-morrow, and a rare field he will have for his talents. But he will not catch me talking to him, I can tell him; I hate to be packed up in the way Mrs. Basbleue does the thing, taking the Italian herself, giving the Frenchman

'renchman her sister, 'and you, young ladies, must entertain the lancer.' I never feel more stupid in my life than when thus called on for exertion; yet believe she thinks she has done her duty sufficiently when she has made up her agreeable arrangement—six ladies, all setting at one laced jacket! Alas, poor jacket! what art thou among so many?"

Mary however was a bit of a philosopher, and she soon persuaded her sister, that at any rate *one* was better than *none*—"And we are not ever sure of that," she continued, in alarm at the very supposition. "I am sure the one we met there last will never venture the thing again; and if he is a friend to the *corps*, he will keep them out of the same predicament. Soldiers always put me in mind of sheep: they ever seem restless, unless a few of their flock are with them. But what makes you look so sad, Cecil? if one swallow will not make a summer
to

to you, I am sorry I cannot prognosticate a few more."

"It is not *that*," replied Cecil, blushing at the inference she had made that there *was* something which depressed her. "I am not dull, Mary; I am only wondering whether poor Steinbach will be of the party."

Mary smiled archly at her sister, as she said—"Is that all?—a mere trifle. I thought you knew to a certainty that Steinbach was *not* to be there. But depend on it, if Mrs. Basbleue can scrape together two words of German, she will have him as the vehicle for a *shew-off*; therefore *nil desperandum*, dear Cecil; it shall have its German to look at—*talking*, I believe, is out of the question; but

'Love leads you to his eyes, where you o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.'

"You seem to have taken it into your head, Mary," returned Cecil, rather annoyed

innoyed at her sister's reflection—"you seem to consider that major Steinbach has nothing to say for himself. I grant you his tongue does not run so fast as Stanley's, neither is he so *au-fait* at cutting up all those who are worth the trouble of dissecting; but he *can* talk, Mary, and his tones are, to my ears, 'sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,' while the sentiments are such, that 'I fear the lovely wiles will steal my heart away.' She tried to sing the last quotation, but there was a flatness in her tone, that made her sister almost sorry she had called on her for the defence of her favourite's powers; and she replied, with the hope of making some amends—"Oh, Cecil, you take me too much to the letter of what I say; I have heard *major Steinbach* talk as well as yourself."

"And what did he say?" asked Cecil, with a quickness Mary was little prepared to reply to.

"Say!"

“Say !” she repeated, tormenting her memory for something he really had said —“say ! why Stanley asked him if it was true that the Germans always pronounced the C as a G ? and he replied —” Mary laughed as she proceeded.

“What did he reply ?” asked Cecil, laughing herself, without knowing what it was at.

“He said,” continued Mary, steadying her countenance as well as she could —“he said nobody but the *common* people made the mistake.”

Cecil declared it was a good story made by the mischief of Stanley ; and Mary positively asserted she had heard Steinbach herself pronounce it ; and in this discussion they were interrupted by the notice that it was time to attend Mrs. Basbleue’s.

The carriage soon conveyed the ladies.

dies to Mrs. Basbleue's "*cottage*." I put it in inverted commas and Italics, because I should never think myself of calling it so; but she does, although ranged in a row along with its red-brick brethren, which to me is all-sufficient; and again I repeat, that Mrs. Templemore and her daughters arrived in safety at the "*cottage*" of Mrs. Basbleue, where, without many carriages to cut into, flies to run over, or stairs to ascend, they were shortly ushered into the drawing-room.

Here let me invoke the powers of pænegyric rather than satire, to aid me in my account of one, whose pride and whose pleasure it is to collect, appropriate, and diffuse the valuable results of her studies. Refinement and elegance, science and sublimity, everywhere breathe around, and improve existence into felicity, by rendering the mind conscious of its highest energies. Indeed no one can
pass

does not run after the muses at the same ratio as her sister, Mrs. Basbleue, yet she nevertheless fills up as *great a space in the world*, and claims an equal attention from me.

Novels and greenhouse plants are her delight, and she turns over the leaves of both with an infatuation surprising to the superior powers of her sister, who, engaged in philosophical investigations, mathematical demonstrations, and in picking up all the "*confracti mundi rudera*," looks with an eye of disdain on every one "who consumes in idleness the fruits of the earth, and contributes nothing to the benefit of the community."

But Mrs. Mouche has not this moderate opinion of herself. It is true, as she expresses it, she cannot talk *'talian*; but *la belle langue Française* is ever at the tip of her tongue; and while she can tell you of what they were doing in Paris
when

when she was there—of her *amans*, *soupirans*, *espérans*, and *charlatans*—of Talma, Gardel, and Vestris—of Amand, Clotilde, and Lavigne—of *émigrants* restored, and *parvenus* debased—hump up her back, shrug up her shoulders, tread in French shoes, and hoist a French frill—she is not the nonentity she is taken for.

But her sister is kinder behind her back than she is before her face; and when she talks so sentimentally of her affection for her plants, and her love of romance, you expect to see a little slim creature enter, with a basket of roses in one hand, a love-ditty in the other—a creature, of mould divine,

“In heav’n yclep’d Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth.”

But there is no necessity for our always having our expectations fulfilled; and Mrs. Mouche is not a bit the worse

in other people's eyes, because she surpasses the standard of perfection that we have erected in ours. A skeleton in the closet is bad enough, but a skeleton in petticoats gives us a taste of mortality, "bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion." Mrs. Basbleue, however, and her sister, have no reason to quarrel with their feeder, who, whatever he may do towards practising the reducing system himself, pets them up as plump as partridges, or, as they themselves would express it, enables them to combine the *corpus solidum* of the ancients with all the *délicé* of the French.

Cottage fashion, the rooms were so small, that Mrs. Templemore and her daughters remained, *par nécessité*, in the space they had first occupied, yawning and gaping, and scarcely knowing how to support the ennui that assailed them, when Mrs. Mouche, much to their hopes of relief, approached them.

But

but she could not stay a moment; she had come on an embassy from her sister, to lead Mrs. Templemore to the card-table; and nodding good-temperedly to the young ladies, and telling them she would go presently and fetch the lancer to amuse them, she began to walk off with their mother.

But walking *off*, in the present state of affairs, was no easy matter; and in the first essay, Mrs. Mouche walked on to the vital part of a friend's toe. The hasty snatch of the foot, the involuntary push with the hands, the agony and distortion of the countenance, now colouring with anger, then turning to the whitening hue of sickness, she inwardly breathed "o—h!" and the softly-muttered "oh 'rat you!" all proclaimed to Mrs. Mouche the mischief she had committed. But this was not the time for consolatory condolence; and with giving the names of a few chiropedists *en passant*,

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she

she still continued to wedge her way through the crowd to the card-table, leaving, for a moment, a clear gangway for Mrs. Templemore to follow after her. At length they reached the desired post; Mrs. Templemore gladly availed herself of the seat that was offered her, and with the party that was now completely made up, she prepared to draw for a partner.

“What are we to do with all these gimcracks?” said a surly old man, pointing, with his great brown hand, to a little basket of flowers, affectedly placed in the middle of the green-baized table. “What is to become of all these, pray?” he continued, pushing them about, as he spoke, from one side of the table to the other—“they contain a hint, I see, ma’am, that might not be lost upon some of us: a little *honesty* is no bad thing at a card-table, be it in whatever shape it will. *Thrift* too, I see, and *loose-strife*! oh! the devil, take them
away,

away—we have enough of that at every game of cards—take them away !”

“ *Quelle grossièreté !*” exclaimed Mrs. Basbleue, in a whisper, and raising her shoulders and her eyes at the same time in token of her exquisite horror, and imploring the commiseration of the French compte, who stood opposite her.

Monsieur le compte looked his pity, returned the shrug of the shoulders, spread the palms of his hands, and repeating the words, “ *ah, bah !*” prepared to take his seat, with some apprehension, by the side of the eater of *ros bif*.

“ Vell now, how sewere you are upon us !” said Mrs. Mouche, looking good-temperedly, first at the old gentleman, and then at the disarranged basket of flowers—“ Vell, I suppose I must take them away : vot do you think of them *mosshew* ?” turning to the compte, who, with all the neatness of a Frenchman, was shuffling the cards ; “ don’t ve, I
I 3 say,

say, *messieurs* compte, always have them so in France?"

Monsieur le compte gave a compassionate shrug, drew his chair a little farther from the "great John beast" by his side, gazed gallantly under the lids of the anticipating Mrs. Mouchie, and softly whispered—"*Ah, madame! les Anglaises ne savent pas jouer parmi les roses!*"

It was not the first time Mrs. Mouchie's flower-basket had elicited this remark; but she looked as pleased as if she had never before heard it, and le compte seemed to think it was the smartest thing he had ever said in his life, or was ever said before him.

"I shall play the part of a sleeping beauty in a minute," said Cecil, in a tone between a smile and a gape; "unless some prince comes to my relief, and prevents

prevents the fit from coming on: what shall we do, Mary, to put an end to our misery? this "sapient insanity" is destroying me by inches. Leslie, are you not as tired of this stupid evening as we are? and since mamma has found a seat at the card-table, there is little hope of escape for us these three hours."

"Mrs. Basbleue has asked you 'to try the instrument' twenty times," observed Mary; "why do you not take her at her word, and sit down and amuse yourself?"

"I could play nothing but the Dead March in Saul," said Cecil, in a melancholy voice—"I never was so hipped in my life, and, like Meagrim in the play of Blue Devils, I am only sorry I did not hang myself yesterday."

"Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?" Mary laughed archly as she made the quotation; and Cecil, turning away to hide the blush that uncalled for sprung to her cheek, saw, with delight, Stanley and

Steinbach enter the room together. Animation now lighted up the eye, before so steady, and so nearly closed; a sweet smile played round her rosy mouth, and an air of new-found delight was visible over her beautiful countenance. The gentlemen were soon by their side, and the "houghé are you?" of Steinbach, repaid her for a world of woe.

Poets may rave as they please about "mutual love," "born at first sight," and all the rest of poetical fiction; but unless one of the party condescend to volunteer a little on trial, take my word for it, the other would rarely think any thing about it.

The Germans however are generally acknowledged to be a phlegmatic race; and if Steinbach did not come on as much as Cecil, with all her little insinuating encouragement, could expect, she
was

was willing to believe it was the fault of her major's constitution, not her deficiency in perfection. She had heard of his countryman, who, visiting France, set about *learning to be droll* by jumping over the tables and chairs; and she thought it not impossible that love might be taught in England, by a little of the persevering powers of a British Cupid.

Mary never wanted any of these private reflections to reconcile her to the society of Stanley; every thing told her he loved her; and if her hopes and inclinations were leading her astray, and deceiving her as to its acme, she was pretty well sure the passion was *en train* to reach the point she desired, and her heart was at rest on the subject. To be sure, she knew but little of his private affairs, his rent-roll, or his pedigree; but he could not be poor with three horses in his stable, and he dressed too well not

to be a man of good birth as well as of
great fashion.

Eloquence has been said to be the gift of the gods; and indeed, to judge from its wonderful powers over the human mind, we might well believe it to be of origin divine. In every age its influence has been felt and acknowledged; but no one so completely as Mary Templemore was ever the slave of its power.

Stanley indeed could have made her believe him to be any thing that best suited his purpose, from the Great Mogul in Tartary to the musical match-man of Brighton. He was indeed of a description most apt to take with women—of solid, yet brilliant understanding, and possessing such inexhaustible powers of pleasing, that it seemed impossible ever to arrive at the end of them. In this perhaps existed his principal charm, for
the

the human soul, formed for progressive improvement, can be ill satisfied with any thing of which it perceives the boundary.

The homage of such a man could not but be flattering to Mary; she saw that his society was sought after, and his appropriating his attentions to herself was a complimentary tribute of distinction to her vanity, it had never so openly received before.

There is, I believe, no surer road to the heart of a woman than through this quicksandy territorial; and I would prescribe to my butterfly readers, who wish to put themselves in the path to preferment with the wily sex, never to take the trouble of making use of any other—that is to say, never to put themselves to the expence of making themselves agreeable; but to reserve all their powers towards persuading the fair ob-

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ject

ject that she is surpassingly so. There is indeed no necessity of making appeal to any one sense, passion, or feeling, but this, so propitiatory to their wishes. With this you may do or say any thing you please, make a sort of sandwich, a slice of severity between two slices of flattery; and if the mustard is ever so poignant, the buttered envelope conveys it down the swallow.

Yorick tells us of a beggar in Paris, whom he observed never asked charity of the men, and was never refused it by the women, to each of whom that passed he invariably said—"Nature has been bountiful in beauty to you; in return, let your charity be bountiful to the poor."

Vanity is indeed the main spring of action, and flattery the oil that keeps it from rust—flattery, that false coin, as Rochefoucault says, which would have no currency, but for our vanity:

Stanley

Stanley, without apparently possessing the talent in the least, was master of it in a most pre-eminent degree; conversant upon all, he would assiduously suit his subject to the taste of his hearer, and "coax, wheedle, and flatter," till he seated himself in the heart of hearts.

Mary was a speculation well worth his powers. He knew that she was rich—that is, he often took the trouble of telling himself so, and the *how much* signified little to him. Indeed the smallest donation is thankfully received by men who support themselves by the aid of the public; not that this was exactly the case with Stanley, but "*the governor*," as he termed his father, was alive, and in the habit of taking a long time to reflect before he came down with *the stuff*. Yes, that Mary had *the money*, was to him pretty certain; and could he but once securely take it in hand, he thought how nicely he would "put 'em along,"

along," until he came into the possession of his own. With this, Mary was to him the metal of attraction, and her sisters were entirely neglected. To be sure, he would look at Cecil, and think what a glorious prize she would have been, had fortune but smiled on her as propitiously as it had on her sister; and he would look at the sweet tarn of Leslie's eye—watch for the rare smile, till it played on her cheek—wonder what sort of a being she was—examine her simple attire, and almost begin to dream about "love and a cottage."

This however was only the chimera of the moment; for *Mary* and *money* were much better than *Leslie* and *love*; and as he could not afford to play

"*Sentimentalibus lacryme* roar 'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to see,"

he put his romance into one pocket; and to counterbalance whatever qualms it might

might create, prepared to secure the cash for the other. With this he had once more put himself into "Lob's pond," by coming to Mrs. Basbleue's *soirée*, swearing all the time it was an insidious mode of committing *felo de se*, and that he never should live to reap the reward of his labours. But Mary, smiling before him, soon erased from his mind all recollections of the society in which he found her; and so that he could only contrive to keep Mrs. Basbleue at bay, and her sister to the French tongue, instead of the vulgar one she for a *délassement* indulged in, he thought things might turn out better than he had expected. Indeed Stanley, like a lion in his toils, was beginning to struggle in a net of his own fabrication; that is, the originality of Mary was really interesting him, when he thought he was only paying tribute to the fortune he had persuaded himself into the belief that she really was possessed of.

Unused

Unused to the world, there was a *naïveté* in her manners she never failed to make the most of; and as this was the charm that was mastering the heart of Stanley, there was but little promise of his ever escaping her power. He hated girls who could only talk of *balls*, the *dimensions of the room*, and *whether he knew Mr. Such-a-one?* and who, when they had arrived at the end of their queries, were also at the end of their tether. Mary, indeed, to one who had run through the whole list of going-out Misses, came under the class of a *God-send*; not that she said much, but what little she did say was matter that he had not heard twenty times before. She did not, when first introduced, ask him *if he bathed?* when they first danced together, *whether he liked waltzing?* she did not tell him the room was *horridly warm*, or that the night was *insufferably cold*; in short, she did not tell him what other girls were repeating every minute; and what

what was better than all, she *did not assume on her money.*

Such was the state of affairs when he seated himself by her side at Mrs. Basbleue's, disseminating a glory of pleasure around, and, like Falstaff, the hero of mirth, "not only witty himself, but the cause of it in others."

Poor Mary's voice faltered with delight, as she expressed her surprise at seeing him; and how Steinbach had manœuvred himself into the *mélange*, was a matter of surprise to Cecil. Stanley however explained that he had met him in the course of his rounds; and knowing Mrs. Mouche's affection for *crochets*, he had ventured on transplanting him into her circle.

"As for myself," he continued, slyly raising his eyes as he spoke, till they encountered the soft ones of Mary—"as to myself, I know not what brings me here ;

here; I ought to be in a hundred other places. I have promised myself to Mrs. G——, Mrs. L——, and to lady T——; but the fever of indecision, and the vacillation between inclination and duty, has eventually set me down at Mrs. Basbleue's, for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." The latter was said in a murmur, but it flew straight to the destination for which it was intended, and the rising blush proclaimed that it was felt and understood. "But, in the name of Socrates and Zeno," he continued, "who are all these strange-looking people? Say, are they spirits of Health, or *poets damned*? I'll speak to them—call them *boreds*, *bookworms*, and *printers' devils*."

"Look at that very little man in black, with the hooked nose and straggling hair," observed Mary; "does he not answer the description to a letter?"

"*Letter*! he is a man of letters!" returned Stanley, "an enlightened philosopher!

sopher! a profound cosmogonist! a metaphysical orator! and a profound nuisance to every body who comes in contact with him."

"With the exception of Mrs. Bas-bleue," said Mary, pointing towards her as she spoke; "she is indefatigably again threading the mazes of the crowd, and see at last she reaches the desired post."

"*Post!*" repeated Stanley, "*post!* Miss Templemore is somewhat severe." Mary declared her innocence as to any latent meaning of the sort, and Stanley continued—"But tell me, what have you been doing with yourselves the former part of the evening? All work and no play does not improve the intellect. What is to be our recreation?"

"In truth, I believe nothing but the blessed sound of philosophers' names, marshalled in metaphysical phalanx."

Stanley stared; for his eyes resting on Leslie as he made the inquiry, her liquid

liquid accents had formed the reply. There was a silence for a moment, and Stanley was again about to address himself to Leslie, when Mrs. Mouche was seen making towards them.

"Vell now," she began, "how bad you young ladies use my *lancier*! I declare he was had here on purpose for you smart girls to flirt with, and you have never taken so much as any notice of him. He is thought the best match in the regiment. I thought vonce he'd a had a friend of mine; he did perpose to her; but somehow it's all off now. I asked him just now à *l'oreille*, which he likes best on you three sisters, and which do you think he says?"

"Which?" asked Cecil and Mary, with quickness, and for the moment neglecting both Stanley and Steinbach, for the satisfaction of gaining a new conquest. Like the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mrs. Mouche stood up between them,

them, assuming importance for the first time in her life, and keeping her inquirers on the tenter-hooks of expectation.

"Which, my dear Mrs. Mouche?" said Cecil, hanging on her with all the winning entreaty of a Juliet. "Nay, now do tell me, for I am dying to know which it is."

"Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance," repeated Mary, in the words of Shakespeare, the similitude of the scene striking on her lively imagination—

"Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied ; is't good or bad?"

"And have *you* no desire to know?" asked Stanley, observing that Leslie had retreated behind her sisters, and apparently took no interest in the scene; "will you not condescend to pick up the apple, if by chance it should lay at your feet?"

Leslie cast a look expressive of admiration.

admiration towards her sisters. Stanley perfectly understood its meaning; it seemed to say that it would be a *chance* indeed, and he was vexed with himself that he had made use of the word. She retreated still further a few paces behind the party, and Stanley could not but confess, that though her sisters certainly bore off the palm of beauty, there was something irresistibly attractive in the retiring manners of Leslie.

Under the auspices of Mrs. Mouche, the lancer now made his approach. The young ladies were all amiability, and he made an ornamental addition to their coterie. I say *ornamental*, because, though the Miss Templemores were perfectly well satisfied in taking the *treasure* for the sake of the *casket*, I must be allowed to peep through the *casket* for the sake of the *treasure*. Objects, however, which at a distance appear stupendous and magnanimous, become insignificant and trifling when we contemplate

plate the minutiae of which they are composed. The first conceptions that arise in the mind on beholding a warrior, are undoubtedly grand. The mystery of tactics, the science of war, the bold masterly inventions of art, blended with the enthusiasm of literature, are qualifications that we involuntarily give him credit for ; but on a nearer approach we discover that these are alone the production of our own misconstructions ; that the object so great in the perspective, sinks on acquaintance into an every-day sort of a person, employed in the pursuit of trifles, and degenerating far below the standard of perfection we had considerably raised him to : it is indeed a being that bears no resemblance to the one imagination had tintured with the sublime ; and we become ashamed of the distance enthusiasm had transported us, gradually consent to confess our error, and the mind, disengaged of its former delusion, wonders how it could have been

been so misled by such vague, such deceitful ideas.

In these enlightened times, the cares for the body indeed supersede those that were once formed for the greatness of the soul ; and our men of arms contrive now-a-days to attain glory by more compendious methods, than when the bubble reputation was only to be found in the cannon's mouth. It is true, they *carve* their way to reputation and renown, but it is in *cutting out* their own coat-collars on the counters of their tailors' shops; and while their whole prowess is bestowed on finding means to *kill the enemy*, they have no more valiant antagonists to deal with, than an old man with a scythe and an hourglass.

Self-preservation however is the law of nature ; and I believe most truly that unless they did the old gentleman's business for him, he would, by doing theirs, suffer

suffer us to lose more heroes in a day than fell on the renowned plain of Waterloo. But yet it is a hard service, and many a man would be apt to *give in*, by making "his *quietus* with a bare bodkin," but from the never-failing resource—*dress*—an innocent amusement, commencing in the time of Adam. Never, however, were such pains bestowed on a fig-leaf, as are now on the *outward and visible signs*; never armour adjusted with more precision in the time of Ajax, than is now the *inward and spiritual grace*. *Stays* indeed make the man, want of them the fellow; while no man is now considered any thing but half a man, until the other half is added by padding. These ligatures also have their advantages in reconciling some men to their lot; that is, should they fail in procuring a repast to-day, they take up another reef to-morrow; and when pinched and laced about, till they resemble more a wasp than a man, the *effect* reconciles

VOL. I. K them

them to the *cause*. It is much cheaper besides to pad the lining of the coat, than it is to stuff the—what shall I call it? At Eton we knew it by the name of the *bread-basket*; but I question whether some of my heroes of the *pavé* will even recognise it by that comfortable appellation. But it is vulgar to talk of those articles in a genteel novel; and though the unseemly thing is ever before them, my readers, I fear, will not forgive me for obtruding it upon their notice.

In introducing to them, however, the tame lancer, I am guilty of no error of the sort; indeed he had nothing about him of the description, and the only wonder was, how his body and his legs ever contrived to hang together. The crimson sash indeed almost cut him in two; a rash expedient, for unless, like a snake, the concomitant parts took a fancy to adhere again together, in case of an accident, the king might lose a valuable

luable soldier—a hero truly of the first water! his sword keener than his wit; his lance longer than his head; “jesting at scars who never felt a wound;” and in his own opinion, “the sinew and the forehand of an host!”

Whatever were the pleasures arising from his own cogitations, captain Lovelace seemed very well disposed to barter them for the satisfaction of talking to the Miss Templemores. He had indeed been for a long time silent, not caring to come in contact with the cognoscenti, nor the dilettante, nor with any of the men of *virtu* that surrounded him. He hated all such stuff as conchology, geology, philology, zoology, mineralogy, and *tautology*; he swore he would not be at the trouble of rubbing up his Greek for any body; so, like the pent-up provisions of Munchausen’s horn, his lucubrations now poured forth on his fair hearers with the same surprising velocity

—"Crucify me, I say," he began, after the first salutations had passed—"crucify me, I say, if I know what we are all had here for! It is as bad as going to church, and that is slow work enough, and what I can tell you I am no glutton at. You should have seen the bold Waxy and me there last Sunday! got an uncommon good seat up in the *dress boxes*, as Tom had it. Good name, is not it? Gad, I believe the fellow had never been there before! for he looked about him as pleased as Punch. 'A sight of pretty women in the *pit*!' says he; 'I shall just come here every Sunday for a lark.' Tom is a devilish cool fellow!—*Heavy Bristol* indeed! he is no more a heavy Bristol than I am." This was not saying much for his friend, but such as captain Lovelace was, the ladies seemed very well inclined to put up with him. "I should like to know the fun of all this set-out!" he continued, looking round him as he spoke, and eventually

ally resting his eye on Mrs. Basbleue and her sister. A smile passed over his face; and turning to Stanley, he observed—"A nice pair of *prads* to go in a curricule—a rare match!—have a queer cut as a tandem. I came just now down from the barracks in no time—made them go as hard as they could split—rammed them along, and I was not a minute about it. I should have turned their heads the other way, I think, if I had known what I had been coming to. Look at that rum old fellow up in the corner, trying to make the clever; and look at the one by his side, patiently waiting till the spirit of genius moves within him——"

"Like a rusty old conductor, waiting for a flash of lightning," interrupted Stanley.

"Uncommon good idea that!" continued the captain—"uncommon good! uncommon! but upon my soul all this is a regular bore—a complete take-in; I

cannot bear it much longer, and there is no possibility of making an escape. The only chance was through the space between the card-tables; and as it is now completely occupied by the portly figure of Mrs. Mouche, here one must stay till school breaks up."

"That is, unless you *stoop to conquer*," said Stanley, "and get out in the same manner that ships used to get through the colossal figure at Rhodes."

The smile that irresistibly arose at the idea was checked by the approach of Mrs. Basbleue, who came, as usual, merely to request some one of the young ladies to do her the honour of "trying the instrument;" and by getting out of the vicinity of her *homme d'affaires*, to have the opportunity of issuing her orders aloud. She wished the tray of ices conveyed to a particular spot of the apartment; but vain was each reiterated command, though neatly reported in her best

best French to the ear of her self-willed lacquey. A quaint shrug, and a cool survey of the crowd, were the first tokens of mutiny she received, and the orders were again issued with all the collectedness she could muster.

"Il faut du génie pour y parvenir!" retorted monsieur le domestique, with a calmness that far outdid the assumed *sang froid* of his mistress. Pantomimic signs, and telegraphic grimace, joined to an almost unintelligible tongue, next succeeded, but all to no effect; for whether monsieur was deaf, sick, sulky, or savage, Mrs. Basbleue might, with the same advantage, have beckoned the winds to her service.

At this moment the card-table broke up; and leaving the combatants to adjust matters at leisure, the Miss Templemores and their mother quitted the scene, heartily tired of the din of letters, and de-

claring, as I have often done before them with equal alacrity, that nothing should again induce them to surrender themselves to the misery of passing another *soirée* at Mrs. Basbleue's.

CHAPTER VIII.
~~~~~

In manners vain,  
In conversation frivolous, and in dress  
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse.

COWPER.

.....

Volumes of report  
Ran with their false and most contrarious guests  
Upon thy doings.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace, e'en tho' he had no wit.

*Ibid.*

"You will never make any thing of sir Archibald Murray, Cecil, if you give up so much of your time to Steinbach," said Mrs. Templemore one morning to her daughter, interrupting her in the midst of a German song, that she was endeavouring to learn the words of.

"You seem forming but a bad business of it; and take my word for it, if you continue in the same way as you have begun, you will never make any thing of him."

"I do not wish to make any thing of him," carelessly returned Cecil, continuing her song, with a hoarseness of voice it had been till this moment a stranger to.

Mrs. Templemore was silenced.

"I think you are acting very foolishly, Cecil," she again began, the instant the song was concluded, "very weakly indeed; and I am sure you cannot have considered the mutability of your present situation in life, and the precarious chance you have of securing to yourself another. Figuratively speaking, Leslie may marry to-morrow, and then you know we have nothing to do but to pack up our chattles, and again betake ourselves to

to the vegetating mode of existence we have but so lately escaped from."

"You are always thinking of unpleasant things, mamma," said Mary, forgetting that she had retreated to a corner, in hopes of escaping a share of the lecture she saw was impending over them.

"Rather say *probable* ones," returned Mrs. Templemore, with an earnestness that made both her daughters quiver with apprehension. "I think there is every likelihood of Leslie's marrying soon; and I therefore warn you young ladies, that it would be a profitable service to attend to the old saying, and to set about making your hay while the sun shines."

"Why should you suppose, mamma, that Leslie *will* go off before us?" asked Mary, in a tone which betokened that if she had ascertained the whole cause for apprehension, their fears had been wantonly raised. Mrs. Templemore did not immediately reply, and she continu-

ed in a voice of recovered assurity—  
“ *We* do not think that Leslie will marry before us ; for we take good care that nobody shall know from us that her fortune is larger than ours ; and that is, I think, the only advantage she has to ensure her success.”

“ I do not think she will ever marry at all,” said Cecil, with abrupt assumption ; “ she is not the kind of girl to boast of her money, and without that auxiliary, there is little about her to *take* ; retired manners do not please in such a bustling place as Brighton.”

Mrs. Templemore shook her head in a distrustful manner, and it was evident to her daughters that her sentiments on the subject were directly contrary to those which they had adopted.

“ What a pity it is,” at length said Mrs. Templemore, with a sigh, “ that one cannot put old heads upon young shoulders !



shoulders! not that it would improve the appearance," she added, with a smile, "but it would enable them to see things in their proper point of view, instead of giving them that visionary interpretation, which either makes up for the disproportion of the object, or, as in the present instance, brings them down to a station they were never meant to occupy. You are indeed, my dear girls, forming opinions both detrimental to your own interests, and unjust to the claims of Leslie, who, though we seem, by common consent, to conceal from the world the rare reward she has in store for their discernment, will be selected, take my word for it, in preference to either you or your sister." Here there was a pause for some moments, for Cecil and Mary were too much astonished at their mother's prediction, to find words that might interrupt it; and Mrs. Templemore, taking the advantage, continued — "Do not imagine I say all this to  
influence

influence your acceptance, Cecil, of the offer that sir Archibald may eventually be induced to make you. Matrimony, without a proper proportion of love, is the last step I should wish you to take; but at the same time I advise you, with the warmth of a mother, to weigh the circumstance well in your own mind, before you consent to dismiss it for ever."

"I do not think there is much danger at present of my being put to the test," said Cecil, wishing to take the blame from herself by putting it on the other party. "Sir Archibald may, by tacking himself on to my side, be at the trouble of persuading the world that he loves me; but unless he forces it on my comprehension by less equivocal measures, I think I am justified in not excluding others from my notice."

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Templemore, who was perfectly inclined to hear reason. "But, Cecil, you know as well  
well

well as I do, that there are various paths to pursue, and Steinbach seems to have gained an ascendancy over yours, I should be very sorry to see him take advantage of. But he is not a marrying man," she continued, with somewhat of a lightened brow; "it is evident that he is not a marrying man, therefore on his side of the argument I have little cause for apprehension; and should you, my dear girl, choose to play the part of a lovesick maid, instead of that of a sensible woman, it will not be for the want of proper advice from those who have your interest as dearly at heart as they have their own."

A tear stood upon poor Cecil's cheek, as her mother concluded her exhortation; and, in a tone of deep contrition, she inquired into the principal charges that were to be preferred against her; for what she had done to occasion her  
mother's

mother's disquietude, she declared she was at a loss to account for.

Mrs. Templemore smiled ironically as her daughter made the demand ; and on being strenuously urged to reply, she said—" It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you, Cecil, in what you do wrong. You may, it is true, think it has escaped my observation ; but ask your own heart, and there is a little inward monitor that will speak to you more to the purpose than any thing I can tell you. Yet I sadly fear, that until the cause is eradicated, the mischief will still arise ; therefore, my dear child, if in the communion with your own heart, you should find his image too fondly impressed there, pray set about giving it its *discharge*, and do not take his arm ; smile upon him, dance with him, or sing with him, till you can do it in the same indifferent manner in which you conduct yourself towards others."

Cecil,

Cecil, however, was just as sceptical as to the justice of the complaint alledged against her, as she had been before it was pronounced; for though it was true that she did feel more pleasure in dancing and singing, talking and walking, with Steinbach, than with any other of the young men of her acquaintance, she was unwilling to believe that her countenance had proved a too faithful index to the mind, and had unwittingly to herself betrayed the secret from her.

Mary had been all this time pondering over her mother's prophetic words in regard to Leslie; and on the first cessation of hostilities between Mrs. Templemore and Cecil, she inquired how long she had considered Leslie so very handsome?

"If you think I alluded to beauty," returned Mrs. Templemore, "when I adverted to Leslie, you are much deceived. A pretty face may catch a heart,  
Mary,

Mary, but it never can retain one. Leslie, if I mistake not, has surer powers of charming—powers that she is herself unconscious of the possession of, but which strike with double force, from the simplicity that directs them, the undesigning innocence with which they are used. Look at the difference of her appearance in public and your own! Yourselves armed at all points for conquest, she contenting herself with the plainest dress she can select; and while you lay yourselves open for the indiscriminate adulation of your partners, you will see her retiring within herself, charming by the unobtrusiveness of her charms, and pleasing all by the rare power she has found of pleasing."

"She may be more accomplished than we are, mamma, but I am sure she does not avail herself of it," said Mary, thinking she had at last hit on the quality that had so dazzled her mother's perception; "she never sings when she is asked—

—has never opened her portfolio since she has been here; her drawing-box is, believe me, only made to look at; and if this is the way to earn a husband, I must say she is doing it at a very easy rate. As to French, one would not suppose she knew a word about it, for she positively, at Mrs. Basbleue's, asked for water in English from a French servant, you know! I am sure that looked very ignorant, for every body knows the French for water; and Cecil and I took particular care to say all we could to the servant, that we might get the credit of having a little knowledge, and to do away the impression that had been left by the deficiency of Leslie."

"Leslie never lays herself out for admiration," said Mrs. Templemore, with pointed emphasis on the last word; "she never lays herself out for what, I much fear, will be the rock yourself and your sister will split upon——"

"But at present we arrive at our point, mamma,"

mamma," interrupted both the sisters at once, "for I am sure we are admired more than any girls in Brighton, while Leslie——"

"Is scarcely known," said Mrs. Templemore, stopping them in the midst of their speech, "and never will be, till something occurs to excite her. She is, I plainly perceive, though she conceals it as well as she can, still suffering for the loss of her friend—a circumstance not to be wondered at, and only to be chased away by the acquisition of another. This other, however, to be efficient, must come in the shape of a lover, not a concealed one, but a declared one; no easy point to arrive at, for she conjures up so nice a 'sweetbriary fence' around her, that it will be some little difficulty for the modern men of fashion, so used to the *open common field*, to take a spring over it; but when once there, 'alas! poor cricket, thou art taken!' and it will be no easy matter to get back again.



again. I dare say you will scarcely believe me when I tell you, that Leslie sings better than any body I ever heard in private life. I once heard Mrs. Billington with your dear father; it was during the month we passed in London after we were married; and as I listened to Leslie on the stairs the other day, with my eyes shut, it reminded me of the evening I sat by your dear father's side. She was singing a melancholy song, I believe, for some of her notes went to my heart—not that I heard the words, but her tones reminded me of Mrs. Billington, and I looked round for your father. It was very foolish of me, but I cried like a child on not finding him near me, and was obliged to go into my own chamber to hush my sobs, and to hide the ugly faces I made. When I recovered, Leslie had ceased singing; and I have never mentioned the subject, for I am sure, were I to hear her again,  
I should

I should only again make myself ridiculous in the same manner."

Cecil and Mary looked at each other in astonishment; for though they knew that their sister's younger days had been wholly passed in study, yet they could not believe that a girl who could sing with the skill their mother had described, should have the forbearance sufficient to keep such a talent to herself. *Why* she should do it, was as difficult to comprehend as the fact, and they were lost in a reverie of conjecture, when their mother again addressed them.

"I thought one evening that captain Hillsborough was gaining an ascendancy over the dear girl's heart, but she looked so pleased when the dance was ended, and so relieved in being once more at my side, that my suspicions were lulled on the occasion; and it must be some redoubtable

redoubtable hero, I believe, to whom it is reserved to win the day, and to teach her that talents were given for better purposes than to keep closely locked up to yourself."

"Lord Mountvillars is a hero," said Mary, "that, if report speaks true, will just answer the purpose. All Brighton are in ecstasies about him; nothing is like the sensation he has created; and, no doubt, as he is only to be seen to be admired, Leslie will *succumb* at a glance, and, like a phoenix in the flame, we shall see her rise brighter from the fire that consumes her."

"Who are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Templemore, who, in following up her own reflections, had lost the thread of their discourse.

"Of lord Mountvillars, mamma," again returned Mary, "the wonder and perfection of the day, the paragon of the age, a *monster of perfection*, we are all prepared to fall in love with!—rich, no doubt,

doubt, as he has just succeeded to his father's title, and beautiful as our most vivid hopes can paint him !”

“ Where is he staying ?”

“ At the York Hotel, which is almost filled with his servants. He has carriages for every day in the week, and we are also told that we are to meet him to-night at lady O'Shannon's.”

“ As mamma does not approve of major Steinbach,” said Cecil, in a tone between jesting and earnest, when again they were left by themselves, “ I intend to set my cap at his redoubtable lordship. Indeed it was very lavish of you to so generously appropriate him to Leslie, when I should think that even you might prefer him to that *roué* Stanley, who, by-the-bye, must be a mighty favourite with mamma, or you would not have escaped your share in the lecture to-day.”

Mary indeed was equally surprised  
with

with her sister at the exemption; and she began to fear she had perhaps fancied attentions, that existed in nothing beyond her own active imagination.

But Mrs. Templemore was a mixture of inconsistencies; and while she knew as little of Stanley's concerns as she did of poor Steinbach's, the pleasure she felt in the society of one, blinded her to the conviction that he laboured under the same disadvantages as those she reprehended in the other.

There is indeed no saying so true, as that "one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the hedge," and Stanley, in the same measure, might have been "wooed and married and a'" to one daughter, while Steinbach was even denied the *cat's privilege* of looking at the other.

But Stanley, though acting with suf-  
 VOL. I. L ficient

ficient openness to justify the suspicions of a mother, at the same time was too cautious—too circumspect, to give confidence or satisfaction to the bosom of the daughter; for while the constancy of his attentions gave rise to the belief one moment that she was dear to him, the consideration of the next proved to her, that she had nothing but *those attentions* to establish the supposition on.

Unsettled and unsatisfied by the reflection, Mary began to feel that she was but playing a second to the unprofitable part her sister Cecil had entered on; for while Stanley remained silent as to the nature of his intentions, she could not but fear they were merely of a character to help to pass away the present hour, without having any particle of connexion in his thoughts with those of the future. If he loved her, why did he not tell her so? If he was only tampering with her prospects and her peace,  
she

she thought, on the conviction, she could as easily teach her heart to hate him, as she had experienced facility before in helping to establish those tender sentiments there, his duplicity had been at the pains of creating. But Mary knew not the disposition she had to deal with, dreamed not that *first love* possesses that powerful charm over the heart, that few have ever the power of eradicating. One by one she would go over, in recollection, the hours she had passed in his society—think over the thousand things he had said, and sicken at the sorrowful discovery, that though her whole soul was alive to the many fancied proofs of his affection, she had not received *one word* to carry conviction to the heart—that though she had experienced from him the thousand nameless attentions that fondness prompts, she had at the same time not one reasonable clause to stamp them with sincerity, or to shew that he meant more than the

authorized flirtation of the moment. Such were the fruits of her mother's lecture—such the result of a catechism it had tempted her to enter upon: she felt mortified that Stanley should consider her weak enough to become the plaything of an hour, and she resolved to be more cautious in receiving his *devoirs* for the future.

Sancho Panza has said, that *when one door shuts, another opens*; and as Stanley faded before the discriminating perception of Mary, lord Mountvillers rose upon the scene—dazzling with his vaunted fascinations, and creating a brighter perspective for one deprived of her *pot of pears*, than any she might have expected. Such indeed are the vacillations of the human heart; and Mary, while she believed she was making a sacrifice at the altar of prudence, was in fact a blinded victim on the shrine of ambition, waging war between the  
head



head and the heart, and seeking to place a coronet on one, to chase away the pangs inflicted on the other. How to captivate lord Mountvillars, now became her favourite thought—a glorious enterprise! for she was entering a field where many were there before her—all anxious to please—each hoping for success, *the attempt, but not the deed, confounding them.* To signalize herself among the many, was a service deserving her powers; and whether she should walk in the morning, and run the chance of meeting him, or burst on him at once in the full splendour of ball attire at lady O'Shannon's in the evening, was the first difficult alternative that presented itself. It was however a delicate point soon concluded on; not from conviction, as to the wisdom of the decision, but from the necessity of the circumstances that urged it. *Cecil was bent on walking;* and dreading to be the loser by her refinement of arrangement, Mary prepared herself

herself to accompany her, fearing she might lose an advantage by staying at home, yet hoping they might not meet lord Mountvillars till the evening.

END OF VOL. I.

# SCENES AT BRIGHTON.

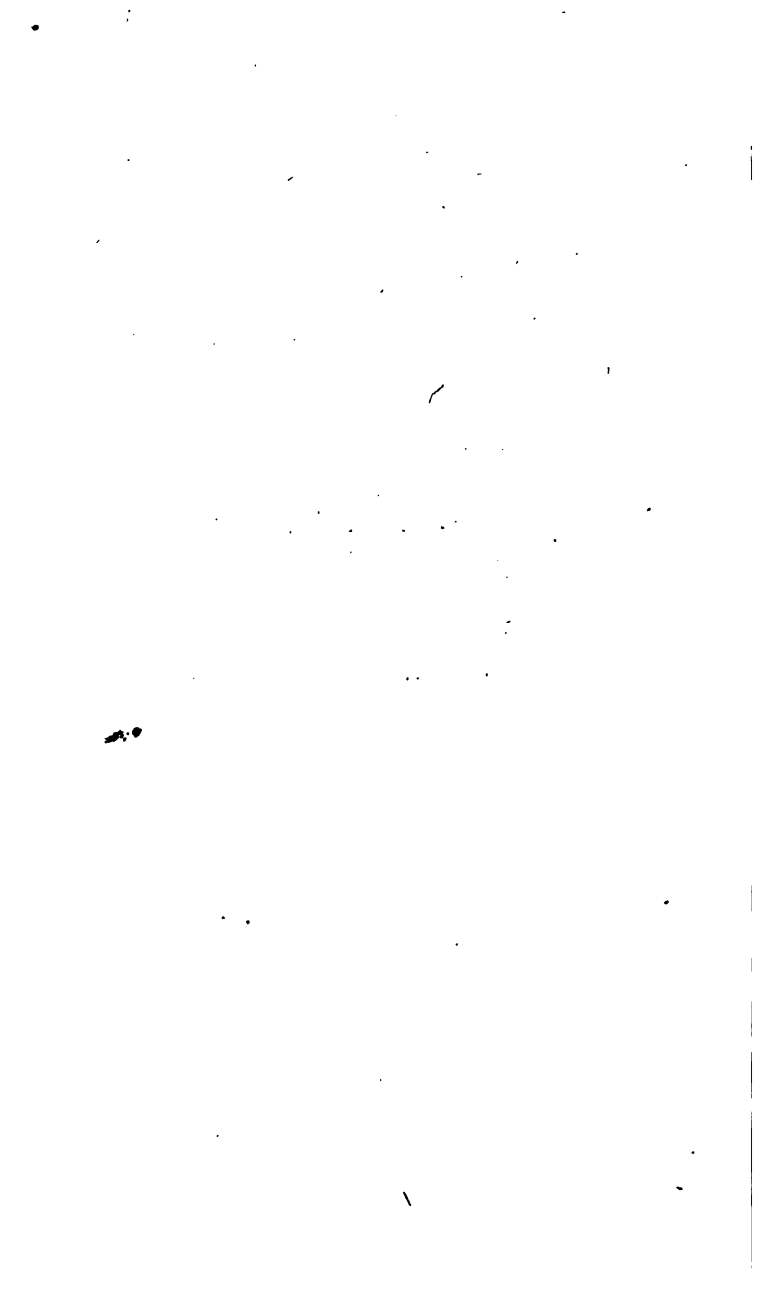


A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

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Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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# ENES AT BRIGHTON;

OR,

*“HOW MUCH?”*

A Satirical Nobel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY INNES HOOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF *SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE*, &c.

---

*“Satire should, like a polish’d razor keen,  
Cut with an edge that’s scarcely felt or seen—  
Mine is an oyster-knife.”*

.....

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have,  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. SHAKESPEARE.

.....

And Horace quits a while the town for Brighton.  
*Horace in London.*

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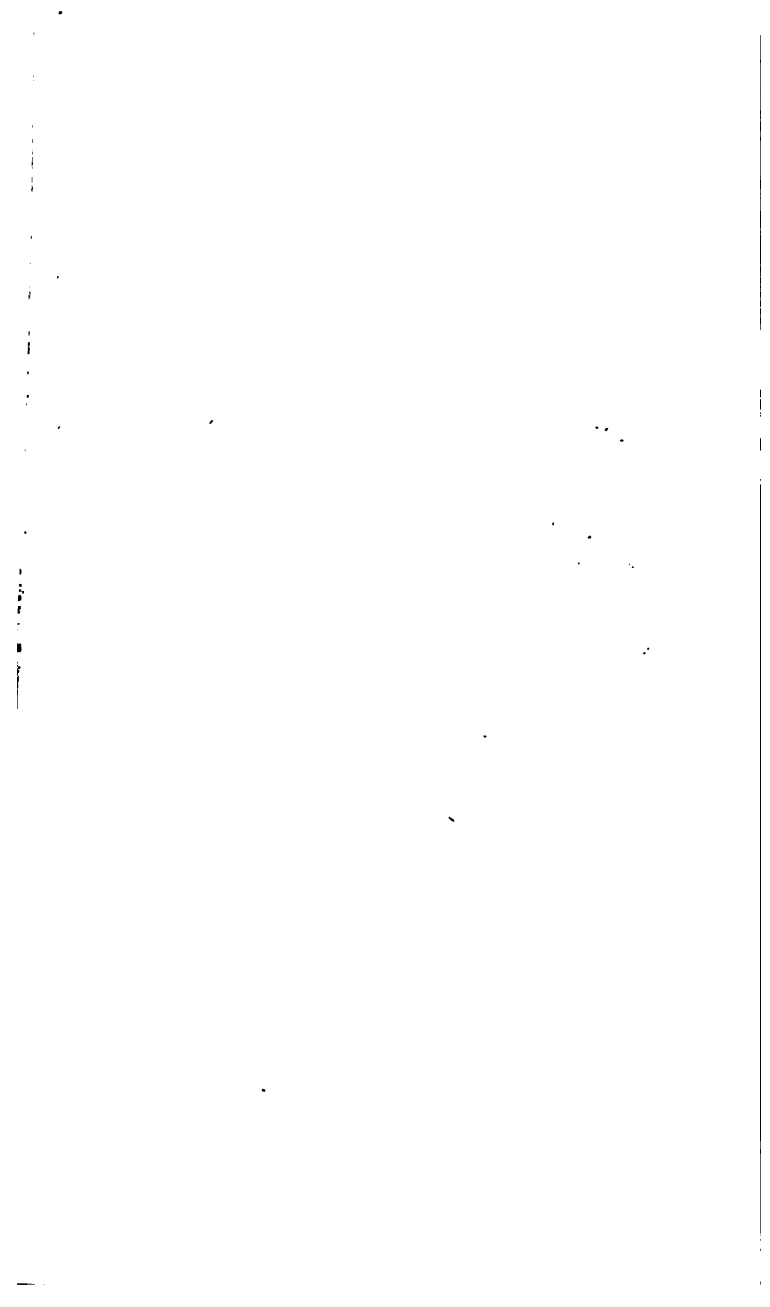
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1821.



# ENES AT BRIGHTON

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## CHAPTER I.

---

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear. COLERIDGE.

.....  
Look what you do—you do it still i' the dark.  
SHAKESPEARE.

*QUIN* *canta sus males expanta*, as  
say in Spain," exclaimed a young  
n, who was, with many others, idly  
ling on the railings by the side of  
onaldson's. "It is a good expedient  
*quin canta sus males expanta—away*  
ith it!" and he whistled off a sigh, as  
VOL. II. B he

he spoke, to the tune of "Go to' the devil and shake yourself."—"Where are your beauties, Stanley? You have dragged me about from one end of the town to the other, and, faith! I have seen none of them yet." He drew on his black kid glove as he spoke, and the white wristband was neatly displayed over it. "Come, man," linking his arm within Stanley's, and leading him away, as he continued, "come, let us be moving; idleness tempts the devil—and dull care too, I think."

Another sigh rose from his bosom as he concluded, but burying it in "the wrinkle of a smile," he again begged of Stanley to shew him the beauties, the lions, or something.

"Of our beauties," returned Stanley, in reply to his importunities—"of our beauties I can give you but a sorry account. We have the three Miss Templemores,



plemores, and one or two others; but the place was never famous for those firework sort of brilliants, and now it is more destitute than ever. Indeed our beauties have become lions, our lions beauties, if we may class that spacious structure among the number. It is quite the fashion to admire it; but I say it looks for all the world as though *St. Paul's had pupped upon it.*"

"A heterogeneous monster in creation!" exclaimed his companion, in a tone of disgust. "The stones shall cry out of the wall, and the beam of the timber shall answer it."

"Scripture, by the powers!" interrupted Stanley, in an affected tone of surprise. "Where, in the name of sanctity, did you learn it?"

"In the same school that has enabled you to discern that it is such—the cold chapel at Trinity, where we used to shiver together at seven o'clock in the morning."

“And did it not also teach you charity to the follies of your neighbours?”

“Nay, Stanley; and if it did, the commodity is so often put into requisition, that it is absolutely worn out. But this is a mad house, or a house run mad; it has neither beginning, middle, front, side, back, or end, and should exclaim, with the mock humility of Brown, the landscape-gardener, not ‘forgive me, father Thames;’ but ‘*excuse me, brother Bedlam.*’ When is it to be finished?”

“When turbot and brills shall forsake the vast main;  
And graze like the cattle and sheep on the plain;  
When the boats on the sea shall be drawn by the donkeys,  
And dandies no more be mistaken for monkeys;  
When none but pure virgins by moonlight are seen,  
Parading in parties the close-crowded Steine;  
When sycophant Snap shall no longer eat toads;  
When not one stagecoach is seen on the glib-running  
roads;  
When alderman Puff shall cease seeing his friends;  
When tradesmen in this place forget their own ends;  
When Sharp shall talk nonsense, or Bigwig look wise;  
When Bounce shall speak truth; and when Truebill tell  
lies;

When

When Spickspan shall look disty, or M'Cloud look clean,

Mrs. Straightlace grow fat, Mrs. Album look lean;  
When *Ruffians* and *Esquis* leave off taking snuff,  
And Absorbbit shall say I've had just wine enough;  
When Stiffback shall play, or at ninepins or bowls;  
When Blackdiamond shall give you fair measure of coals;

When figs grow on thistles, or grapes without sun,  
The workmen shall say the P—— is done.

“An extemporaneous effusion! and it has so exhausted me, that I shall not bring forth another word for a week. But here come Lovelace and Auckland. Shall we join them, or will you bear with me till I recover my breath? A long-winded production that; and if you had been clever, Aubrey, you would have had it all down in short-hand; posterity will lose a great treat by its being an *improvisado* production.”

“I have it by a more compendious method still—I have it by heart. Will you like an example?”

“Oh, Heavens, no!” quickly replied

Stanley; "*le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*"

"Just look at the bold Waxy," said captain Auckland, who was upon them before they expected it. "Look at the bouquets that decorate the lamp-irons—bachelor's buttons and Venus's looking-glass."

"Mare's tails and horseshoe geraniums," interrupted Stanley. "He should blend a little *larkspur* among his *cockscomb*."

"Nay, now you are too hard upon him," said captain Lovelace, who made a principle of taking his part; "too hard, upon my soul! he is not the *slow* fellow you take him for, though I say it, that should not. He used me damn'd bad just now! What do you think he did?"

"What?" they all exclaimed at once, expecting a great deal from the starting eyes of the narrator.

"Would not let me mount the box!  
He

He stood a moment with his mouth open, after he had said the word, in a *slang* attitude of astonishment — “ would not let me mount the box, because I should spoil the *contour* of his coach, as if costume mattered so much.”

“ Every thing,” said captain Auckland, with wonder at his want of notion, and awake to the very name of dress, “ every thing; and it is every body’s duty to keep it up. But why did you not capitulate with him? You had nothing to do but to have sported an upper *benjamin*, and you could have played the *ruffian’s* part in a minute.”

“ Catch me at it,” said Lovelace, in a slang tone, that would not have discredited the adoption. “ Besides, the regulation, what was to become of that? No, I did the best thing.—‘ If you wont let me come up as I am,’ says I, ‘ I wont come up at all. It is no joke to have one’s jacket covered with flue. Besides, gold lace was made to be looked at.’ But

here comes the *team*. Doesn't hold the *ribbons* badly. Gar it!" whistling thro' his teeth as it approached, "gar it!—pull up, Jem—That's right. Famous set out, an't it?"

With the true *jarvy* touch Mr. Waxy raised his elbow on a level with his hand, touched his hat, stopped his prads, and saluted the gentlemen.

Stanley and his friend took advantage of the opportunity, and leaving captain Auckland and Lovelace to the full enjoyment of the *ruffian's* society, passed on from the Steine to the Marine Parade.

"There are Mr. Stanley and lord Mountvillars," said Mary to her sister, unconsciously clinging closer to her arm, as she made the discovery. "I see them just turning off the Steine. We shall meet them in a moment, and the  
wind

wind has so straightened my hair, that I am sure I am not fit to be seen."

"It is Mr. Stanley, to be sure," returned Cecil, screwing up her eyes as she spoke, for they were at so great a distance no one could distinctly discern them, "it certainly is Stanley; but as to lord Mountvillars, I am sure you are quite mistaken; he is never to be seen out of his curicle; and sir Archibald Murray told me last night, they were going together to-day, to drop a *ticket of digestion* at lord —. He is very intimate there, and sir Archibald thinks, *en train* to be taken in by his daughter. She is painfully ugly, and so passionate, that she makes a point of breaking a looking-glass every time she dresses herself, and cannot keep a servant, for she generally knocks them down once a week with the curling-tongs."

"If you are not certain as to what you are saying," said Mary, in a quick tone to her sister, "I should have no

hesitation in pronouncing that to be lord Mountvillars. See, he has crape round his hat ; his tunic is black. Pray step even, for it certainly is him."

" Nonsense!" returned Cecil, in so perfect a tone of indifference, that it staggered the opinion of Mary.. " How can you be so ridiculous?" she continued. " I tell you he is gone to —, for I saw him pass with sir Archibald in the curricule ; and his pudding of a back can never be mistaken. Why you never can have seen lord Mountvillars ; for though this man is in black, he is no more like him than I am like him. Lord Mountvillars is taller, older, and handsomer."

" We shall see," said Mary, in a pettish tone of voice, and a mildly-beaming smile upon her countenance, for the gentlemen were near enough to catch the expression ; " we shall see ; but you are always so positive. If it is him, Stanley will introduce him ; if not, I shall



shall be satisfied;" and she displayed her beautiful teeth as she concluded, bowed to a carriage, and came up to the gentlemen with all the *sang froid* that was possible.

"Those are the Templemores bearing down upon us, like two beautiful ships in full sail," said Stanley to his friend, pointing them out as they gracefully approached from the distance. "Come along with me, and I will introduce you."

"Not as you love me, Hal," said his companion, making an attempt at releasing his arm. "I stay then, but on this condition," he continued, finding his friend would not readily part with him; "I stay but on this condition, that you do not make me known to them. I am not in the humour for trifling, and nothing else but that refined and delicate dainty, called *small-talk*, will suit the comprehension of a Brighton belle. The blue devils that infest me have scared all

my courtesy away ; ill temper lies buried under my studied accumulation of smiles ; and I could not promise you, but I should tax them with detected ignorance and folly, and finally get hunted out of the town for a wild man of the woods."

"Have it your own way," said Stanley, approaching too near the ladies to have recourse to the powers of persuasion. "We must set you down, I see, by the side of Mrs. Basbleue. My idea is with Marmontel — '*La sagesse est bonne quelquefois ; mais toujours de la sagesse.*'"

"Perhaps you are right," returned his friend, in a tone of the most listless indifference. '*La conversation doit être un délassement ; et que pour être agréable, il faut qu'elle soit un peu frivole.* My *délassement* however must be——

\* A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain."

They

They had now joined the Miss Templemores, and Stanley was soon too much taken up in setting himself off, or perhaps a little relieved in his fears of his friend's *cutting him out*, to trespass in the least on his conditions.

There was a cool unconcern in the demeanour of the *incognito* that soon set the Miss Templemores against him; and as a spontaneous readiness to judge of every person by the first impressions of their countenance is among the most universal feelings of the mind, so they mentally pronounced him a stupid fellow, that nobody cared for, and any body in the world but lord Mountvillars. His features indeed, though arranged with the strictest attention to beauty, had nothing in them to charm the Miss Templemores, who, beginning to be spoiled by the admiration of the world, could see no brilliancy in any eye that did not confessedly catch its brightest charm

charm from the *reflection* of their own ; and in the promptness of their displeasure for the total unconcern he had manifested, they gave the stranger credit for a phlegmatic combination of countenance, a cheerless querulous disposition, and none of the sense, capacity, susceptibility, genius, discrimination, sensation, combination, audacity, *fugacity*, of a first-rate man of fashion, or what they had been taught to expect in his lordship.

Such were the involuntary and spontaneous impressions that rose on their minds ; and how she had ever supposed him to be lord Mountvillars, was as incomprehensible to Mary, as that he should walk by their side, whoever he might be, without being introduced, was to the self-complacency of Cecil.

Objects in the world that offer no emolument soon cease to interest ; and  
the

the stranger was, in the space of a few moments, "a thing of nought" to the Miss Templemores. Mary indeed, notwithstanding her resolves, was *nobody* for *anybody* but Stanley; and Cecil had too soon forgot her mother's advice to think of any thing on earth but poor Steinbach. With this her eyes were wildly on the search for his figure, and her heart was ready to jump from her bosom when she saw any thing that resembled him. Too anxious to talk herself, she left the task entirely to her sister, who did not seem to want her assistance; and Stanley, on his part, made up for the taciturnity of his friend.

With spirits buoyant as his own, Mary entered into all his whimsical remarks on the objects that passed them, quizzed without

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"Scruple  
Scambling, out-fac'd, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,  
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness."

In

In short, "their words were a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." This woman's bonnet was laughed at; that man's cravat. No one indeed was safe from their scrutiny—no one but came under their lash.

"What do you do with yourselves to-night?" at length demanded Stanley, who was reminded by the meeting of the *muffin-boy* that it was time to retire for dress; "must we manage to exist without you till we meet at lady O'Shannon's; or do you condescend to go and look in upon them in North-street?"

"In North-street!" exclaimed Mary, rather checked in her mirth by the demand—"in North-street! Is there then any chance that you will join the party? Why you will eat your supper off the counter, drink antimonial wine instead of champagne, cream of tartar for lemonade, tamarinds and refined liquorice

quorice for dessert, camomile-flowers in lieu of greenhouse-plants——”

“Aromatic vinegar and castor oil for salad,” interrupted Stanley, “and *salt* to be had in abundance. But here comes Oldboy; let us ask him what prescription he follows.”

“Oh, one may anticipate his reply,” retorted Mary; “he feasts with no one but the man in the moon, where his repast is——”

“*A mouthful of moonshine* at best,” interrupted Stanley; “and what he need not go farther than his sister’s carpet-dances for the enjoyment of.” They were now at the Miss Templemores’ door, and the gentlemen took their departure.—“You will dance with me to-night?” said Stanley, in a tone of entreaty, stepping back for a moment, and leaving his friend a few paces from them.

Mary was silent, for the evening was too closely connected in her mind with  
lord

lord Mountvillars for her to make any engagement independent of him.

“Why do you hesitate?” asked Stanley, taking her hand within his as he spoke: “let it be *alpha* and *omega* as usual—the supper dance, any dance, every dance, dear Mary, so that you do but dance with me.”

Mary could not resist the affectionate supplication of his manner; he had called her *Mary* for the first time, and she thought the name had never sounded so sweet.—“I *will* dance with you,” she said, gently disengaging the hand he still held, “I will dance with you, depend on it; but there is your friend shivering to death in the cold, therefore let us decide which it is to be when we again meet in the evening.”

“Poor Mountvillars!” said Stanley, turning round to his friend as he spoke, and smiling at the patience he was manifesting—“poor Mountvillars! you  
make



make me, Miss Templemore, forget every body but yourself."

"Mountvillars?" repeated Mary, attending to nothing in her dismay but the surprising and painful discovery.

"Yes, lord Mountvillars," returned Stanley; and joining his friend, they were out of sight in a moment.

"There now!" said Mary, forgetting in her horror that the servant had opened the door; but Cecil, to whom the exclamation was addressed, was already in her own apartment—"there now!" again began Mary, out of breath with running up stairs as fast as she ever was able, "there now, Cecil! I told you so; the man we have been walking with *was* lord Mountvillars; and what end had you in deceiving me?"

"Lord Mountvillars!" repeated Cecil, in a tremulous tone of dismay—"Mountvillars! it could not be! nay, Mary, you wish to torment me."

Mary

Mary soon perceived that her sister had been as far from the knowledge as herself; and reconciled to her partner in perplexity, they soon vented their grievances together.

"He must think me a dolt," said Cecil, "for I never spoke a word while he was present."

"He must think me a fool," said Mary, "for I never talked so much nonsense in my life."

"I will never let my tongue rest," said Cecil, "until I this night do away the impression."

"And I," said Mary, "will never open my lips before him again but to rescue my friends from detraction."

"I cannot think how I could be so silly!" they both exclaimed in a breath. Then each bitterly declared the case of the one was nothing to compare to the other's.

"I should not care if I had said nothing,"

thing," moaned Mary, in a mood of despondency, "for his lordship did not do much more himself."

"But I do," returned Cecil, in a pet, "for I know that silent men prefer talkative women."

For a moment Mary was easier; but then the *matter* of her discourse had been such, that no man of sense could approve it. No man of any reflection, who had remained so completely *désœuvré* in the scene as had lord Mountvillars, but must reprobate the part she had acted. With Stanley it was perfectly different; he had led her on, and he had seemed to enjoy it; and her only hope was, that should lord Mountvillars say any thing about it, that Stanley would defend her conduct; and in convincing him that it was only the folly of the moment, exculpate her from the charge of habitual ill temper.

"I never was so little on my guard!" said Cecil, apparently even more provoked

voked about it than her sister: “ never, I must say, was I so little on the *qui vive* as I was to-day. That he can admire me is impossible; for once, when I had dashed your odious long veil out of my way, which kept flapping all over my face, putting out my eyes, and beating down the trimming of my bonnet till it quite irritated me, I saw that he observed me; the action had not been the most gentle in the world, but I did not care for it then; I thought I saw major Steinbach turn up a street, and, in my anxiety, forgot the circumstance till now, when I could almost kill myself for the unguarded folly I was guilty of.”

“ Nothing—nothing, Cecil, to what I have to accuse myself of!” said Mary, with a sigh. “ Why I let Stanley hold my hand in his for half an hour at the door, and when I looked up, lord Mountvillars was observing us. He called me *Mary* too for the first time in his life; one would almost be tempted to believe  
he

he had done it with the view of a show-off, and no doubt lord Mountvillars takes it for granted there is an engagement existing between us."

"Then did you see me run over that stupid beggar child?" asked Cecil, her face flushing red at the reverence. "Down it went flat; but I should have picked it up, to a certainty, had I supposed lord Mountvillars to be near us. What could have bewitched me, Mary, I cannot say; but even now I can scarcely consider that it *was* lord Mountvillars we have been walking with."

"What indeed?" returned Mary, with a sigh; "I would give worlds, if I had them, if it were otherwise; for what impression can we hope to make to-night, after leaving such an unfavourable one in the morning—an impression which will exhaust the whole stock of our powers to erase from his memory."

"And when we have succeeded in the effort," sadly interrupted Cecil,  
"leaves

"leaves us but where we might once have begun from."

"*Job's comforter*, as usual," said Mary, with a smile, the first she had felt on the occasion. "It is indeed a sad business!" resuming her former disquiet; "a sad business! and were I but certain that Stanley was sincere, I should leave his lordship for yourself or for Leslie."

"Leslie?" asked Cecil, in a tone of surprise; "you cannot think she will enchant him? if she does, I am sure it will be *destiny*—a thing there is no arming against; therefore, if I have no more potent rival than *still life* to deal with, I am sure I shall come off victorious, though I had betrayed ten times more sullenness and petulance than I blindly this morning indulged in."

The Miss Templemores were indeed most sadly cut up by the event that took place in the morning; and though they could not entirely do away the hope  
that

that it was still in their power to dispel it, they were, at the same time, not exactly so sanguine in their schemes as they had been before its occurrence. Mary, as she had herself stated, was more than half inclined to *give in*; and Cecil thought it would be a good come-off to *faire les difficiles* herself, and say she did not like him. Time, however, which changes all things, materially altered their plans. The hopes that had faded in *disshabille* were really to blow again in full dress, and they entered lady O'Shannon's drawing-room much better satisfied with their chance than, under existing circumstances, they could have possibly expected to consider it.

CHAPTER II.  
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Say can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

But I must fast three days a-week.

Ibid.

.....

And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside;

Oh, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep! *Ibid.*

.....

————— Let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire's phrase,

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

Ibid.

LADY O'Shannon was the wife of an Irish baronet, and the mother of many sons—sons of so affectionate a nature, that they still clung to the parent nest, instead of erecting a roost of their own. But sticks and straws are known to cost money;

money; and as the master O'Shannons were by no means of the prodigal order of sons, they wisely preferred partaking of their patrimonial *pot-luck*, instead of running riot on their own bottoms; that is, they consented "to bear the ills they had, rather than fly to others that they knew not of." Behold them, then, all shut up under one roof, grunting and sweating, as Shakespeare has it (for I could not use such words), to make much out of a little, and, as *aquila non captat muscas*, spunging on their friends for a feed at every convenient opportunity. Nothing indeed can exceed their diligence at a dinner-table! then are they, as justice Greedy says, "in their own conceit a monarch at the least—arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked, from which they eat often, and give thanks when their bellies are braced up like a drum; and that's pure comfort." Then to see their alacrity in flying to a supper! "'tis matter of importance,"

c 2

ance," and no dance can build securely on their presence without it; for, as "they wise men know, without the *dumpling* 'tis not worth threepence." But all this is merely to make up for recent losses; not the eating, for the sake of eating, but the administering "to a foolish stomach that croaks for breakfast." Indeed, if they were *gourmands*, they could not support the penalties and privations of the paternal roof—could never consent to the receiving *short commons* to-day, because they were going out to dinner to-morrow.

Yet such is the slavery that "flesh is heir too," if it wishes to puff itself off as rich in the world, while possessed of a limited income—such the economy essential to be maintained, if that insatiable monster, *a rage for appearing like other people*, is once consented to be indulged in. Farewell then to hospitality and to friendship! The stranger, far
from

from being entreated to *drop in and take his mutton*, is avoided as they would a vampire; while the *at home* that for fashion's sake is essential to give once a-week, robs them of the necessities and comforts that make life desirable.

Lady O'Shannon, however, did not trouble herself to pay off scores in this way; she had a convenient argument instead, which proved that if her sons did not contrive to make themselves sufficiently agreeable to cancel the debt by their presence, that their entertainers must take them on *tick*, and look to chance and to time for the payment.

Young men; however, *are young men* in the world; and whatever little else they may have to recommend them, their *broad cloth* will always ensure them a seat in society at Brighton. Thus it was with the O'Shannons; no one expected pleasure or emolument from the

c 3 connexion,

connexion, yet they managed, nevertheless, to get their knees *under the maho-gany* of their neighbours, and to dine more frequently at the *damage* of others than ever they did at their own. Indeed they are in no ways particular as to the *where* or to the *whom* they go; for while they consider, with Diogenes, that that wine is best which is drank at the expence of others, they have no necessity for any delicate refinements in the case, but follow blindly the path that good luck leads them into, plunging their wit upon the proverb, that "fools make feasts and wise men eat them," and their scruples as to payment by another that says, "he that gives to a grateful man puts out to usury."

This rule of conduct, however, extends not to the lady their mother, who, more circumspect in her connexions, and visiting them but seldom, manages to clear off all scores by giving at *at home* once

once a year—an epocha in the lives of her sons! for though they strut for it a month, *'fore and aft*, as some of them would say, yet it is a comfort for once to see plenty on the table, and to have on their best coats, instead of the old shooting jackets they generally trot about the house in.

It was on one of these occasions that the Miss Templemores joined the party, equipped for conquest, and hoping, yet dreading to again meet with lord Mountvillars, their unknown companion in the morning. But their fears for the present were groundless; for though many of rank were collected together, he made not one of the number. Anxiously each newcomer was examined as he entered the room; but while they received Steinbach, Stanley, sir Archibald, and Auckland, lord Mountvillars joined not the party. Much of their comfort depended on the knowledge of what course he intended.

tended to pursue, and whether to ask Stanley, or abide the chance; was a point they prepared to decide on.

“ I should be as mad as possible,” said Cecil, “ if he was to come in after I have danced a number of dances; one never looks so well as at the first set out, and I am determined to decline all engagements till I think it is too late to expect him.”

“ That will never do,” said Mary, surprised at the arrangement of her sister; “ for if you give out that you have no intention of dancing, there will be little probability of lord Mountvillars being brought up to you; and I think, from the specimen we had this morning, we have small chance of introduction from Stanley. But if you do not dance, I shall not dance, therefore our hopes must depend upon Leslie; for it will never do for me to burst upon him, subject to the *wear and tear* of the evening, while
you

you come out with as much precision as if just stepped out of a bandbox."

At this moment lord Mountvillars' name was announced, and the next he was in the apartment.

"It *was* lord Mountvillars then," softly breathed Cecil, in a tone which inferred that a lingering doubt had till now remained in her bosom; "it really was lord Mountvillars, and nothing can exceed my vexation. I wonder if he will recollect us out of our bonnets?"

"Certainly he will," returned Mary, "and will avoid us as he would a pest; but our apprehensions may rest for the present, for he is being introduced to Miss W——; and the best thing we can do is to go and dance in the same quadrille with them."

Stanley and Steinbach were now made happy by the hands of the young
... c 5 ladies;

ladies; and placing themselves in the set, they waited for lord Mountvillars and his partner to join them. Couple after couple however came in, and still their hopes were defeated; and they were just giving themselves up to despair, when they saw Miss W——'s red flowers making through the crowd, for the evident purpose of joining them. She came, but her partner was sir Archibald Murray; and with disappointment they saw that lord Mountvillars still remained a careless spectator of the scene. But there was now no retreat for them, and they set about dancing their best, as the only alternative left them; Cecil all the time talking so fast to Steinbach that he in vain tried to understand her, and Mary remaining so very silent to Stanley that he feared he must have displeased her.

Perhaps an object never seems so desirable to obtain as when we fear from mischance we have lost it; and Mary never

never stood so exalted in Stanley's opinion, as she did when she apparently ceased to desire it. He feared he had offended her by his presumption in the morning; and admiring the feeling that dictated resentment, he deplored, while he approved the correction,—“She is a treasure in herself,” he mentally exclaimed; “and whatever her fortune, I'll have her.” But it was easier to make the arrangement than on reflection to put it in practice; and when he considered the blessed healthy state of his father's constitution, his *cunning* principles, compared to the extravagance of his own, he confessed that it was not his lot to marry for love, and that unless he met “wi' a lass wi' a lump o' land,” he must continue to

“Troll a bachelor's merry life.”

It was these reflections, joined to the forbidding manners of Mary, that made him as *triste* as herself; and mentally

c 6 swearing

swearing at the extravagance of the times, the fooleries of youth, the scarcity of cash, and the multitude of duns, he sunk into a similar silence.

Mary all the time was intently studying the character of lord Mountvillars; and though she might have arrived at it, in a more compendious method, by applying to the talent of Stanley, she rather preferred attaining it through the medium of her own perceptions, than, by entering into conversation with her companion, strengthen those impressions in the mind of lord Mountvillars that might render the knowledge unnecessary.

Lord Mountvillars indeed was a book in which all ladies might look, and find ample reward for their trouble; and Mary, while she gazed in admiration on his noble and commanding figure, his interesting expression of countenance, could

only wonder, over and over again, that he could pass unobserved in the morning.

Generally superior to the young men that surrounded him, he seemed, in the loftiness of pride, to tower above all conciliatory endeavours; to stand alone in the room, deigning little to notice others, and apparently more satisfied himself with inspiring awe, than of becoming the object of attentive importunity.

Beautiful as an Antinous, graceful as an Apollo, he stood the avowed idol of the crowd—the secret source of many a lady's love! Indian-like, however, they adored the sun, that looked upon its worshippers, but knew of them no more; and though they mentally exclaimed, with all the energy of an Helena—"Oh, then give pity to them whose fate is such!" it had, alas! no influence over the *flinty-hearted idol* of their preference,
who,

wrapped in a haughty mood of indifference, still calmly gazed around; and if his eye for a moment bade a foolish heart beat, by resting on the casket that contained it, the *sang-froid* of the removal restored it to itself, and his lordship was pronounced not *comestable*.

Beauty indeed seemed to have no charms for lord Mountvillars. Like the gay children of Flora's parterre, he would listlessly gaze on their graces; believe them fragile as sweet, born to bless the sight of man, yet conducting but little to his comfort; formed for the sunshine of the nightly ball, but withering in the shade of domestic duties. Unsocial and cheerless he stood; of irresistible beauty even in his frown, yet captivating more by his dejection; gaining a place in every heart, through the sadness that oppressed his own, and promising a heaven to those who should plant the smile of happiness on features that

that scarcely needed that charm, towards perfecting. Such was the creature the Miss Templemores had set their hearts on securing; and in contemplating the majesty of his mien, in silently paying homage to the perfections of his presence, Cecil lost the thread of her discourse with Steinbach. Despairing of an introduction, yet cherishing fresh hopes with each new quadrille, she impatiently awaited the upshot; forming fresh plans for success in each new defeat, and prognosticating a better chance for herself from the overthrow of those of her neighbours. But lord Mountvillars was alike unkind to all, declined every overture from the mistress of the revels, and finally provoked the Miss Templemores to think, with Marmontel, that "*quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*"—make the best of a bad bargain, and provide themselves with other partners."

Nothing

Nothing was so easy as to attain them, and they endeavoured to forget the disappointment of the past, by the heartless enjoyment of the present. But the Mr. O'Shannons, though *rara avis* in their own opinion, were little agreeable to the partners they had taken; and while listening to the malevolent gossip of one, the frippery, the folly, and conceit of the other, the Miss Templemores had little chance of dispelling from their minds their disappointment in regard to lord Mountvillars. Dissatisfied with themselves, and weary with the events of the night, they retired at a late hour to rest, less sanguine in their own powers of bringing things to their wishes, and *disliking* as much as they *admired* lord Mountvillars.

"I never saw such a *stick!*" said Cecil to her sister, when confidentially conversing together; "he never spoke a word to any body all the night, and

and looked like a sorrow-stricken Hamlet."

"Hamlet indeed?" returned Mary, with a bright look of admiration; "I never saw any thing so perfect, so transcendently superior, so out of the common run of the dandies of the day! it is true he did not talk much, as you say; but did you see him converse with Miss W——? There was a magic in his smile I can never forget, and I shall never be happy till we know him."

"Nor I either, as to that," replied Cecil, with a half-suppressed sigh; "for he really is superior to the generality of men. Steinbach himself sunk into insignificance by the comparison, and captain Hillsborough was nothing beside him."

"I do not think that would be the opinion of Leslie," said Mary, with the hope her surmises were groundless; "that captain Hillsborough admires
her,

"Nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Templemore, between a smile and a frown, "you are talking, dear Cecil, at random. Say what you will, but I do consider that you are trifling with a preference that might eventually lead to advantage."

"If there is advantage in being tied to a *log* all one's life, perhaps I might consent to admit your inference; but as it is, I think neither I nor you, dear mamma, need regret when sir Archibald takes his dismissal. If captain Hillsborough had, for example——"

"Oh, Cecil, how like you are to the rest of your sex! As Shakespeare says, 'that which we have we prize not to the worth,' and you neglect your own conquests in foolishly yearning after Leslie's."

"Not exactly, mamma," returned Cecil, with a saucy smile, "not exactly that, or you would not have occasion to lecture me so much about Steinbach."

Mrs.

Mrs. Templemore returned the smile; and Cecil becoming bold, asked—" Shall I not at last, dear mamma, obtain your consent to my wishes?"

" I have little opinion of its necessity," impressively returned Mrs. Templemore. " I once told you before, that Steinbach was not a marrying man; and as he returns to his own country in a month, the wooing must be quick indeed to enable me to provide for a daughter."

Cecil was the colour of marble, and her mother fearing she had been too premature in making her discovery, set about soothing the weakness of her daughter.

" And what can it be to you, my dear girl," she said, " when so insignificant a person as the major takes his departure? Can you ever hope to benefit
by

by one who has nothing on earth to bestow? - What happiness can you expect from a man who is deficient in all but appearances — of no family — no connexions, scarcely speaking a word to be understood, and as perfectly heartless, I firmly believe, as I in my fears for your safety can wish him?"

"Indeed, mamma, you wrong him," returned Cecil, with tears in her eyes; "I am sorry to see that you wrong him; he is more sentimental than any being I know, and his feelings, of course, are most exquisite."

"I should have supposed you to possess more sense," said Mrs. Templemore, in reply, "and I grieve to perceive your deficiency. What has sentiment to do with the firm feelings of the heart? and tell me if in any instance Steinbach has evinced them?"

Cecil was silent.

"What

“What do you consider his intention of shortly quitting England?”

“A base and a cruel deception.” But she could not believe there was any truth in the report, and she requested her mother’s authority.

“Himself.”

Cecil started from her seat, and she could scarcely pronounce the—“Impossible!” She was white and red by turns, and she continued—“Impossible! Not from *himself*, mamma; for then I should not be a stranger to it. Steinbach is not deceitful; and though he has never given me cause to believe myself beloved, he cannot be so blind to my preference as to treat it so very uncourtously.”

“When a folly is confessed, they say it is half repented of. I hope, Cecil,” said Mrs. Templemore, with quickness, “that this is the case with you; and in so openly proclaiming your transgression, you lead me to believe that
henceforth

henceforth you will struggle with your preference for one who, I think, without saying it to wound your *sensitive* heart, cares as little about you as even *I* could possibly desire."

"From what do you form your conclusions?"

"His general demeanour and manner; he dances with you, it is true, with pleasure; but then does he not evince the same satisfaction in becoming the partner of another? does he not sing with equal unconcern to the entreaties of yourself, as he would to the request of your sisters?"

Cecil was wounded to the quick, in thus having the plain truth dealt out before her; and while little convinced herself of the circumstance it was meant to establish, she adverted to a song that he had given her.

"Nonsense! nonsense, Cecil!" returned

ed Mrs. Templemore, provoked at the weakness of her daughter. "What are a hundred such songs to you? what more than many of the Italian ones, that others are constantly humming?"

"Oh, mamma, it does mean a great deal, say what you will—

*"Mein Mädchen ist so weit von hier,
Es trennt sie Berg und Thal;
Ach lieber Zephir flig zu ihr
Du Zeuge meiner Qual."*

"I know what it all means—he is constantly singing it; and indeed—indeed I must consider it the language of the heart."

"And one, I should think, the heart would never reply to. However, you know best. But tell me, what are your plans, should the major prove willing?"

"To marry, and follow his fortunes."

"You will never overtake them, my dear girl, for I understand, to a certainty, he has got nothing."

"You trifle, mamma," observed Cecil, considerably vexed. "It is not the way to remove an evil by treating it as a thing of no moment; and though many of the disquietudes of life require the same treatment as you would use to spoiled children, it is neither fair or kind, mamma, I think, for you to laugh at me. I must be diverted, and beguiled of that sense of pain, which time only can radically cure, and which makes me the pettish thing you find me."

Cecil indeed found she was going too far; and perceiving her mother was angry, she sought to divert its effect, by confessing the fault she had fallen into.

"I cannot think," said Mary, who had till now kept quite, *hors de combat*, "I cannot think, Cecil, what can induce you to like him. To be sure, he makes music very well," as he calls it, "is very handsome

handsome—dresses well, and is certainly very entertaining, from the mistakes he makes in his diction.”

“I can see nothing to laugh at in it,” returned Cecil, still continuing to be somewhat offended. “How would you have him talk? He has only been in England six months, and certainly does infinite credit to his master.”

“*How* would I have him talk, dear Cecil!” resumed Mary, repeating her words; “why, I would have him call things by their right names—not tell us about *bull’s hands* being made into jelly, or that the ladies in his country wear *hen’s pens* in their hair. I would have him call his music-deck by some less ludicrous a name than a *pulpit*, and the scented thing in his stuff-box by a more delicate term than a *concubine*!”

Cecil could not resist a smile, and she might have added—“With all his faults she loved him still,” if that can be

termed *love* which is merely the folly of the senses. But Cecil was unwilling to allow, that that which she considered a weakness of the heart was merely a fanciful fever of the brain, brief as sweet; and as she talked of crying her eyes out when he departed, we may continue, "began in folly, closed in tears."

But the turbulent channel of a lady's tears, it is no difficult matter to alter; and on lord Mountvillars being introduced to them by Stanley, Cecil's took the direction of grieving rather for his unnatural durity of heart than the premeditated departure of Steinbach. What indeed were a thousand Steinbachs, in comparison to one lord Mountvillars, but as dust in the balance? Yet what availed it to them his extraordinary and many perfections? He remained cold and distant as on the first day they had met; and they were constrained to believe he had either taken a dislike to them,

them, or that his affections were buried in the grave of his father.

Indeed his lordship was an enigma not easy to be solved — one moment relaxing the gloomy furrow of his brow ; the next chasing away the smile, by the deep sigh of sadness ; this moment the radiant sunbeam of the circle ; the next,

“ In every varied posture, place, and hour,
Widow'd of every thought, of every joy !”

But “ joy is a fixed state, a tenure, not a start ;” and whatever the smile might do towards erasing the impression, the general belief was, that lord Mountvillars was miserable. *Why*, was not so easily determined ; and whether it was the loss of his father, “ friendship unreturned, or unrequited love,” none of the *on-dits* could resolve on.

It is indeed no easy thing to discover

D 3

where

where can be hid the sting that renders rank, riches, and every personal perfection, of no solace to the mind of the possessor; it is difficult to believe it a successful specific against the cares that oppress the heart—a powerless support to the mind that is afflicted; and yet thus it was with the noble lord in question, who, while his friends pronounced him to possess every thing that could make a man contented, was this moment endeavouring “to drive away the heavy thought of care,” the next resigning himself powerless to its influence.

It is a true old adage, that “no one so well knows where the shoe pinches as he who wears it;” and while that lord Mountvillars’ shoe did sit uncomfortable was evident to every one, no one could take upon themselves to describe the identical point from whence it proceeded.

But,

But, gay or sad, lord Mountvillars was the fashion, the very pet of the place, a *rara avis* among the birds of passage that flew over it, a mighty speculation for the mothers and their daughters, and a never-failing source of conversation to the two Miss Templemores.

CHAPTER III.

For I was born in joy's despite,
 And meant for misery's slave,
 And all my hours of brief delight
 Fled like the speedy winds of night,
 Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
 Across my grave. MOORE.

.....

Well then is he whose unembitter'd years
 Are waning on in lonely listlessness;
 If life hath little joy,
 Death hath for him no sting.

SCOTNEY.

“WHERE has my friend been consuming the hours?” asked Stanley of lord Mountvillars, as they met at the north corner of the Steine. “I have literally hunted you, to the regular nuisance of all your acquaintances. There is not a house that I have not been into—street that I have not explored; and, faith! as
Romeo

Romeo says, 'you must have your dancing shoes, with nimble soles,' or I must ere this have overtaken you."

"I have a soul of lead, so stakes me to the ground, I cannot move," sighed lord Mountvillars, following up his friend's quotation. "I have been meditating among the tombs."

"A grave subject," returned Stanley, half ashamed of his attempt at a pun, "and one that I never could get further in than '*alas, poor Yorick!*' I hate to meddle with the mattock and spade, to pry into 'mortal consequences,' to trespass on 'solitary age's drear abode;' in short, I have such a horror of it, that I never travel in the exterminating stages that traffic this road, from the fear they may prove

'The latter stage'
Of this our mortal pilgrimage."

Lord Mountvillars smiled.—"And yet it is fine," he said, relapsing into gloom;

“ it is fine to contemplate the haven of our cares—to know that it is so far with them, and no farther—to stand upon the confines of two worlds, turning your thoughts from the tortures here below, to there where the tired and harassed heart shall find its consolation. I hate this hard control of hushing up one’s sighs; for, Stanley, sad thoughts will roam, and tears will struggle in the eye of those who have their early sorrows. Nay, ask me not what they are. I tell you, you will know them soon: feelings blasted, hopes betrayed, cannot long remain a secret. ’Tis not enough that they are cold, calculating cares, to drive them away. I cannot rouse my soul to worthier feelings. To me, mirth, glee, all seems changed—it strikes upon my ear, but my heart is too much the cold, morose, gloomy receptacle of sadness, to feel its influence. Oh, Stanley, I am not the creature I was wont to be. Those easy hours we passed together at college

college seem like the idle' fittings of my fancy. I ponder over each trifling act with pleasure; trifles then, but now the only touch I have of happiness—a secret hoard, which alone keeps me warm in my wintry path of life. A brighter pleasure cheers the promised hour; and when memory too strongly pours upon my brain, I seek the spot that tells me better times will yet return. Yes, Stanley, the grave is the place for me, the churchyard my fittest dwelling."

Stanley was affected, in spite of himself; for there was a radiant smile on his friend's countenance, as he concluded, worse than all the "windy suspiration of forced breath—the fruitful river of the eye, together with all the forms, modes, and shows of grief;" and his voice faltered, as he said—"Aubrey, you pain me to the soul. I see you sickening with smothered sadness; and yet I dare not—may not ask you why it is? Cast off these clouds of cares.

————— 'To persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness.'

Is it the loss of your father takes you from yourself? You answer not. Fortify your heart then against this first and only grief, check its retrograde motion, and teach it still to look on to long life, and a long—long succession of pleasures. If I was such a fellow as you, I would set the Thames on fire, and light Hymen's torch with the ashes. *Marry*, my friend; follow my advice, and marry. Philosophers will tell you, you may drive out one care by driving in another; and I think I cannot put you upon a better recipe for the service than taking to yourself a wife. What do you say to Miss Templemore?"

"I would as soon marry a magpye. But a raven must be my bird; and I should even wrong that croaking genius by the affinity. No, I have no dreams of the description. With 'grief's sharpest

est thorn hard pressing on my breast, where would be the pillow for beauty and innocence to slumber on? A sorry bridegroom truly! Mourning for the dead, yet linking my fate to the living. A riddle of absurdity! Mounting the couch of love, yet longing, looking for the sleep of death. No, Stanley, no, the outside of the church is the place for me. My measure is too full of woe to admit of a drop of pleasure—it would run over.”

“ And then you would be *spilt*. Excuse my slang, Aubrey. We cannot lose you now—must not see you creep into a narrow cell, leaving all the world behind—a world of pleasures, if you would set about taking it rightly. Put yourself under my tuition, and I will lead you through it—introduce you into a ‘perpetuity of bliss,’ earthly bliss, that shall not break at every breeze—enroll you in a list of endless comfort—turn out the worm that is curling round
your

your heart, and twirl there instead the silken link of loveliness. Yes, fall in love, man, I say, and save yourself. Its jealous fears, its pleasant pains, will soon restore the citadel; its strange extremes, its proud words, *implicit lies*, perversity, blindness, dotage, derangement, poison, sting, passion, calmness, and calamity, cannot leave space for any other feeling, and Richard must become himself again."

"Never!" pronounced lord Mountvillars, with the emphatic tone of despondency; "never, Stanley! never! There is not a woman in the world I would ask for the having, or a hope in my bosom that if I did, and were accepted, I should meet integrity and truth for my trouble. But I am safe from all allurements; perpetual smiles cannot pierce, beyond the hour, the selfish heart, selfish amidst its sadness. 'The gay bosom dances while the syren sings;' but the rock of adamant, erected by grief, turns off the shafts of Cupid, opens

opens to the eye the dull realities of folly, and teaches wisdom in the very depth of its despondency."

"Then you cut the softer sex, Aubrey, and mean positively to live and die a bachelor?"

"*Die* one, if you please, Stanley; living is against my creed."

"Nay, Aubrey, I have said it before; we cannot afford to part with you. Dying is a cowardly system at best; and one the *modern philosophers* intend doing away as soon as they are able. Why *you* should take to it, who have made so many strides towards perfectibility, is a problem to me time only can decipher. You, who are, as Dogberry says, 'as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.'"

"*Losses* enough, in all conscience!"
said

said lord Mountvillars, quickly catching at the word; "but nothing else perfect in the picture. I have indeed no homogeny with Dogberry—none of the good things he describes to bear me through my lot. I envy the fellow, instead of claiming kindred.

"No comfort delights mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine,
And bid him speak of patience."

"Write me down an ass," said Stanley, with the persevering privilege of friendship, "write me down an ass, Aubrey, but marriage will do your mission; 'tis the sweet Philomel that will cheat you of your sorrow, and teach you there are dearer tasks in this world than weeping for your father."

"He was a kind parent, Stanley—one whom my soul yet fondly remembers; and with never-ceasing pride and filial joy, I shall ever hallow his memory. But though his sudden decease wounded
my

my heart, it speaks not in the case that now consumes me. Fresh griefs are hourly sown in this nether world, and the smile that exhilarates the soul this hour, is turned to the distorted one of agony the next. It is indeed a changeable, a dreary world! 'One disappointment sure to crown the rest,' each deeper, longer, heavier, than the last. Yet still we live—flutter from one complaint to another; and be they sharp as those I bear, still fail to 'break the bars of terror and abhorrence,' but hug the life-blood in our hearts, and live to taste of pleasure—pleasure, the phantom of a poet's song, the visionary tenant of an empty heart."

"We shall have you in a *cross road* soon, my friend, if we do not take care," said Stanley, assuming a gaiety he was very far from feeling. "It is high time a log should be put upon you; choose its character yourself, Aubrey; but a
log

log literally must be fashioned as means for your security."

"No, Stanley, I shall not destroy myself; and grief, cruel in its kindness, corrodes the heart, but does not stop its pulse; assails the frame with agonizing feelings, yet leaves that frame a living clod, still bearing about the burden of mortality."

"And yet it is a good gift to those who bask in the sunshine of prosperity," said Stanley. "It is for such poor devils as myself to rail at life, not those who can count guineas with every pulse that beats, create sighs in every tender bosom responsive to their own, and keep sorrow at bay by the dexterous darts of Cupid."

"Cupid again, Stanley! I am sick of its very sound." As he spoke his features relaxed into a hard smile. "And who would you recommend, were I to follow your counsel—a counsel, Stanley, which

But there is yet another?" and there was something like interest in the manner of lord Mountvillars as he made the demand.

"Oh, yes, there is another," returned Stanley; "but there is so much of the melancholy element about her, that she will never answer the purpose. Time would indeed go on crutches with her. In a week you would mope yourselves mad; and at the end of the honeymoon we should only have two *cross roads* to provide you with, instead of one. What made you think of her?"

"Faith, I know not! unless it is that she seems solitary and wretched, like myself. I often seek her side; for there I know that quiet will at least be mine. She is not, like her bustling sisters—glowing in the sunshine of worldly admiration, till they scorch the eye that gazes on them. I have sat for an hour by her side, without once uttering a word, and silent she has borne with me,
never

never resenting the apparent inattention, but feeling, humouring, and pitying the morbidity that dictated it."

"She is as poor as charity," said Stanley, "and, like Macbeth's amen, poor people always stick in my throat."

"Her dark hair is a fortune in itself," said lord Mountvillars, "while the half-averted eye, the cheek suffused with blushes—modest blushes, not of consciousness, proclaim such loveliness of mind, that she is rich, Stanley—richer than her sisters with all their gold. But how came the distinction?"

"An abstruse point that no one yet has fathomed. Doctors' Commons has been ransacked, and offers no relief; all we know is this, the money centres in one; but the *how much*, or whether it is Cecil or Mary, no one yet can determine on."

"Then Leslie is out of the question?"

"*Leslie!* well said, old mole! that smatters but little of the grave work.

You

You are in love, Aubrey, and the greatest note of it is your melancholy. We shall have you now lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a doublet, singing fresh ditties from the shrine of love, forming wreaths of the sky-blue periwinkle, and swearing they are the same hue as the *sky-lights* to your lady's soul. Oh, mighty, mighty Cupid! Oh, basty, testy Romeo! say rather you have been to publish the banns of marriage, than to take the measure of an unmade grave."

Lord Mountvillars did not deny the charge; but there was a careless indifference about him that did the service for him. Stanley saw he was mistaken, and again persuading himself there was no love on his part towards her, or perhaps piqued with the devotion she had shewn his friend, he spoke of Mary—spoke of her with the enthusiasm of an admiring, yet careless heart, as one who
knew

knew her value, but failed to find advantage from it—as one who saw her with the eyes of fondness, but never glanced a look of love.

Lord Mountvillars pondered as he spoke; he had not been blind to the attentions Mary paid him; but the impression that his friend was touched by love, turned them powerless away, and he rather sought to avoid their repetition than to avail himself of the advances they solicited. She was a bright star, that, as he himself expressed it, dazzled too much to love; he shrunk from the world-wind of her splendid orbit, and thought

“What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?”

Such were his present feelings—what they had become, a miracle—a miracle indeed! and such an one as to set all Brighton up in arms!

“There

“There is lord Mountvillars dancing with Mary Templemore!” said the mother of five full-grown daughters, all quite aghast at the phenomenon before them. In silent wonderment they stood, and their mother continued—
“There will be no bearing her now; she was always hoity-toity enough, but for the future I suppose she will mount the high horse with a vengeance. Hold up your heads, girls; she cannot say she is a *barrow-knight's* daughter, let her carry her tail as long as she pleases. When you get such partners, girls, you will keep them; her pride will soon have a downfall, for his lordship will never think of marrying such a tear about.”

“La, no, ma!” said one of her daughters; “she dresses in things like we see at milliner’s shops; and men, I’m sure, don’t like their wives to be extravagant.”

“I never could bear either her or her sister,” interrupted another; “and the
little

little one looks to-night as if butter would not melt in her mouth. I am sure her sisters bully her, she seems so meek and tame; you never see her rampant about."

"But she has got the same knack of catching at the best partners in the room," observed a third; "I know the other night captain Hillsborough was going to ask me to dance with him if she had not looked at him, and nothing turns a man so soon; how I hate to see her splashing about the dance (if one wants good dancing, one can go to the theatre for it), doubling up her foot as if it had got the cramp, and looking so piteous when she does the *pas seul*!—a parcel of affectation!"

"Let us go to the card-room," interrupted another, "and then Miss Mary will not see we are looking at her; she is as proud as Punch already, and do not let her see that we have noticed her triumph." And they walked into the

card-room, just as Mrs. Galen walked out of it.

"I think that will *friz*," said she, addressing the first person she came up to; "a match to a moral certainty." And she thought how nice the "dear doctor" would play the part of accoucheur. "It is the first time," she continued, "his lordship has mounted the fantastic toe; and take my word for it, it will *friz* before he has done with it. Men of his description do not waste their substance for nothing; it is those who have nothing to lose that are willing to give every thing they have."

"Men of distinction indeed!" returned her friend; "a proud puppy, that never so much as notices one! Let people talk as they will about his dull case and melancholy, and such like stuff, I know it is pride—pride that fears to be presumed upon—a mute misanthrope, monkey-like, afraid to speak lest he should be made to work. If he was not

as rich as twenty Jews, I should say he danced with Miss Templemore for her money."

"Her money forsooth!" said a young man, lounging up to them, and joining their party. "There can be no kernel in that light nut.' I always said so; it all belongs to the old un, and she is as sharp as a needle. I asked the groom the other day whose horses they were. 'My mistress's,' answered the fellow, meaning Mrs. Templemore's. I always said so; but people take such nonsense in their heads. I knew the girls had not a purse among them, or I would have made a hop, skip, and a jump into it before now; it is as safe in the old woman's pocket as though it were at the bottom of the Red Sea; and she has too much of the buxom on board to allow one to take them on *tick*. I know a few of our lads will be bit, but they will not attend to me; therefore they

E 2

must

must buy their experience, and call on the devil for payment."

"What do you think of my lord Mountvillars?" said Mrs. Tantamount, shrieking up at the top of her voice; "ecod! he is up to snuff, and a pinch beyond, for all his doleful dumpishness. I knew his father, and his mother too; we were two baronet's daughters; how odd you know! two baronet's daughters!" No one could see the oddity but herself, and she continued—"Ecod! he don't notice me now, but the deuce a bit do I care, 'tis one of the penalties of being poor; but I'll warrant me his father would not have done so; he married a baronet's daughter, and I and his dear wife used to be two baronets' daughters together."

Shakespeare says, "there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail;" and the master O'Shan-

nons

nons bustled about the room, spreading their opinion of the prodigy before them, for nobody's edification but their own; the one pinching his nose with more than his ordinary perniciousity, the other still further proving himself "an affectioned ass, the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellence, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love."

He flew about the room like a butterfly, arranged his *coulis*, drew up his shirt-collar, pulled down his wristbands, thought of the last sweet look he had given Mrs. Ruffle-em, and prepared with it to shiver the hearts of his hearers. But the Mr. O'Shannons did not get on at all; for though it certainly was a very extraordinary circumstance his lordship's dancing with Miss Mary Templemore, nobody wanted them to tell them so. There is a saying somewhere, that "the lightning strikes not him who sees it;"

a consolation nobody seemed inclined to take in regard to the two O'Shannons; not that they feared their *zeit*, for that they had not to bestow; but "sometimes, like apes that moe and chatter," they would talk at random, employ their faculties in adapting fiction to the failure of discernment, refine invention to probable consequences, and, with idle imbecility and wanton weakness, teaze with feeble blows and impotent malignity,

"And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies."

But many a man has fought the battle, though he has missed the victory; and while their subtilty promised the O'Shannons uncontested credence, they could seldom get any one to listen to them. None of us object to seeing our friends *hashed up* a little, but it must be done well, with talent, and with the appearance of more the exuberance of animal

animal spirits, than the waspish acrimony of maliciousness. We do not like envy, though we will pardon ill temper; and though we listen with delight rather than aversion to the sarcasms of the witty, we are awakened to disgust by the censures of the foolish.

Rochefoucault says—"As it is the character of great wits to express a great deal in a few words, so little wits, on the contrary, have the gift of speaking much and saying little." The O'Shannons, in the same way, run about and make a great buzzing; but they say little to command the attention of their auditors, point out nothing but their own narrow notions, and establish *a run* against nobody but themselves.

There was no end to their remarks on the prodigy before them; but while they took upon themselves to prophesy that it would all go off in smoke, the

Miss Templemores gained a renewed ascendancy in their weak minds from the circumstance; for women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

CHAPTER IV.



Her face was sorrowful, but sure

More beautiful for sorrow.

SOUTHEY.

.....

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,

Than women's are.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,

shows are more than will; for still we prove

ch in our vows, but little in our love.

Ibid.

WHILE all Brighton were alive to the
 tale of lord Mountvillars' conversion,
 there was one who grieved that he had
 changed his nature, sought to turn her
 from the gay scene before her, and
 seek in her own thoughts the remem-
 brance of his sadness. She had loved
 to listen to his half-breathed sigh, which

almost seemed the echo of her own, to sit together, united by the fellowship of grief, and to draw a comfort from each other's woe.

But unconsciously to herself, Leslie's grief had changed; and the sigh that now arose so softly in her bosom was rather the sigh of undiscovered love, than the hopeless one of grieving for her friend. Indistinct and sweet were the thoughts she cherished; resting her head upon the lap of Love, yet dreaming not how fragile was her pillow. Thinking of lord Mountvillars she would pass her days; and scarce knowing it herself, in him were centered her dearest, first affections; unheeded and unseen, the insidious tide came on, chasing from her breast the grief it long had nurtured, and planting these excesses, instead of the placid sense of peace, soothing the mind long wakeful to keen suffering, and filling it with dreams, bright, spotless, and enchanting.

enchanting. No pain was hers but that she thought he suffered, no pleasure so sincere as breaking its intensity.

Thus day after day fled on, strengthening the throb of love within her bosom, and lighting up her features to the semblance of content. Yet she was not content unless by the side of lord Mountvillars; but he ever sought the shelter of her society, and were he present, she knew he would be near her—silent and sad, yet near her; but there was eloquence in the solemn sweetness of his look, joy in the step that brought him to her.

Mute she sat beside him; but it was hard to keep down the pleasure of her heart, to fetter words of gladness; cheerful feelings beat with every pulse, and the gazer's eye might have traced the latent lightness of her soul in the novel beauties of her countenance.

But lord Mountvillars seemed not so seduced; it was the quiet paleness of her cheek that brought him nearer to her—the stricken sorrow of her placid eye that fixed the fascination. But with flushed cheek and kindling eye, Leslie soon received him—changes lost on the perception of him who had awakened the transition. It was only the aching heart, seeking rest, that led him to her presence, and while it hushed and tranquillized his care, he dreamt not of affection.

But the young heart sprang to his tones of tenderness—tones so rare, so sorrowful, yet so sweet, that she listened till her bosom filled with strange and undefined delight, tormenting memory when they ceased to bring them once again. It was then her heart partook of happiness never felt before—a happiness that basked in the sunshine of his presence, drooped in the shade of his departure.

departure. But circumstances brought them much together; they were ever giving parties of their own, and lord Mountvillars was a principal object in her sisters' invitations. He had cast a spell over every one; nothing seemed to go off well without him, and Leslie met him every night, wondering what should tempt him to enter folly's circle, yet blessing the inconsistency that brought him to her.

Each meeting heaped fresh fuel to her strengthening flame: she knew not that she loved him, but there was a strange and fearful pleasure in his presence she yet could give no name to. Words flew to her lips, yet she feared to risk their utterance; she knew he sought but quiet at her side, and she did not dare to break it; but yet she had a smile for him, that might have won all hearts—an eye that looked the volumes of all she could not utter. She
would

would fancy wants she did not feel, to make him conscious of her presence, and offer him things he did not need to hear him say—"I thank you."

No one but those who are in love can tell the trifles lovers have recourse to; love seeking love—living on the surety of a sigh—dying with the indifference of a smile—tempting to follies that never else were thought of—creating difficulties but to be subdued.

It was all to Leslie a half-remembered dream; but she had sung in the presence of lord Mountvillars, and he had deigned to listen to her; it was a desperate expedient; little sure that he liked music, less that he would hear her; fearing to be heard and heeded not, yet venturing the experiment; With indifference he had attended to her sisters, yet why she complied with an idle entreaty of Steinbach's was an enigma she could not account

count for. She rose, proceeded some steps towards the harp, and hesitated—it was but for a moment—and turning in another direction, she seated herself at the piano. The air she sung was sad—dening—swam upon the ear, thrilled upon the heart, and then sunk to silence—silence that was soon broke in upon by the raptures of her listeners.

Terrified at what she had done, she sought to find a shelter; and panic-struck and spiritless, she rose up from the instrument.

Lord Mountvillars was near her. She saw him bending over the chair that had supported her, and his presence increased the confusion that oppressed her. Silent he stood among those who were overwhelming her with approbation—silent, pale, and motionless. But there was a sweet expression in his radiant eye, that looked the praise he did not utter; and
while

while the noisy admiration of others only struck upon her ear, his sunk deep into her heart. Infinite joy was thrilling through her frame, and the bright blush mantled to her cheek; for lord Mountvillars continued to gaze upon her—a gaze that expressed Nature's gentlest feelings—a gaze that seemed to swallow the misery of every sorrow. The frown had left his brow, the smile hovered near his lips, and his beaming full eye—an eye that to her was potent as the basilisk's, told her the power her voice had had upon him. He took her hand, placed it within his arm, and led her to a sofa. For some time no word was spoke between them; but she wished not words, for there was a sensation of deep and full tranquillity in her breast she feared to be bereft of: she was trusting to the language of the looks, and she thought a breath—a sound, might chase the treasure from her.

Lost in the indefinite delights of her own thoughts, and regardless of every eye, she sat beside him; and it was not till she was again entreated to sing that she remembered how she had earned the blessing.

With unaffected dread she shrunk from the petition; throbs of terror shook her beating heart, and she struggled for the utterance to stop her persecution. To comply was then impossible; and with gentleness and sweetness she confessed her inability. But the impatient wishes of the crowd were not to be so satisfied; and again she was entreated, and again she had declined it. Every sound was fearful to her, it pained her to refuse, yet to comply she felt unequal. The only hope was flight. She had silenced for the present the tormentors that subdued her, and she was rising from the couch to seek her own apartment.

“In

"In mercy to mankind you go," said lord Mountvillars, yet seeking to detain her; for as he spoke he had taken her hand in his, and again she was placed beside him.

Leslie gently released it.—"I cannot sing again," she said, "and it is cowardice prompts my departure. Let me be precipitate," she hastily added, "or the flight I meditate may still receive impediment. I know that it is courtesy that tempts the application; I would I could comply with it, but I cannot, indeed I cannot sing again."

She arose as she concluded, again was moving, when again lord Mountvillars detained her.

"You know not what we do in giving up the hope of hearing you. But stay, Miss Templemore, I beseech you, stay, and I will be your shelter; yes, I will

get the witchery you boast not
ask each claim for repetition, and
rather to still the little trem-
bles, so lately our destruction,
vain exert its powers. You trem-
ble a culprit, conscious of the mis-
deeds you have occasioned; but stay,
remember, they shall not press
on me—I see that it distresses you;
but to stay, and I will be your shield
against every one.”

“Save yourself,” mentally continued
she, again placing herself beside him—
“I will stand against every one but your-
self—and from that, who shall save me?”

Whether he thought it just to enter
after having held her from her
side, or that he supposed it the surest
mode of keeping off intruders, Lord
Stavillars never talked so much to
her as he did that night—a night
passed in such perfect, such unusual
bliss,

bliss, that Leslie never lost its recollection.

She could not repent the having sung, from the pleasure it produced her—the satisfaction it had left, in knowing that when lord Mountvillars again relapsed into gloom, she felt that she could rouse him. But it was too dear a power to fritter away at random, and no one again ever heard her sing from the night she first surprised them—a night whose pleasures subsided with it; for the next time she met lord Mountvillars he was mute and sad as ever, saying little, and giving Leslie no encouragement to thank him for his kindness.

She wished to be known and loved, but there was a repelling sadness in his manner, that made it folly to believe that ought else but sorrow could shelter in his heart. Yet still he sat beside her,

so coldly and so sad, that no one else except herself encouraged one hope from it. Her sisters even failed to take alarm at it; for there was such reciprocal silence in the union, that they passed it over as merely the *délassement* of a misanthrope; and while they had the eclat of his gayer moments, they little cared who watched his slumbers.

But the weak and favourite thought of Leslie was, that he knew that he was near her; that his mind was not engrossed so much by grief, but that he was conscious of her presence, his heart not withered up by so much care, but that it still could feel affection.

He had in truth a tenderness of manner most likely to mislead her, an impressive softness in the inflections of his voice, that threatened to betray her. She was betrayed—deep in the strongest maze of love, without guessing at the mischief;

mischief; the evil growing stronger every day by the means with which it was inflicted.

There are moments when two hearts will think they understand each other—when glance replies to glance, and sigh to sigh—when woman, gentle, tender woman, reposes on the truth of man—when Nature's impulse nestles in her bosom, and with hope renewed, and confident in faith, there seems little left for the mind to be assured of.

Leslie breathed a prayer of thankfulness, for lord Mountvillars loved her. She had seen it in his eye; she had believed it hovered on his lip; the proud and bitter smile had left him, and there was there instead the tender one of love! Her heart bounded with the joyous discovery, but it was happiness too bright to last; and no sooner was she conscious of the blessing

blessing than it left her—perhaps for ever.

Yet why should he change his tenderness? why chill that intensity of sentiment, kindled by his affection? She wiped away the swelling tear that dimmed his image from her, she hid the agitation of her frame, and endeavoured to forget the hopes that had misled her.

No longer, with anxious and expectant eye, she awaited his approach; frequent disappointments had warned her of the folly, and she ceased to expect it from him. She now, at a distance, listened to his deep-toned voice, but its familiar sounds were gone; he had become apparently the gayest of the gay, spell-bound to her sister, her dearest sister, Mary. Yet there was no jealous feeling in her bosom towards her; nothing rankled in her heart but the sharp sting of disappointed hope, the latent anguish of

of unrequited love—love that had been tampered with—nurtured in her breast by Cupid's cunning care, who laughed and shook his wings, then flew away for ever.

She wondered not at lord Mountvillars being infatuated with her sister; joyous as the day, she seemed born but to be loved; the rosy hue of health sparkled on her cheek; the dark lashes gave softened lustre to her eye; and her glossy hair, of warmest sunny brown, played on a forehead never ruffled with a care.

“Happy, happy Mary!” she exclaimed, as she watched this new attention, “let me not lose myself in dreams of sorrow, but rather bless the chance that gives you such a treasure.”

Her aching sight turned from the painful observation; but she tried to think
with

with calmer feelings of the prospects of her sister—prospects so bright and cheerful, that her throat swelled with grief at the darkness of her own; but with a reproachful smile she cast the feeling from her, and thought her own days might catch a brighter hue from the reflection of her sister's.

But there was a vague and dizzy sense of pain at the thoughts of the connexion, and she felt she would rather lose sight of lord Mountvillars for ever than see him as a brother. It would be a difficult investigation to discover how much affection she might give him—how much, consistent with the uprightness of her heart, and the weakness it was a slave to.

But it should be her task to chase the folly from her—to forget she had ever cherished hopes of bliss that withered at projection. Yet there was a burning

spot within her heart that would not be extinguished; and though virtuously she tried to chill its torment, it mocked at the endeavour. To time at length she trusted; but what was time to do, when it only increased the evil. She saw lord Mountvillars every day, yet she could not leave her mother, the only comfort left her. Vain then were all thoughts of flight; and hopeless of escape, she began to trust to fate, and the diligence of her own endeavour—a slender reed at least, for where the heart is vanquished,

“Weak is the buckler, and the helm’s defence.”

Days lingered on—days that had flown so swiftly, and Leslie continued to affect a gaiety that again had fled her bosom. —“She would rather die than give any sign of affection,” and no one suspected the struggles of her heart, the havoc love was making.

There

There is a proverb that says—“*Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam.*” Leslie felt its comfort, and she thought, that though she had not strength to break the “bonds garlanded in paradise,” a time would come when all would be the same.

Lord Mountvillars was indeed her daily thought, her nightly dream; and if in the latter she had reared a visionary fabric of fallacious happiness, the sobering reflections of the former had only to destroy it. But there were *day-dreams*, more dangerous still—dreams that told her she yet might be requited—dreams built on the detected glance of lord Mountvillars’ eye—dreams raised upon the *follies* of her sister.

But these were feelings crushed as soon as thought of—feelings that brought with them more pangs of shame than pleasure at the prospect. She hated

her heart for the very supposition, and she called for strength to fortify her mind against the hopes of raising up herself upon another's defalcation, and that other her sister, her fondest sister, Mary.

The thought brought back all her better feelings, and though it left a sorrow on her brow, it was sorrow alone; reproach was chased away, and she breathed a broken prayer for the prosperity of her sister.

With a feeling in her mind of having done her an injustice, nothing could equal Leslie's attention to Mary—nothing seemed enough to give in compensation, and her own wishes were often sacrificed through the means of its prosecution. Her saddle-horses could only nominally be called her own; for the one was devoted to Mary, and the groom was mounted on a carriage-horse, that

that Cecil might use the other. She was thus deprived of all her usual comforts; but she minded it not, for the sacrifice lightened her conscience of a care; and if kind deeds could repay the trespass of the heart, her sister should have nothing to complain of.

With this her sisters rode out every day, and lord Mountvillars was sure to accompany them. Sometimes Stanley and Steinbach made one of the set, and they were always a happy party. Mournfully poor Leslie would watch them from the window—almost repent the kindness that excluded her; and when she has seen lord Mountvillars caressing her beautiful steed, she has loved the docile creature more, and longed again to mount it.

But short was the reign of these weak, foolish feelings; solitude and reflection brought back her better nature,

and she was thankful to have it in her power to aid and please her sister. There was virtue in the forbearance, that made itself be felt; for by this she lost much of lord Mountvillars' society, and she believed that it was that which made the burden heavy.

Morning after morning he came; the horses were brought round, and she saw them all depart together; lord Mountvillars and Mary riding on before, and Cecil, with her chance companions, always following at a distance.

She knew the hour he came, and her heart beat as it approached; for there is something in daylight that seems too sure to shew the feelings, and she felt that it was safer to struggle with inclination, to retire to her own apartment, and meet him but at night. But there was little reason in her flying from his gaze; he never approached the
table

table at which she sat; and she soon found she was as lonely in his presence, as though absent from the circle. Yet there was nothing uncourteous in his manner—it was more the result of a pre-occupied heart than one lost to the usages of society. Mary was the metal that attracted him—a powerful charm, excluding every other.

Leslie soon ceased to feel the dread of being near him—to apprehend that she should be called upon for any other effort, but strength and fortitude to bear his altered conduct. A circumstance at length took place requiring all her powers. Her sisters retired from the room to change their dress for riding, and Leslie, trembling every nerve, was left alone with lord Mountvillars. The flush of fear mounted to her cheek, but in an instant it was pale as the hand that hid its changes. She drew her embroidery-frame towards her, and attempted

to employ herself, shrinking like a culprit under the friendly blind it lent her, and hoping to screen her weakness from the object that excited it; its silver glitter caught his eye, and he came near her to observe it—so near, that she felt his soft breath pass lightly over her cheek; and she breathed a short prayer that he might not detect her emotion. But it was painful to keep down her heart, and she thought, if she escaped this once without a betrayal of her feelings, she never would trust the chance of such a moment again. Her hand trembled, and she could not hold her needle. She broke her silver thread, and there was scarcely a probability but that he must perceive her tumult.

To work in this state was impossible; and putting the frame away from her, she attempted to occupy herself with the materials that lay round it. But lord Mountvillars, instead of following the
frame,

frame, still remained in the same place beside her; and she began to suspect that it was not quite the beauty of her work that had once more led him to her. The supposition brought some share of fortitude with it, and a stubbornness of heart she could not well account for; for while his vicinity recalled to her mind moments endeared for ever, the confidence was gone that had rendered them of value.

She steadily fixed her eyes on the silver thread she was unwinding, wished for her sisters' return, and most tenaciously avoided all notice of her truant companion. But he might have perceived, by the flushed cheek, that she knew that he was near her—might have guessed, by the paleness that ensued, the pain that knowledge gave her. There was a fearful silence, for Leslie dared not trust her voice, and lord Mountvillars did not break it—a silence

which to him was now unusual; for, by the sprightly talent of her sister, he was excited to appear the gayest of her slaves. With Leslie he resumed his sadness—a sadness she felt herself unequal to the task of breaking—a sadness that left her at liberty to wonder how he could make the transition so suddenly from one state to the other.

At length he spoke, and there was a sweetness in his tone, a manner of so much tenderness, that her heart sprang to its dangerous influence. It was hard to appear unconcerned with such claims on her whole attention, yet she continued calmly to wind her thread, and restrained herself even from looking towards him.

He asked her why she did not ride out with her sisters? delicately hinting, that if the want of a horse prevented her, he had one entirely at her service

—“so

—“ so quiet,” he continued, “ that it will not make one so timid as yourself in the least degree apprehensive.”

There was nothing in what he had said, but it was the manner in which he uttered it; and Leslie, with unsteady gaze, raised her eyes to thank him; but again she cast them down, for there was a tender sentiment in his she feared to trust the effect of; and she became yet still more wary, still more cautious, in trusting her own eyes towards him. It was hardly prudent to stay, yet how could she avoid him? The forms of good breeding withheld her flight, and she felt she could not leave him.

He seemed struggling with his feelings; for she heard him utter a half-suppressed sigh, and again she wondered at the facility with which he changed his tone of feeling. It made her heart ache to think he yet might suffer sor-

row ; but he claimed a stronger interest there, from the pity the thought excited. She knew him not in the heartless joy she saw him at times indulge in ; for she was no insect to flutter in a crowd, and she mourned, selfishly mourned, the loss of that dejection which had brought them nearer to each other. His mirth had proved her bane ; it had led him to seek the brighter presence of another, and had taught her the folly of confiding in man — an *ignis fatuus*, that flits along with every breeze that blows—

“ A glow worm, sparkling in the night,
That dare not stand the test of day.”

But there were old remembrances that endeared lord Mountvillars to her—recollections of better days, when she had no recourse to the proud and distant mien that now repelled him from her. There had been times when she had gladly shewed her welcome—times that
now,

now, by comparison, tempered the present with more than its real bitterness.

Such thoughts, and such recollections, crowded on her heart; and she felt a gentler feeling creeping over her towards the being that sat beside her. She felt ashamed of having so coldly declined his offer, and she essayed again to thank him for the kindness that led him to propose it. Low was her voice and calm; for she made a successful effort to subdue the conflict that struggled there; but as she proceeded, it increased to earnestness, and her glowing countenance, and brighter eye, gave double sweetness to the words she spoke—words of such liquid softness, that her listener seemed to hang entranced upon the accents. At length her lip quivered, her heart seemed full, and the imperfect utterance died; trembling at the effort she had made, yet thankful for the power that had accomplished it.

Lord

Lord Mountvillars gently took her hand, and gazed on her with a look that to her dim perception seemed the return of his former kindness; yet she dared not question its reality, for the pleasure was too intense to think that time had not weaned her from him. She was sick at heart with hope; for there was a wavering ebullition of passion in his look, that made her think his fickle mood had vanished. Yet she feared to find it all a dream—a dream of joy, that would “leave her waking soul more lonely” than before the pleasing vision rose upon her fancy. His feelings seemed to be too deep for speech, and he appeared to have laid aside all thoughts but those that centered in herself.

“Hear me for a moment, Miss Templemore,” at length he said; “my heart is full, and it is right that you should hear me.”

Strong

Strong feeling checked his utterance, and the bitter smile kindled his features to more than their usual majesty.

Silently she awaited the result. He had caught her hand in his; and there was such a suppliant look when she endeavoured to release it, such eloquent earnestness in the way that he retained it, that she could not take it from him; and once more he essayed to speak, steadying the impetuous feelings that rushed upon his heart, and trying to curb the thoughts that checked their explanation. But it was too full to let him speak; his lips were dumb, and he sought to hide the workings of his countenance in the concealment of his hands. He carried Leslie's to his beating forehead; and for a moment rested his aching brow upon its snowy surface; then, still retaining it within his own, he once more looked up, and again endeavoured to address her.

“Shame!

"Shame! shame on this boyish weakness!" he said, relaxing his features into the semblance of a smile. "If I indulged a foolish hope that I should find strength to tell my sorrow, this moment serves sufficiently to prove its fallacy. I cannot speak, Leslie, the feelings of my heart—feelings that crowd so fast around it, that it neither can explain the struggles it is a slave to, nor dare confess the victory that consumes it. It is an ill-judged weakness that leads me to attempt it; but there is comfort in the folly, and solace in commiseration."

Mournfully he mused, and oppressive feelings seemed to shake his frame nearly to annihilation. Not one word did Leslie utter; but her heart was full, and the tears chased each other down her cheek without her seeking to control them.

Again he spoke—"It is virtue to be patient,"

patient," he said, " under involuntary suffering; but 'tis a heavy trial, a deep tumult, that tramples down the free heart of man—a haughty power, that neither bends to the better purposes that sway it, or softens the alternative that leads to its destruction; and yet I would not choose but bear one-half my woe." He looked sadly in her face as he pronounced it, and the hand he held received a gentle pressure. "'Tis the worser half," he continued, " that sinks me to this sorrow—a thing that nature owns not—not moved by one worthy sense, not animated by one honest thrill—'tis avarice, the bane of man, that seeks for my destruction—poverty, that blasting care, that takes my treasure from me!"

Leslie started, and her *sixty thousand pounds* came up in blank array before her. Much was explained by it—she had been sought but for her money,

money, and she dreaded to receive its further confirmation. She turned her head away, for she feared to trust the display of her feelings; for there was mortification in the past—a blank, dreary prospect for the future. Lord Mountvillars again addressed her—“There is much room for pity,” he said, “and yet you turn thus from me—will not even lament with him who owes to you his greatest grievance.”

He tenderly sought her averted looks, as he concluded, and started on meeting their angry flashes. The warm blood flashed deeper on her cheek; and after a moment's pause, in a haughty tone she said—“I pray you pardon me, my lord, but there is little to amuse in these tales of love and prudence. My sufferance is worn out, and I have only to regret, on your behalf, that they interest me so slightly.”

He fixed on her a searching eye, and
hers

hers sternly met his gaze—pride and anger struggling in its glance; while the blush that had before been of the palest rose's tint, now heightened to a crimson of deep and brilliant hue. She looked more beautiful than ever he had seen her. She had brushed her dark hair completely from her countenance, and the bright eye, the clear skin, shone rich in splendid majesty. A frown hung on her dark arched brow, and the curling lip disclosed the pearls so smoothly set within.

Lord Mountvillars watched in silence the radiant being that sat before him, till abashed by the keenness of his gaze, her own sunk under their oppression. Wounded affection yet rankled in her heart, and she could not hide her excited anger at his strange and misplaced confidence.

For a moment he still watched the
changes

changes of her countenance---saw the sullen gloom, the stately silence, take place of its former beauties. Sadly he gazed upon her, and heaving a troubled sigh, he said---“ Perhaps this moment, Leslie, brings more anguish to my soul than all its talked-of sorrows. I had looked to you for comfort---felt a hope that though you could not chase the care, you yet might ease its sharpness. But I have roused anger where I had fondly looked for pity---received severity where I had only hoped for mercy---mercy, the alms that on such wretches freely is bestowed. But my heart is burdened, and my eyes, with all a woman’s weakness, are ready to run over! Is it then so strange my pouring out my woes, the grasping at every chance that offers alleviation, or the seeking to find a comforter in one, who, alas! shuts her heart against me---a heart, in this instance, too prone to wrath, too harsh to one who needs its utmost clemency?

mercy? But you weep, Leslie; and I feel those tears will soon efface the injury." He again took her hand in his, and grasped it with trembling fervency. "You weep, Leslie; and you make me think perhaps I have acted wrongly; for what is it to you the cares that crowd my bosom? You cannot still one bursting sigh—cannot suppress one starting tear—cannot bid to blow the only flower that cheers my path—cannot dare to say I shall be happy with your sister."

Leslie rose—"Release my hand," she said, "ere anger grow a fault. Trespass no more, my lord, on the attention you are abusing."

"On my soul, Leslie, you wrong me!" he said, preventing her departure. "You scare my words away; but, my love, you cannot wither *brotherly*, constant love," he continued, after a moment's pause—"love that shall bloom on, and live, I trust, for ever. Nay, Leslie, I will not part with you," he said,

said, perceiving her firm intention. "An hour like this I long have sought, and cannot end it so abruptly. I entreat you, soften down those harsh feelings towards me. You must not hate me, Leslie; for your *sister's sake* you must not hate me. Let us then part friends; yes, though the parting be but for an hour; and I will bless you for the smile you yet must beam upon me."

Leslie turned on him her face, haggard and pale as death.—"I cannot smile," she said; "but these foolish tears, I pray you, take as hostage. Let me now depart, my lord. I am much too irritable to bear the contradiction."

With a convulsive force he strained her to his breast, impressed a kiss on her lovely care-worn face, and, as he led her to the door, he softly breathed—"God bless you!"

CHAPTER VII.

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the world I perceive no constancy;  
 none can expect fidelity from the inconstant.  
 have left off depending on any intimates;  
 sufficient for me is union with the merciful God.

BAHAR DANUTH.

.....

and composure under distress, affliction, and  
 —a cordial desire for the happiness of others, even  
 we are deprived of our own; these are disposi-  
 which constitute the perfection of our moral  
 re.

PALEY.

HE retired in a state of wretched-  
 to her apartment, threw her form  
 on the couch, and lay for some mo-  
 ts bereft of every sense. Thought  
 too painful to indulge in—too in-  
 e a state of suffering to dare the  
 turing on; and she lay in imposed  
 nness, apparently at peace, while all  
 warfare, all commotion in her deep-  
 ly-

ly-wounded bosom. No tear now relieved the insupportable anguish that oppressed her; she lay with open lips that breathed not, and eyes fixed that looked on nought but vacancy.

But too soon returned the conviction of her sorrows, the remorseless cruelty of lord Mountvillars, and the humiliating sense of her own inferiority. She had been wooed for her worldly charms, herself cancelling the incitement; coldly left to lament the change, then taunted with her insufficiency. Reproach, shame, scorn, and obloquy, all crowded on her comprehension—all flung into her face under the mask of kindness. Anger again kindled on her cheek, and a fiery lustre lighted up her eye.—“I will not grieve at that,” she said; “too calculative to deserve my notice, too unkind to need a comment, too cold to create a sigh.”

Yet

Yet Leslie did sigh, and continued to ponder—to wonder how his lordship had discovered her vain appendages, and to lament the foolish whim that had led her to conceal them. Yet to be loved for herself alone was an airy fabric she had indulged in—a fabric all broke down at once, and she mourned among the ruins.

As the force of grief subsided, kindlier thoughts came on; he had offered her brotherly love, and that she would rest content with. But there was still the wounding conviction to get over, that she had not been used uprightly—selfishly sacrificed to a feebleness of mind, that sought, yet could not love her—a speculative experiment! the heart warring against the head! the one leading him to covet the thing he did not want, the other shrinking—recoiling at the burden.

“My humility was gone,” she said,  
 VOL. II. G and

“and heavy is the expiation! for am I the creature to be loved in the presence of my sisters?” She had indeed been so used to look on their beautiful and *vivid* faces, that the heavenly sweetness of her own was lost upon her. “Why am I pale,” she asked, “while health sparkles on their rosy dimpled cheeks? why does the gaiety that dances in their eyes never—never shine through mine?”

She thought how fallacious was the creed, that Nature balances her endowments; for what was wealth in her hands who only sighed for beauty?

A thousand times she approached her looking-glass—that glass till now neglected; for rivalry and competition were unknown to her; and though with earnest gaze she now surveyed her features, the glance almost excused to her lord Mountvillars’ dereliction.

“It

"It is foolishness to think," she said, "that the sickly lustre of this eye can charm him—that this pale cheek can please, contrasted with the transcendent splendour, the bloom of hilarity, that glows on Mary's!" Involuntarily she put her hands before her face, as if to hide her image from her, and a piercing sigh issued from her bosom. "He will not overlook the plainness of the casket," she said—"will not take it for the gem it contains; yet of what value to him is an unsophisticated heart—a heart that beats but for him, and him only? does he not find them everywhere? and the singleness of my devotion is lost among the thousand."

She had nothing however to accuse herself of, but yielding too easily to a weak infatuation; and though she trusted he had not detected it, there were many reasons in her mind that led her to apprehend it. The thought made

her tremble with strong emotion—  
“And yet,” she said—

‘It hurts not him  
That he is lov’d of me ; I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit.’

He finds me silent, thoughtful, and apart from all, nursing the miserable hope that I yet shall soon forget him.” Again she paused to curb her agony ; for the parting with his image was like the tearing herself from a dear—a valued friend. Yet it was right to calm the headstrong passion, to subdue the tenderness for one who felt no tie of kindly love towards her—none but what he had expressed, and that could ill repay the ardour of her sentiments.

She shrunk with coward dread from meeting him again ; yet she would not shew the power he had by keeping from the circle. In two hours, as he had said, they were sure again to meet ; but two short hours to calm her wounded feeling,

feeling, to pacify the beating at her heart—to lull her irritation! Again she sunk upon the couch, and there,

“ Confus’d with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,  
And to remembrance and reflection lost,  
Knew only she was wretched.”

The next meeting with lord Mountvillars was less painful than she had expected; he seemed to have no recollection of the past, and she endeavoured on her side to appear to have equally forgotten it; but yet there was a constraint of manner, that betrayed the secret from her—a shrinking wariness of conduct, that prevented such trials for the future. She rarely now joined their morning parties, but sat brooding in solitary care, fearfully awaiting the cloud that must eventually burst over her. She longed, but dreaded to hear if any thing yet was decided on—whether the fatal day was fixed that sealed her fate for ever. There was nothing like confidence between herself and either of her

G 3

sisters;



sisters ; and the only chance of arriving at the information, was in attending to the desultory conversation they generally indulged in together. But lord Mountvillars now was rarely mentioned by them, and when it did happen, it was in that careless, laughing way, in which they would have spoken of any other. Leslie often asked herself, was this love? was the perpetual smile that ever played on Mary's face the symbol of the passion supposed to reign within? Her own feelings told her no; but Mary's was *happy love*; hers, blighted, laughed at, and rejected, and no fair criterion to go upon. Mary's eye and countenance all spoke unfeigned delight; hers never once could bid a truce to care, or lay those heavy thoughts aside that sprung from her devotion. Vague, tormenting dreams disturbed her rest at night, leaving her at waking still unrefreshed and wretched. Mary, with careless and with happy heart, pressed her downy pillow, dreaming

dreaming but dreams of joy, to prove realities on waking.—“ But there is no affinity between us,” said Leslie, suppressing the rising sigh; “ Mary’s love is gaily blooming, mine must die for ever.”

Again she thought of leaving home till every thing was settled, till Mary, the happy bride of lord Mountvillars, should leave the maternal roof to seek the blessings of her husband’s. Then in safety she might return, tutor her heart by sure degrees to receive him as a brother, and laugh at all the weakness that had one time made him dearer.

But it required more resolution than she could command to put this plan in practice; to leave dear familiar faces—the sweet ties of a mother’s care, to live alone with strangers. She could not do it. She could not leave the all she had for the good it might produce her—could

not put constraint upon her heart to bring it round to duty.

Thus days passed on, with no other gleams of comfort but those snatched from forgetfulness, stemming the outward signs of anguish, stilling the breathings of a broken heart, fancying herself resigned to fate because she uttered not her sorrow, and preparing strength to bear the shock of the worst grief yet to come.

Nothing however was said of lord Mountvillars' union with her sister; and though he was as constant as ever at her side, the motive seemed to strike on no mind so forcibly as it did upon her own. Indeed,

"If looks, gestures, and imperfect words,  
Such as the look, the gesture will explain,

are to be trusted, there could little doubt remain but that his lordship's heart was taken. Yet Mary apparently sported  
with

with the prize, unconscious of its value, any further than it administered to her pride in public; in private Leslie had seen her trifle with it, sometimes utterly misuse her power, conscious of the strength of charms she had to lure it back again.

How weak, how pitiful, is love! still caressing the hand that spurns it—loving lips that move but to forswear it! while

“ Though from her lover’s sight the fair one flies,  
Frowns on his sorrows, and his suit denies,  
Condemns him, still unrecompens’d, to waste  
The tedious moments ;”

if his heart is placed on love, he will bear all—will sue for smiles more valued from their scarceness—watch for the glance more sweet amidst its coyness.

Men are indeed as spaniels ; the more you beat, the more they fawn upon you ; never weary of a pursuit in which repulsion meets their advances—never  
G 5 humbled.

humbled in a cause, though gained only  
by their persecution.

“ Thus would you keep a lover still,  
Unkind and careless prove ;  
For man is humble, treated ill,  
And coldness fosters love.

“ Spurn him with harshness, and he sighs ;  
Most servile when most cross'd ;  
Reward with kindness, and he flies !  
Adore him, and he's lost !”

## CHAPTER VIII.



'ea, he deserves to find himself deceived,  
 Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead;  
 Thought sinks into the bosom's silent depth:  
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
 Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul  
 Warmeth the inner frame.

SCHILLER.

.....

Search your own breast, and mark with honest care  
 What seeds of folly Nature planted there."

"HOPE you are satisfied?" said Cecil  
 Mary, the morning after lord Mount-  
 arns had paid her the declared compli-  
 ment of dancing with her. "I suppose  
 I now intend to cast your fears away,  
 and to receive lord Mountvillars serious-  
 as your lover? his attentions now, I  
 think, cannot be mistaken."

"His *attentions* never were mistaken," said Mary, with a piteous look of care; "it is the *intention* I am at a loss to discover. I never saw such men as they are at Brighton! I am sure, cutting such a dash as we do here, we should have been married over and over again by this time at Bath."

"*Once* would quite suffice," said Cecil, trying to make her sister smile, "the *duplicate* might lead us into danger; *bigamy* and manslaughter don't meet with approbation. What, not receive my foolish flower? You really are, Mary, quite of the *cui bono* order! not half the companion you used to be, and I suppose by the time you are *my lady*, I shall not be able to recognize my once-joyous sister Mary. You never either work, sing, or laugh now! work indeed seems quite to go against you; and I hear you ever ending all your fits of forced industry by the disheartening question of what is its utility? Oh, these

these are bad signs, unless you are *drilling* for your aggrandizement, my *right honourable* sister; but I reckon you are beginning too soon, for, at this rate, what is to become of your wedding paraphernalia?"

"Things will never come to that, Cecil, take my word for it. Oh, how soon the world are taken in by appearances! and you, Cecil, among the number. I used to complain of Stanley's indifference, but he has more heart in his little finger than lord Mountvillars has in his whole body. Don't you think he has grown very sad lately?"

"He has changed characters with his friend."

"Nay, is that all, Cecil?" she returned, in a reproachful manner; "I thought you would tell me that I had had some share in his strange translation. Love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or another; and I do think



think Stanley loves me, notwithstanding his late inattention."

"And suppose he does, what then?"

"What then indeed!" repeated Mary, with a sigh; "I fancy he is not overburdened with money, and if he builds any hope on my estate, he will find his castle built on *sable*."

"Do you go on nothing but *fancy*, Mary, in what so dearly seems to concern you? I would rout about all Brighton but what I would know what is the substance of his circumstances—*fancy* him poor indeed!"

"Yes, Cecil, it goes no further than fancy; but as Hamlet says of the ghosts, I would take *fancy's* word for a thousand—yes, I think he must be poor." She sighed as she concluded, and Cecil said—

"And yet, Mary, poor as you believe him, I would venture to assert, that you would rather, as Theneclides said, pre-  
fer

fer *reposing under his little everyday mantle*, than you would have any thing to do with the *prodigal promiser*. What infatuation! to give up a peer for the sake of a poor commoner! I reckon at last you will turn his lordship over to me."

"To be used as you are now using Steinbach! caring no more for him——"

"Than you do for his lordship!"

This was too near the truth to be refuted, and Mary said—"It is little to the purpose what I think of him; the thing is, what he thinks of me?"

"It surprises me, that before this you have not contrived to ascertain it; does he give you no clue to discover it?"

"Oh, no," replied Mary, with the greatest *naïveté*, "for there is not much ease or cordiality between us; I fancy I often see him sneering at my foolish sallies, and I am sure I shew equal dislike to his clever observations. I have never heard him say a foolish thing yet,  
and

and it is so silly, you know, to be always talking clever."

Cecil smiled.—"I see, Mary," she said, "he does not suit your fancy; but how he has effected the change, surprises me to account for; you used to be even more ardent in his praise than ever I was; how do you explain the alteration?"

"I cannot explain it," returned Mary, "in my own words, but Shakespeare says—

‘Things won are done—joy’s soul lies in the doing;  
And the beloved knows nought that knows not this—  
We prize the thing ungained more than it is.’

There is all the information I can give you, Cecil, on the subject."

"And yet you still continue to encourage his attentions."

"Because I hope they yet may lead to more: besides, it will never do, in such a place as this, to be pointed out as the *girl that lord Mountvillars used to flirt with!* No, I must assist in carrying on the farce while here he remains,  
and

and when he is gone, must make the best of a bad bargain, by turning again to Stanley." Her eyes lighted up as she concluded, proving there was nothing so very desperate in the alternative she had stated.

Cecil again smiled, and said—"You call me a *flirt*, Mary, but I should like to know which of the cardinal virtues you class your own conduct under?"

"I think it rather embraces them all," returned Mary; "*faith* towards Stanley, *hope* towards lord Mountvillars, and *charity*, beginning as usual at home, is all expended on myself. But I am jesting, when Heaven knows I have enough to make me serious. I cannot explain the conception I have of his lordship's conduct; it produces nothing satisfactory to the heart, for it is solely and wholly directed against the head. Sometimes I think he is seeking me for the money it is evident some of us are possessed of, but then the immensity

sity of his own fortune turns off the impression. Two people, you know, can never talk together but the world will have it they are flirting; yet I positively assert to you, lord Mountvillars never says any thing that I can in the least degree take hold of. How I hate such caution! it always puts me in mind of the fox and the crow, still clinging to their bit of cheese, though it chokes them with the effort."

"Your simile does not hold good," said Cecil, interrupting her; "master Æsop made his crow more of a *Johnny Raw* than the crows we find in these days. I fancy one might now coax for a century without gaining the desired morsel. I am sure I make myself as irresistible as possible, and monsieur Reynard's accents were vinegar compared with mine; but what end does it answer? they plume, bustle, and flap their wings about you, but the cheese very rarely in these days leaves its station.

tion. Oh, yes, you might just as well bay at the moon like a dog, than embark in so hopeless an undertaking as the eliciting an offer of marriage."

The Miss Templemores, in truth, were almost disgusted with a life that promised them so much, and which realized so little—a life which led them out every evening, buoyant with hope, and sent them home restless and dissatisfied. It was necessary to attach the blame somewhere, yet not upon themselves, their apparently-extravagant notions, their evident love of admiration, or their unprofitable lives, passed but in a round of dissipation—nothing of this struck upon their minds; it was the insufficiency of the place—the emptiness of the butterflies that flew about it. And yet there were but very few of the men that surrounded them but what it would have been the height of imprudence and folly to expect any good from. They had

had indeed begun to see men as they really were; glare and glitter, noise and nonsense, did not now always mislead them; and while their outward appearance was like the froth upon a trifle, decorated in a variety of ways to allure the imagination, they knew by experience there was seldom so much as a ratafia cake at the bottom to reward them for their investigation. Boarding-houses, and the box of a stage-coach, were their only visible places of abode; scarcely one possessed either house or establishment of his own, but, like greedy cormorants, were seeking whom they might devour, and rushing into every place where there was an opening to admit them.

Brighton is a place indeed where mutual deceptions are very often practised, and where mutual disappointments, of course, must be the consequences; the generality of men flocking there to snap  
up

up wealthy wives, the women laying themselves out at every point to fascinate rich husbands. Such is the state of its political economy! But while half-pay and scanty incomes are the order of the day, is it to be wondered at that all meet with disappointment?

"Yet what are lights to those who blinded be,  
And who so blind as they that will not see?"

What matters it then though I unveil its quirks, its turns, its fancies? Will it keep one fair daughter of Eve from tempting its dizzy round, or prevent her from tasting that bitter morsel, the *crab apple* of its knowledge? No, they will still bask in its deceptive sun, which cheers without warming them—still be carried along by its impetuous stream, whirling and twirling them, and carrying them on with a mad impetus, that leaves them at last lost to every quiet thought they might have indulged in before their emersion.

And



And yet parents will take their daughters, to *start them*, as it is called, at Brighton! to bring their graces into play, and then to put them up to be taken by the wealthiest bidder. All then becomes *holiday at Peckham*! every thing domestic is laid aside, and the young ladies put their best legs foremost, to dash along the road, which they believe leads to matrimony; all other feelings are lost in the mighty undertaking, and whatever labour they undergo, is all to be paid off with interest on reaching the object of their desires.

Notoriety is then the order of the day; for a man may overlook a quiet mate, while a dashing one secures his attention. Absurdity must effect what they cannot do by taste; and without attending to the just proportion of their figures, they pile up flower upon flower on their *te-totum* heads, hoping, through its seducing aid, yet to place the wreath of laurel

rel on the top, snatched from the brows of their less agile competitors. But when Greeks meet Greeks, then indeed comes the tug of war. The fear of being left behind still urges the racers forward; with remorseless activity they continue to tread on each other's heels, fearing to rest lest they should not only be overtaken, but preceded, and dashing on with less squeamishness from the bare shade of the mortifying supposition. Like sportsmen in the field, the keenness of the chase soon lulls their every scruple, and they seek to overreach all those who chance to be before them, exclaiming with Antonio in the *Tempest*—

“ Though twenty consciences  
Stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest.”

But yet their desires prove to them a hard taskmaster, who, though crippled and exhausted, still urges them on with rigorous tenacity, spurring them with the rowels of worldly cunningness and  
craft,

craft, and holding out the empty recompence that at last eludes their grasp.

Under this *regime* a few hints may not be ill bestowed on my fair Atalantas, which, should they succeed in leading them to the goal

“ That even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there,”

I ask no other reward than a neat red morocco binding for my work, to supersede the boards. Oh! what bliss! to see my lucubrations decked in gold, lounging on the cheffoniers that grace “my lady’s chamber!” Oh, there would be ecstasy in this that none but authors know! Yet do not think me *wise* in my demand, for even a calf-skin jacket might satisfy the latent ambition of my soul; any thing but those ignoble boards—those eternal boards of cerulian blue, bearing the circulating owner’s name scrawled about upon their ugly sides.

Let

Let it be a bond then—a *binding* bond;  
and never fear but I will fulfil my part  
of the obligation.

“ I will bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Shew thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet.”

“ Prithee then lead the way without any further talking.” In the first place, let me recommend you to avoid all actions that are vulgar; that is, such as prevail among the mob; and to conduct yourselves, in a general sense, in such a manner as to deserve the title of being vastly singular—as whoever is not singular in this refined age, will inevitably be classed as common, and might just as well attempt “ to tie the rainbow up together,” as to accommodate themselves to Hymen’s gordian knot.

I recommend to you, in order to effect  
VOL. II. H this

this desirable object, to walk like a grenadier at a review; to strut about with your left arm swinging; and if a pocket-handkerchief is flashed about in it, it will make the accomplishment more discernible. It should be observed, that this attitude is the *sine qua non* of a female of distinction, as the *profanum vulgus* dare not assume this becoming privilege, without the risk of a question upon their reputation.

I recommend, whether near-sighted or not, an unlimited use of the quizzing-glass; at church, ball, or play, the eye must never be of any use without it. If handled boldly and well, it cannot fail in its operations to render its wielder notorious, and will no doubt eventually entitle her to that which I hope to assist in leading her to. To arrive at this more securely, I would advise that there be made manifest a strong predilection in favour of coxcombs and fools of every description,

description, and to sneer at men of sense and science as much as you are able; for fools are the ones to slip the easiest into your net. Some persons, whose discernment is imperfect, may be inclined to question the wisdom and expediency of this rule; but I trust that all opposition to this injunction will be done away, when it is recollected, that you are not only serving yourselves, but, with surprising disinterestedness, are extending your solicitude to the community at large; for how great a saving of time and money it will cause, by rendering the ordeal of the classics, and the ceremonies of the schools, utterly nugatory and despicable! For what do we learn for, but to recommend ourselves to the less learned sex? and when we find that they will take us without, it must throw learning to the dogs, and cancel the obligation.

There is a great deal to be done by  
H 2 dress;

dress; but you must shut your ears to your grandmother's precepts, and only consent to open them to mine. *She* will tell you to muffle yourselves up to the throat; *I* tell you to do no such thing. What was a fine skin given for? Not for those old envious things to be at the trouble of hiding under a bushel of muslin, but to be the stepping-stone to help you up to fortune. Cast off then all such superfluities of care; for what would a Venus be, muffled up in a vile strait waistcoat? Assume then the graceful playfulness with which nature has endowed you; cast off the vile appendages of prudery and churlishness; tread under foot those *escutcheons of pretence* the modest call *tuckers*, and do not hesitate to render others happy, when it can be effected under such easy, and in the present pursuit, to you, such advantageous circumstances. Who will ever buy an estate without first taking a survey of the premises? who will  
purchase

purchase a bale of goods without first requiring a sample? Nobody! Therefore, my fair readers, as matrimony is the *desideratum* of the day, dress yourselves as you think most likely to secure the object of your wishes. Attend to your own inclinations, rather than the sober, *strait-laced* arguments of your grandmothers; and let the *latitude* and *longitude* of your displays shew us the treasures that only wait our asking. You are not to be children all your lives, tied up in pincloths till you look as though you were strangling. Cast off, I say, such tidy notions, and let liberality and bounteousness be indulged in instead. This is not a reign in which restrictions are laid on dress; it is the age

“Where pleasure is ador’d,  
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist.”

Think then, my gentle countrywomen, the advantage you have gained.



Continue but to throw aside musty rules, and

“Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.”

But there are many other advantages you may gain by attending to my directions; therefore I continue them, warmed with the joy of accelerating your views, and of finally leading you to the object of your desires.

On entering the boxes at the theatre, make as much noise and bustle as you think will possibly be borne. This is perfectly fashionable; and as no man thinks of liking a woman who is not noticed by the crowd, it will make you doubly sought after by the *celebs* that surround you, and will assuredly make you stared at by the vulgar class of the audience, who dare not imitate you in their low sphere, as “throw her over,” and “turn her out,” would most inevitably be the order of the night.

If

If you should be seated in the stage-boxes, and cannot attract enough notice by laughing and talking in a high key, or abrupt gesticulations with the fan, I recommend to you to drop your cloak or shawl, as by accident, into the orchestra, where John Bull, who is an honest, credulous, stupid beast, will leave off piping, and eagerly labour to restore it to its owner above him; while the ladies all round will die with envying such an impressive instance of presence of mind, and eternal notoriety. If the cloak should be caught in its declension on the hooks, and publicly injured, it will prove still more “uncommonly interesting” and “charming,” and will probably be mentioned in all the newspapers—will become the common topic of conversation—verses will be made on the unfortunate *belle*, and my reader will not only get into prodigious notice from the circumstance, but may expect to be married at the end of the month.

I strenuously recommend to those ladies who may unhappily possess that delicate tone of nerve which constitutes eventually the *mauvaise honte*, to wear veils upon all ordinary occasions, as there is nothing in the wide and long catalogue of human disqualifications so little likely to succeed as even the very *souppçon* of shame-facedness.

Stinginess also must be avoided as you would a pest; for no man thinks of marrying a girl who neither looks as if she would do him *credit*, or oblige him, through her extravagance, to request the same thing of her numberless tradespeople. For what can a man do with his money, if his wife knows not how to spend it? No doubt, get into all sorts of mischief; as the strongest heads among us are often led astray by the dangerous influence of its tempting power. If the man you intend to marry is a fool, it still more becomes your duty  
to

to shew that you can take his money from him; for it is surely only doing what you ought, to be transferring cash to the decorating of beauty, instead of leaving it to administer to the follies of the foolish. Indeed the more you bleed such a man of his money, the fewer opportunities he will have of exposing himself, which is undoubtedly preserving a remnant of his character, obliging his family, and doing what you can towards supporting the dignity of human nature.

Much may be done by getting into a carriage, if there are those present you wish to make an impression on, as you may here have unquestioned occasion of shewing the perfections of a well-turned ancle. This is to be better effected by adopting a hoydenish air, by springing past all those who are assiduously offering you assistance; and if you can manage to tumble down in the scuffle, so

much the better. Nobody can answer for themselves while under the agony of an overthrow; and by this method you may disclose as many inches of the *tendon Achilles* as you think may redound to your credit; for the attendant beaux will not fail to communicate to all they know that Miss Such-a-one has an *uncommon prime leg*. This is a sure trap to win a lover, if not a husband; but as husbands are so seldom lovers, for my part I think the former to be much the better bargain. But it is not my place to think, and I proceed to state, that I insinuate no such rule of conduct as the foregoing, to those females who may have thick or crooked legs, as they must uniformly creep about upon all occasions, wear long coats, and never be seen abroad in a windy day.

“Many men, many minds,” and I know there are some who are so devoted to the interesting office, in idea, of nursing

ing a sick wife, that they would make no hesitation in preferring a female *Lazarus* to the Venus de Medicis in all her blowzy charms. Should you perceive this strange taste lurking in the eye of him you desire to conquer, I should recommend you to assume some attractive infirmity, notwithstanding the providence and beneficence of nature may have given you a perfect organization. With this you must not, on any account whatever, admit you are in good health, as that might mar your fortune for ever. Bloom must be tortured to a *hætic*; the unrestrainable hilarity of joy, an *hysteric*; and the activity and buoyancy of health, a *restless irritability of nerve*, that must be indulged in or die. Indeed there are many advantages resulting from an affectation of ill health—advantages perfectly distinct from the one in which I set out on. It opens a timely door for a retreat from company, that you may either hate, envy, or *sing*

*small* before ; and to lisp, limp, and seem half blind, have the glory of novelty to the million. You must then affect to speak in a low, monotonous, nasal tone, and as wholly independent of passion and energy, as at the time you may find it convenient. Never be seen at any public place three times, without shewing a specimen of fainting ; for it is astonishing what links you may fix upon the heart by this *ruse de guerre* of nature, if adroitly and cleverly managed. There is no end to the attitudes you may assume, while under this interesting suspension of the senses ; you are licensed to fall into the arms of any favourite it may please you to fix on ; and if you have a fine head of hair, be sure to shake the combs out, and it will make a considerable addition to the picture. You must compose your countenance into a sweet smile, to shew how pretty you can look when you are asleep ; and straighten your limbs, only short of distortion,

tortion, to display the perfection they boast in their symmetry.

This farce may be continued till the time when your friends begin to talk of a doctor; then you must set about recovering yourself at discretion—that is to say, unless you are sure of your man; for there are some M.D's. who would physic a cat for a fee. If he is one who has

“About his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,”

depend on him; for there are none “so base,” if “full of wretchedness,” but they will gladly give in to your conceit. Indeed there are many, though “with good capon lined,” that you may very securely trust. Who would not barter a quiet conscience for the sake of a sprightly pair of *prads* to prance about with from patient to patient? *Patient* indeed! poor



poor souls! and they had need be; for the leeches in these days are

“ Like horse-leeches,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck;”

and not without reason; for if they did not *bleed* their patients, John Doe and Richard Roe would most infallibly *bleed* them. Horses and carriages are not to be kept for nothing; and in vain the *malade* cries, “ throw physic to the dogs, I will have none of it.” You must have it, ma’am, or how do you think your leech’s cattle are to thrive? A chariot for the head-man, and a buggy for the under-man, are no jokes. Besides, in this refined age, the door is not opened, neither are the steps let down, by the professor of physic himself. No, a *little pill* must be stationed outside the box to do the business for him. This boy must also be fed; not on *physic*, for that is poor stuff at best, but with good-butcher’s

butcher's meat. How is this then to be procured, but by making those pay for it who are too sick to eat themselves? It is a dog in the manger notion then, to think that you are to *enjoy a bad state of health*, without having to pay dearly for it. What do you want with your money, but to buy physic? You cannot eat; therefore it is but fair to give to those who can; for while a leg of mutton makes you sick with its very sight, it is savoury food to those whose hungry stomachs can digest it. But

“Where great additions swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour;”

therefore I leave these *Æsculapian charioteers*, disgusted with their arrogance, and return to the service of my fair readers.

“Great wits jump,” the only excuse I have for neglecting them so long; but trusting to their forgiveness, and having  
an

an eye on my reward, again I proceed to business.

There is a proverb that says—"A golden dart kills where it pleases;" therefore I would advise my pretty pupils, if they have any species of conveyance that can possibly contrive to go upon wheels, to make a principle of incessantly prating about *our carriage*; and if this point is discreetly managed, there may be as much credit got with a *tilt cart* as the *sporting* appendage of a *vis-à-vis*. Should you then have any old *rumble-tumble* in the shape of a coach, trust to the "mask of night" to hide its grimness, and follow my injunction, by cutting the "flies;" for how far more gratifying is it to the sound, to hear that Miss Such-a-one's *carriage* stops the way," than that "the Prince *Ragent* is waiting for Miss Thingamy." There is indeed no end to discanting on the many advantages you will gain by the distinction;

tion; for a *carriage* sounds like money, and men's ears dote upon the very semblance. Attracted by this appendage, they will swarm after you like bees, lured by the Hybla honey; whilst

"Wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
They would adventure for such merchandize."

"Flight towards preferment is slow, without some golden feathers;" and it is astonishing to see how much women can do by mounting a few in her pinion. It signifies little whether it really is gold that glitters; for if you have a *staunch brother on board*, and only contrive to play your cards neatly, matters may be carried too far for the lover of Mammon to retract, and poverty, deception, and all, the poor toad must take you in spite of his teeth.

There is much progress to be made by encouraging the addresses of every  
male

male creature who has any pretensions to *ton*; “grapple them with hooks of steel,” and contrive, wherever you are seen, never to be wanting in your complement of supporters; for if, according to the old adage, it is true that *one fool makes many*, think how many more a *dozen* will produce you! In truth, I have known women who, without possessing one intrinsic attraction, have carried all before them, from well-manceuvring the *enemy* in this one essential point, and have made a whole regiment of lovers, without a mutiny, *fall in* at the first word of command. If they *fall out* among themselves, so much the better; for if it was the gift of chance to produce a duel between them, they were sure to become the envy of their own sex, and still more the admiration of ours. It will prove a matter wholly unimportant, whether the hero that falls is the *offender* or the *offendee*, as it is the *éclat* of the thing, and not its propriety,

priety, that will be seriously considered by the multitude. A woman, to be fought for, must be worth something! and trust me, *something is every thing* in these days of deficiency:

There is a mode of charming, very efficient, if the thing is done with becoming spirit. It is to whisper and giggle with those who surround you, when any person, of either sex, comes into a party with a trembling and humble demeanour; as this measure will increase the confusion of the visitor, and shew your own superiority and firmness of nerve, in the proper colours in which they ought to be shewn. Men, even should they be deficient in it themselves, admire this boldness and audacity wherever they find it; and how can you evince that you possess the gem they seek, better than by laughing at those who are wanting in it?

Always

Always make a point of exalting yourself, and let those who dare come and humble you. In a quadrille of four, always take the top; and let who will expect to do the same, never be put out of your plan of beginning the first. This sometimes gives rise to ludicrous circumstances; but do not be checked—an opponent is soon danced down; and when she sees that you are resolute, she will be very glad, the rest of the dance, to let you have it your own way.

In a country dance, if you ever do such vulgar things, place yourself as near the top as it may please you; never mind though the young ladies below you have been standing an hour, impatiently awaiting their turn to begin; that is their look-out—yours is to establish yourself as many couple from the first as may happen to hit your fancy. Dash in among the set; and then, as the donkey said when he danced among  
the

the chickens, "let every one take care of themselves."

Should your partner not be quite so valiant as yourself, and you see him timidly dodging and bobbing about to find an opening where he may enter the line, without the dread of having to taste for his trouble more gunpowder than his *tea* the next morning, let him dodge on; at the top you will find it no difficult matter to dovetail him in; and when you have danced to the bottom, never think of slaving up again, but leave the *unaccommodating things for their trouble*.

Nothing indeed is so pleasing to men as this charming independence; it shews them that you will stand little, in the shape of a Hector, or a domineering spirit; and this will save them a world of trouble; for what do the generality of matrimonial breezes spring from, but the



the husband ignorantly trying to get the better of his wife? This will remove all hopes of the sort; and instead of his attempting to take you down in your wedding-shoes, he will consider himself fortunate in being allowed to wear his own.

Men are in truth more reasonable in some things than you take them for, and know, as well as you could possibly wish them, how matters ought to be arranged in the matrimonial creed. You are not to be slaves, but elegant companions, strewing our way with flowers; and if we happen to tread on a few thorns, so much the better — it will make us step more cautiously for the future.

Should your husbands, for it is not my fault if you do not get them; should your husbands, I say, think to play the tyrant, talk to them after the fashion of  
Cicero,

Cicero, in the second of his Philippics; for a *philippic*, in any shape, is no bad thing in matrimony. Tell them then—  
“*Et nomen pacis dulce est, et ipsa res salutaris, sed inter pacem et servitutem plurimum interest. Pax est tranquilla libertas, servitus malorum omnium postremum, non modo bello, sed morte etiam repellendum.*”

Should they still be inaccessible to reason, then read the *riot act* to them, and then set about reform in any manner you think most efficient. Never humour their fancies, for it is the worst plan in the world. What would children become if they were allowed to have their own way? Monsters! And what are men, but “children of a larger growth?” therefore the like wholesome castigation may be enforced against one, with the same advantages as is derived from it in the other.

Do

by keeping tenaciously the "secrets of the prison-house," get the character of appropriating the Dunmow fitch, when the most likely thing is, that if they did get it between them, they would take the opportunity of knocking out each other's brains with the bones of it; and yet they will so simper and smirk on each other in society, that nobody is *awake* to the reality; and they get the character of a perfect Darby and Joan, when they much more resemble the *devil and the baker*. Contradiction, like Boniface's ale, is both meat and drink for them; and they are even tempted to grudge their natural rest, as it breaks in on their talents for tormenting.

But I say not this with a view to keep more ladies single than there are at present. No, in Heaven's name let them marry, and when they have done it, they must make the best of it.

Johnson

Johnson says, "Marriage has many pains, and celibacy no pleasures;" and he is right; for where is the *jour de fête* to come from, if you have nobody about you who has a legitimate right to bear with your ill humours? You cannot beat cats and dogs all day long; and servants, pert things, will give you warning. Then what is to become of your hours of relaxation, if you have nobody to tickle with your *méchanceté*?

Rochefoucault, I believe it is, who says, "Some marriages may be advantageous, but none can be agreeable." Yet do not attend to such cynical notions as fellows like that would promulgate, but rather take the advice directed by your own good sense, and which my *illuminations* shall still further point out to you.

What gives you the power of visiting, without the nuisance of being eternally

nailed to the side of a *wall-flower*? Marriage.—What enables you to play at cards, and lose as much money as you like? Marriage.—What gives you the power of pouring out your wit in the animating channel of *double entendre*? Marriage.—What puts you at the head of a table, empowers you to talk, and plants two of the best men in company at your side?" Marriage.—What allows you the privilege of sailing in and out of rooms before the bridling "bread and butter misses?" Marriage.—What affords you the licence of choosing your own partner at a ball, instead of waiting, with trembling heart, till he should take it in his head to choose you? Marriage.—Then what but that produces you so much the attention of every man that approaches you; giving you the freedom, through the accommodating arrangement of *l'usage du monde*, to separate husband, wife, and lover, by establishing yourself on  
any

any arm that may happen to attract you?

A single girl can do nothing of all this. She considers it her advantage to constrain herself to hold back on all occasions—a task “more honoured in the breach than in the observance;” and I hope, when she has read *my book*, she will know her independence better, and will only be rivalled in her presumption by those who have deservedly attained it by venturing their fortunes in matrimony—matrimony, that plaything of an hour, that institution in which proselytes now-a-days become members at will.

It is indeed a weak notion to think, that when you are once a wife, you are always a wife *till death you do part*. If you have not done it before, dismiss, on my *veto*, the derogatory infatuation. What are the philosophic schools of the

age for, but to shew you the mutability of all civil establishments? what their minute investigations, their increasing accuracy of human knowledge, but to approximate you, the better part of creation, still nearer with their ideas of perfectibility? Besides, what would become of their liberal system, should you choose still to cling to *your log*, while they had resolved, in their infinite wisdom, to liberate themselves from *theirs*, the most enormous shackle imposed on civilized man? Yes, the revolution must be accomplished together; they must teach you to give up the fancied source of abundant good, which will enable them at the same time to throw off the load of a too certain evil.

Such must be the deducible result of their mathematical demonstrations; such the indisputable and congregated advantage of their restless spirit of inquiry. Bold truths, like virtue, are to be

be their own reward ; they are to enlighten the rising generation, and to prove (peace be to their ashes!) that the brains of our ancestors were no better than a "*bundle of animal compound*," carried about in their heads for little other purpose but to lead them to the *tit-bits* at dinner, and to tie them still more securely to the apron-string of their yoke-fellows, growling and snarling at each other, and praying for sudden death, as the only visible relief that appeared to their sapient discernment.

But those were dark days of superstition and ignorance, leaving it for us to throw a light upon the subject, and to disseminate the various and wondrous advantages comprehended in modern philosophy. Despotism and priestcraft are trampled to the ground, while the illimitable expansion of general philanthropy rears proudly its head in the place of them. What can so clearly



tend to substantiate the fact, as the present glorious laxity of the matrimonial compact, that complicated machinery of artificial life? which is (thanks be to the stars and modern philosophy!) gradually suffering before the lamp of reason a progressive diminution of its inexorable privations, till gaining fresh impetus with its liberal course, it will eventually conduct every advocate of the cause to that philosophic pinnacle of pure and perfect felicity—to that

“ Happy state, where souls each other draw ;  
Where love is liberty ; where nature, law.”

Fail not then, my fair pupils, to take advantage of the times. Slip yourselves into the knot, and leave it for radical reform to slip you out again. The yoke once rivetted on the neck of its victim, is now formed of the “ *patent elastic spring*,” opens to receive the head, then opens to let it out again.

Patiently listen therefore to the mercenary

cenary language of your friends, and take, without scruple, the first *prudent choice* they proffer to you; for luxury and avarice now entangle not for life, and it is the fashion of the day to bear about the burden of no one's absurdities but your own. Should your parents then have tied you to a toothless do-tard, or to a coxcomb you do not like, look about the world till you find another that you do; and use but your discretion in the choice, and take my word for it,

“ The gordian knot he will untie  
Familiar as his garter.”

Fearlessly plunge therefore into the stream—a stream turbulent to those only who know not its navigation. Spread your sails wide to the breeze; take the rudder and compass into your own hands; avoid the shoals and quick-sands of prejudice and superstition; and should a storm come on, let go the main  
i 5 sheet,

sheet, and safely anchor yourself in Doctors Commons.

Here then must close my dogmatical placard—a placard posted for the service of the ladies—ladies that scarcely need my assistance towards teaching them the road to perfection. But there are some ignorant of the world and its perverted ways; and to those I in duty address myself—those who live “far from the busy haunts of man,” till all of a sudden the blaze of day bursts in upon them, and they come for a winter to Brighton. It is then I hope I may be of some service; for “I would be loth to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.” But in truth I am constrained to confess, that it is not to women of the world my doctrines will be of much service; yet, though they have, under their own infinite judgment, anticipated the tenor of my precept,

cept, I still hope it will help to establish them in the road they are treading so rapidly to preferment.

I have indeed, for their sake, long neglected my other matter—matter that will now crowd so heavily on my pen, that I shall have much ado to disburden it—a public ball expected at the P——, and all Brighton on the *qui vive* about it. “Such bustling of feathers, such pluming of coats,” such hopes and fears, heats and chills, and all in the dark as to going. The orders not given out till the last moment. Ye gods! who can expect to look decent? for who will be at the expence of buying new clothes, when it is matter of uncertainty the wearing them. All the town, in short, were in a perfect *quandary*; for those who fancied they had a *right* to be asked, knew that *right* was but a poor *substantializator*; and those who only hoped to get in by *good luck*, felt the

I. 6.                      dubious

dubious uncertainty of the tenure: and yet it was surprising what creatures did get in, and they felt relieved and at ease by the suggestion.

The Miss Templemores soon caught the infection, and were as much beset by hopes and by fears as any young ladies in Brighton; for though they felt no legitimate right to enter the walls of a palace, they yet trusted to the chance of getting in with the crowd of their equally-unworthy neighbours. With this their troubles again began about their dress, and they were more at a loss now than ever to know what costume they should fix on. White was expected to be the fashion of the night, and nothing but new white satins would content them for so grand an occasion. Feathers also could not be dispensed with; they were universally worn at court; and they should look as mean as Poland hens, if they ventured

ed

ed to appear without them. Yet a plume for each was a drain on their purse they were but ill prepared to reply to, and they began to look with despair towards the *foxtails* in their bonnets, as the only alternative left them.

In every difficulty their thoughts now always were sure to turn towards their sister Leslie; for she had begun to discover how useful she could be, and she was never backward in offering them every assistance. But they had seen no feathers of any description, while looking over her wardrobe; and they could not ask her to assist them in the purchase, as they knew the allowances set apart for her dress were more limited than any of the others.

Such were their tormenting reflections whilst kept in a state of uncertainty. The orders were not yet all issued out;

out; and until that was the case, they could not relinquish their hopes on the occasion. Every knock at the door made their hearts jump; and while one peeped over the balcony to see what the claimant *was like*, the other was at the head of the stairs to receive sooner the joy-bringing order.

Nothing however but repeated disappointment was the result; for the eyes of one were regaled with the sight of nothing but livery-servants and shop-boys, and the other only had notes put into her hands that she could almost have torn from vexation.

“Mrs. Tiltabout at home indeed,” said Cecil, throwing the card, with a jerk, on the table; “and the best place for her, I think, till she knows how to speak purer English. I wonder what right such people as she have to push themselves

themselves into society; asking every one if they '*plays visk?*' and quite tormenting one with her good temper."

"An error, my dear girl, you will never fall into, while this *pleasing pain* continues to hang over you." Cecil smiled, and Mrs. Templemore continued—"I am certain I would set about putting my best hopes to flight, before they should thus act on my serenity; for you are as snappish, Cecil, as a little dog, and would bite, I do not doubt, were you to meet with a slight provocation."

Cecil smoothed the wrinkle of her brow, looked a little abashed, and then replied—"But do you not think, mamma, it is very foolish of people who have made a little money to expect to set themselves up for genteel—to ask those to see them they cannot entertain, *but at their own expence*—and to ape the manners of high life, contrasting more strongly the vulgarity of their own?"



own? I wonder how any body can visit them!"

"They give good dinners," coolly returned Mrs. Templemore; "and the world is sufficiently requited."

"And they make a formal declaration after them," interrupted Cecil, "that they expect no return for their trouble."

"Which is still more to the taste of the public."

"I suppose, mamma, you mean to attend at their gala, as you stand up so staunch as their advocate?"

"Certainly," returned Mrs. Templemore; "I can have no possible objection, if you, my dear Cecil, request me."

"*I request you, mamma!*" screamed out Cecil, quite annoyed at the bare supposition; "if it only depends upon *my* solicitation, there is not much fear, I thank Heaven, of our being there."

"And yet," said Mrs. Templemore, "it is an entreaty I strongly anticipate. The whole regiment of the Fifth are to  
be

be there; and as they have contrived among them to put out your love for the German Adonis, I have little doubt but they will also provide for your scruples."

This was rather a *non sequitur* to Cecil, and she set about turning the conversation, fearing to encounter her mother's severity, where she knew she so rightly deserved it. Her love indeed for poor Steinbach had met with a hasty conclusion; a whole regiment of *red soldiers* had marched into the town, and she made the transfer of her heart at discretion. Her eyes once open, she could see as clearly as the rest of her family how very little he had to boast of, except beauty; and she saw that he perfectly answered to the old French saying, and was adequate to nothing but "*faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table, et de la table au lit.*" She was perfectly weary with the attempt  
of

of teaching him to understand her—perfectly tired of the study of endeavouring to comprehend him. He seemed to her to speak English worse than ever; and it was quite a relief to get any one to listen to her who did not say “eh?” to every word she uttered.

Cecil indeed possessed the true attributes of a coquette; she would go on with surprising perseverance to the point where she saw love begin to dawn upon her from the object of her pursuit; but when once perceived, she was off; she had gained the end she ambitioned, and she passed on to achieve other conquests.

Poor Steinbach seemed to be the last to perceive the change; for he was a piece of mechanism, difficult to be wound up, and as difficult to be unwound again. Love with him would always be more a habit than a passion; he  
would

would be more a Phœdra, labouring under the yoke of fatality, than a St. Preux, the enthusiastic victim of sentiment.

But all this was nothing to Cecil; she could not be at the trouble of both raising the flame, and finding him the means of putting it out again. She had flirted with him merely to gratify herself, and she now flirted with another for the same *unexceptionable* motive; and while he was all “vonder and vonder at *from vence could come the change*,” she had dismissed it from her mind, to make room for weightier matter.

The important day, “big with fate,” had arrived, and they were yet unsupplied with a ticket; hope died within their breasts; and when they saw the ostentatiously-displayed order mounted on the mantlepieces of their friends, they  
were

were ready cry with vexation. But there were some who, with no invitation to shew, were yet confident in the success of their expectations; the *Mercury* was still to be seen flying about from door to door, and until they lost sight of him, they were resolved not to lose sight of the probability.

These were the comforters that the Miss Templemores readily lent an ear to; and pinning their faiths on to their sleeves, they returned home in much better spirits.

But hour after hour flew past, and yet no termination to their anxiety; yet while they scornfully exclaimed to each other, that *they had no hope*, the arrangements they continued to make in their wardrobe most fully denied the assertion.

“ I shall give up all expectation,” said  
Cecil,

Cecil, dejectedly plaiting up a little bit of *Thule*; "I shall give up all idea of the thing the moment the muffin-boy has passed; it is foolish in the extreme to expect any thing now, and we had much better begin to reconcile ourselves to our lot, than increase the evil by blindly shutting our eyes to it. I shall put all this nonsense away." And as she concluded, the work she held in her hand was unceremoniously thrust in a heap into her workbox.

"The muffin-boy?" said Mary, with a strong expression of irritation; "and pray what has he got to do with it? he sometimes goes past as early as four; besides, if he was even later, I do not see why his is to be the bell to summon us, as Macbeth says, 'to heaven or to hell.' Take my word for it, you will be sorry for having tumbled up your lace in that untidy manner."

At

At this moment, something like a postman's knock was heard at the door, and the two girls rushed into the hall.

## CHAPTER IX.

is are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; it those vices are ever changing, and the antidote could be changed accordingly.

GOLDSMITH.

.....

osophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Gayfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth; and their power in detachments is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

*Pursuits of Literature.*

WHEN mortified and disappointed, nothing tends so much to increase the wound as the consolatory effusions of our friends; for instead of their setting out in the right way to soften the evil, it seems they rather prefer fixing in that opportunity for placing themselves



selves on your head ; or, in other words, they greedily profit by the opening that is made them to exalt themselves on your humiliation.

There is indeed no small degree of malicious craft in the way they presume to effect it ; and a word—a look which at another time would make no impression, at this, rankles in the heart, and pierces deeply, when with its own natural force it would scarcely have reached the object aimed at. Ill-naturedly mischievous, they bring things forward in the shape of *balm*, that at another time they dared not have ventured upon ; and by stratagems of tenderness, plant piercing thorns, with the *considerate* view of eradicating them. *Ainsi va le monde !—a monde* that insults without reason, and annoys without sagacity—*with inveterate malice seeks candour to betray, and teaches frankness, too late, the folly of the virtue. Superficial*  
in

in friendship, and permanent in hate, courting great abilities but to accomplish their destruction, and shallow pretenders, but to publish their disgrace. Gaiety is used as a mask to hide their venom, ill temper is assumed to conceal their malicious success; and while they are hourly proffering you the endearments of civil intercourse, their heart at the same time is shutting up against you. It may sound cynical, but there is, alas! no friendship in the world; if you expect it, you but too soon perceive how far you are deceived, become disgusted without any palpable cause for offence, and feel alienated without any ostensible reason for the enmity. All is hidden under the semblance of goodwill; suavity of temper is to lure you into confidence, and disinterested affection to lead you to betray. Prudence and vigilance then in vain exert their influence, entangling perplexities present themselves at every turn, till exhausted with the

VOL. II.                      K                      evil

evil of the serpents that oppress you, you finally catch the infection of their malice, and in your turn sting others, to revenge the attack upon yourself. The simplicity of nature deserts you; with restless craving you track for the weakness of your neighbours, and cry down follies less flagrant than your own. Envy is the main spring of action, the passion that exerts its influence in this war with our fellow-creatures—a passion composed of the wreck of every other, and which seeks a gratification in dragging others down to the same level with itself—a passion of no limits, because it has no end—a restless torment that never dies, for it is ever feeding on the venom of its own perverted nature. Humbled in its own estimation, it is jealous even of the victim it destroys; yet while pursuing it with unrelenting malice, success brings not the joy it had fallaciously anticipated. No torments can equal the cold and blasting influence  
of

of this ruling passion—a passion that had no need to find any place in my book, for, thank Heaven! we know nothing of it at Brighton.

In truth we have little here to be envious of, and indeed it would be difficult to conjure it up; for you cannot envy lodging-house chairs and tables; and if a little plate is brought out on grand occasions, you know it is all *hired* at the silversmith's. The ladies dresses are worn dim by the last London season, and we men turn out in the first coat that comes uppermost.

Thus the hydra-headed monster perishes for want of food; and though the gold-laced jackets of our men of arms will give rise to a little *bilious reflection*, the knowledge that we are all the same description of fly, varying only in the different colour of our wings, soon drowns the uncomfortable distinction; and we

reconcile ourselves by the idea, that we could all make ourselves mountebanks if we pleased, and could any of us manage to look fierce by bringing the *moustache* into play, and letting the razor have a holiday.

And yet it is surprising to think how much all this takes with women; for you will see them paying deference to these adventitious charms, bearing with caprice, vanity, and folly, joined to all the vacillations of idleness and foppery, if decked out with this finical finery. Wit and politeness are in these circumstances but powers of supererogation; for airs of insolence, superciliousness, and absurdity, have the advantage of attracting instead.

There is a maxim commonly received, that a *wise man is never surprised*; yet is it not enough to astound one, to see women waste their precious intellect  
on

on such "puppet-show pieces of ordnance!" Acute sagacity and mature experience cannot but shew us the folly; but when will it teach them that they are trusting to a slender reed at best, and are but "wasting their sweetness on the desert air?" What soldier will ever think of marrying, till forced to take *a new lease of his tailor*—till he ambitions to mount a new mine of gold lace, without the philosopher's stone to attain it? It is these considerations alone that tempt them into marriage; it is the hope only of bettering their fortune that will ever induce them to share it. If, however, my fair readers like to lay out their *stuff* in decorations for the gallant it has gained them, in Heaven's name let them do it! not all my sage advice will alter it, for no doubt it will first be attributed to envy, then sent to look after its master. And yet they are doing me injustice; for I write not for my own advantage, but rather for their

good; and though, being a *civilian*, it may look suspicious, I advise them, without the least sinister motive, to bring us *plain men* into fashion, and they will reap the reward of their discernment. Take my word for it, a *squire* is the man for matrimony; *half-pay* is never the order of the day with him, and he may load his baggage-waggons with as many children as he pleases, without the tax of a *five-pound penalty*. To such a man then let your aim be directed; and as you cannot please him better than by throwing stones at the army, let that be your first mode of attack. If he is a plain-dressed, close-shaved little man, rail most vociferously at their tricked-out costume; and while he is smoothing down each side of his well-shaven chin, and drawing more closely over his knees the flaps of his long *benjamin*, abuse with all your might the indecency of appearing with lips "bearded like the pard," and give a hint at their short-tailed

tailed jackets. If you wish to nail your man, this is the time to do it; for he will, unconscious of the trap, chime in most willingly to the critique, not from envy, but from the justness of the case that you have so wisely and so ably depicted. Agree with him in praising the elegance of the private gentleman's dress, compared with the frippery of gold lace, gold tags, gold spurs, &c.; and while he is shingling through his fingers the gold he may have in his pocket, launch out on the wisdom of keeping it there, instead of spreading it all over the body. Then take an opportunity of remarking upon the deception of their toilets, and make a point of admiring his rotundity of waist, to the pinched-up spines of the soldier; while, should it grow upwards, "small by degrees and beautifully less," strongly impress upon his mind how much better it is than expansion effected by padding.

Thus



Thus having put him perfectly into conceit with himself, rest assured he is yours for life—a life, that if he is fond of hunting, will not be too long to tire you; your only rival is the chase, and that, like most rivals, will at last rid you of your husband.

“For still impetuous to the field he flies,  
Leaps every fence but one, then falls and dies.”

But there are few 'squire Bugles to be met with in Brighton; and while the military are so plentifully scattered, I fear it will be but a difficult task to persuade my fair readers to give up the present pleasure of the one for the permanent benefits that may arise from the other; yet, though they will say, “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” what, I ask, is the value of the biped that will not sing? who does not soon get quite tired of a creature that is merely to look at? and what is so tedious as a painted macaw, who, with indifference,  
mocks

mocks all your notice? But why am I thus squandering my time on that which promises so little to repay me? for is it in the wide region of probability, that I can teach prudence in opposition to the inclinations of nature? The impressions of precept are few, if they war with our dearest desires, and there cannot but arise a contempt of that doctrine which militates against its enjoyment. Abler pens than mine have tried it, and have failed; and how can I expect to create the *houleversement* of a course so firmly—so falsely established? I certainly was not formed for a censor, for I feel more inclined to laugh with the idle than to add twigs to the rod of correction; and while I lament the perversions of sense, I still add to the aggregate of folly. But we all see blemishes in each other's coats, without the power or the wish to amend them; and the *motes* are so prevalent in every eye that  
one

one meets, that it is unfashionable and *goth* not to sport them.

To set the world to rights is in truth a maddening endeavour—an abuse of time, temper, and talent; raising animosity without exterminating folly, bewildering with futile discussions, instead of remedying the evil, and eventually gaining the reputation of arrogant conceit, in room of the actuating principles of virtue. Thus good motives always are mistaken, and there are many who would rather suffer the inconvenience of their own mishaps, than obtain relief for them by the *advice* of another—a bitter medicine, often increased by the method of preparing it, and seldom found of any advantage to those it is enforced on; pride, obstinacy, and folly, are the foes that war against it, for while we are *dull* at the belief that there are many wiser than ourselves, we cannot fail

fail to refuse the wisdom of the *counsel*, from the prejudice we hold to the *counsellor*. To be efficacious, therefore, your intentions must not be seen; "the most beneficial power of nature works in secret;" and such is the weakness of man, that arguments exerted for his advantage must be insidiously inculcated with the appearance of chance, and enforced with the semblance of accident.

"Thus wisdom'd sages, when their dictates fail,  
Conceal their moral counsels in a tale."

END OF VOL. II.

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# SCENES AT BRIGHTON.

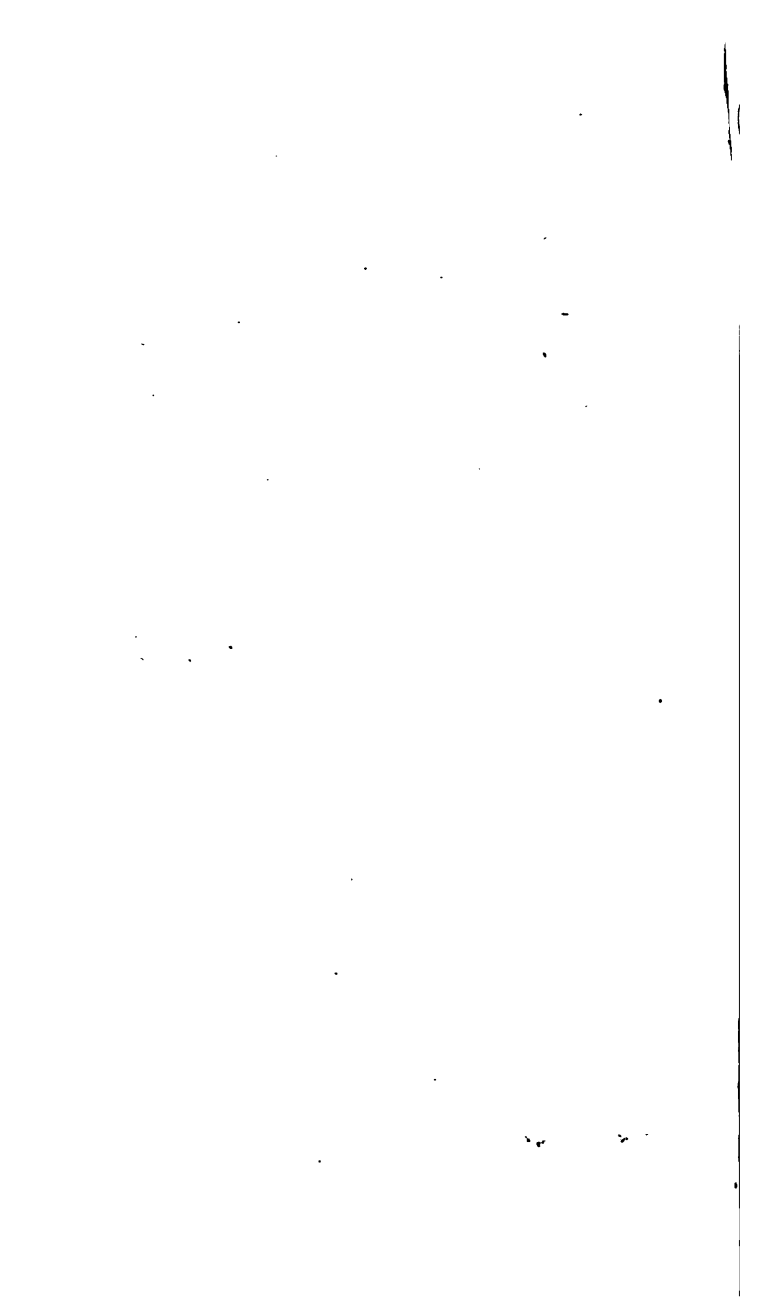
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A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

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Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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# JENES AT BRIGHTON;

OR,

**"HOW MUCH?"**

**A Satirical Nobel.**

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**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

---

**BY INNES HOOLE, ESQ.**

**AUTHOR OF SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE, &c.**

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" Satire should, like a pollah'd razor keen,  
Cut with an edge that's scarcely felt or seen—  
*Mine* is an oyster-knife."

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I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have,  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
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And Horace quits a while the town for Brighton.  
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**VOL. III.**

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**LONDON:**

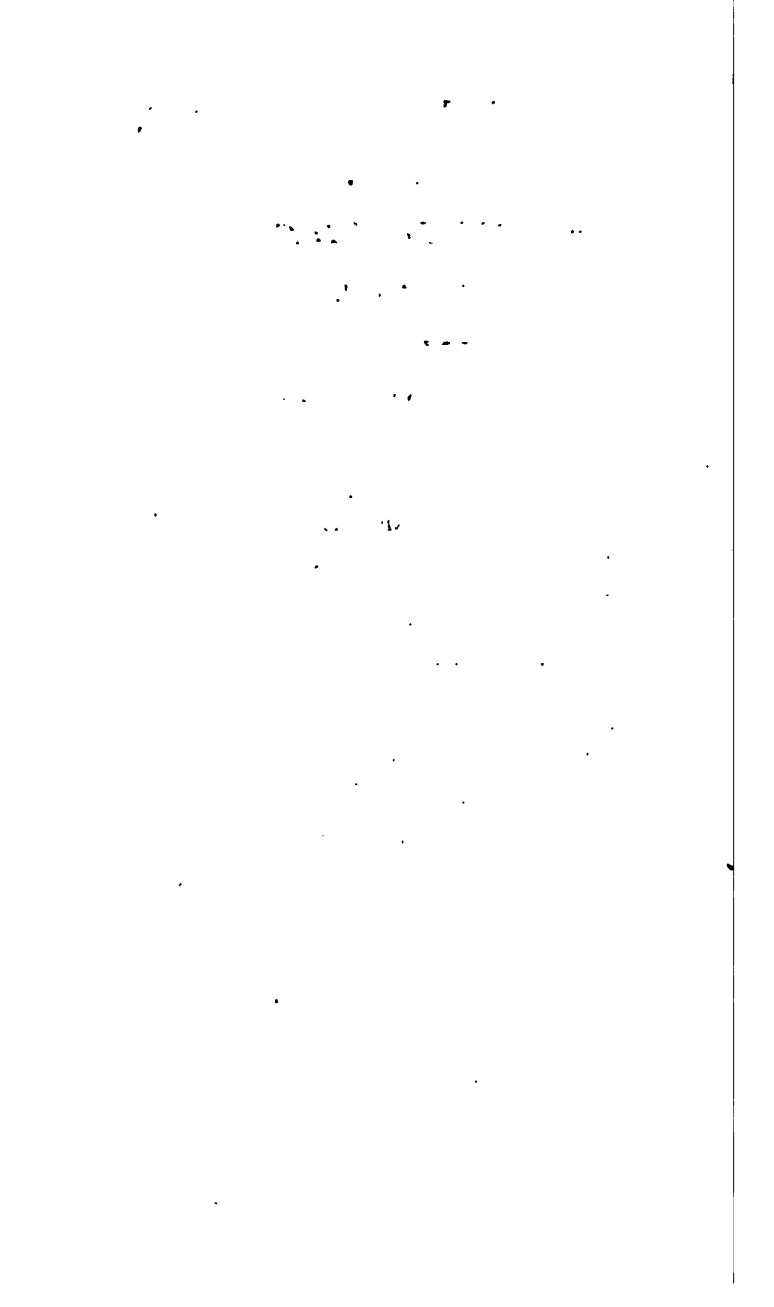
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**K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.**

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**1821.**





# SCENES AT BRIGHTON

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## CHAPTER I.

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There is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taste run it down; nor is there any thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party.

STERNE.

**F**ALLÁCIOUS hope, or whatever the poets call it, kept up the Miss Templemores' spirits till the last moment; but when they heard the various carriages begin to chase the fly-by-nights into the P—— gates, they were constrained to confess it had flown, alas!

for ever. Their hearts till then had suppressed each contending emotion; but overcome with regret, they now burst forth into melancholy complaints and invectives. Their pain was equal to the pleasure—their mortification proportioned to the glory they had anticipated; and shrinking from the supercilious concern that would be manifested by their friends, they dreaded the approaching to-morrow.

They knew not that many were in the same predicament with themselves; many, more worthy of notice, if rank, birth, and fortune deserve it, get equally passed over and slighted; the lower tribes of the creation, by some odd arrangement, had usurped their station, and had thronged to the presence of one entitled to much better company. It was almost an honourable distinction the being left out of so mixed an assembly; and those who had not basked in this  
region

region of sunshine and folly, had the gratifying reflection instead, that they were considered *too proper* to be called in on such an occasion.

Whether we have reason on our side or no, we are all delighted with an opportunity of crowing a little over our neighbours; and with this amiable motive, Mrs. Templemore's drawing-rooms were crowded at an early hour the following morning, to the dismay and chagrin of her daughters. Many were the plans they had formed for assuming a careless indifference; but they feared a moderate share of penetration might very soon detect the imposture, and unveil their vexation to their friends.

Mrs. Tantamount was one of the number, and they soon gleaned from her discourse, that she had not been one of the elected. This was an unlooked-for consolation, and on finding one so

every way privileged had, as well as themselves, been omitted, they began to think less of the slight, and to feel reconciled almost to the consequences. The moment she was seated, she burst forth talking so loud, that no one else could be heard for her, and in so dictatorial a strain, that no one was bold enough to contradict her.

“Ecod!” she began, “such a crowd, such a set last night! I understand that we have lost nothing by not being noticed—a perfect *omnium gatherum*!” here she tucked up her lip, and screwed up her eyes, to shew the contempt that she held it in—“a perfect *omnium gatherum*!—the motive, I suppose, to shew the reigning favourite a little of common life, and, ecod, a rare specimen she has had of it! Why, there were all the *Mrs. Dogberrys* in the place there—a due assortment of haberdashers’ daughters, setting up for new gents indeed!

deed! a vast sprinkling of Æsculapian ribs, and tag-rag to be seen in abundance! No place for a baronet's daughter, and I am thankful I made not one of the party; though, had the duke of Y—— but been there, you would not have seen me thus forgotten."

There was such a mixture of congratulatory feeling and regret in every word she uttered, that could not fail in amusing her listeners; and they soon perceived that she would very readily have bartered the one to be equally quit of the other. Mrs. Tantamount, in truth, though "a baronet's daughter," was ready to go anywhere for pleasure; and while *self* was the object for ever in her view, she was yet very happy to see it surrounded by others. With income little adequate to the indulgence of the inclination, visiting was her delight; and as she was known never to think of giving parties in return, it was surprising how she ac-

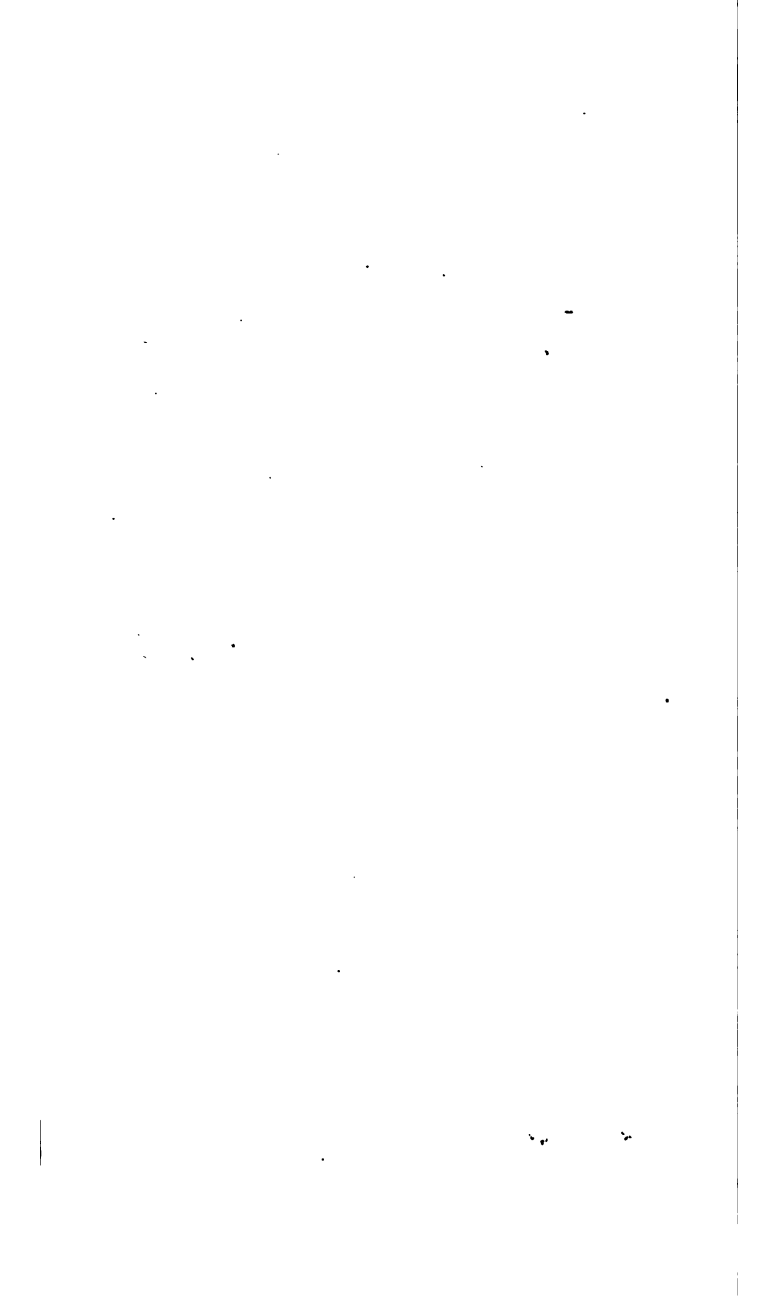
complished it; yet Mrs. Tantamount was to be met everywhere, stunning every body by the turmoil of her tongue, and shocking by the coarseness of her diction—diction more suited to the stable of a barrack than the circle she manages to move in. It is a strange mode she takes of impressing strangers with a knowledge of her consequence and fashion; and the more *recherché* the assembly she has happened to mix with, the more *recherché* she is in *polissonnerie*. With all this, she is in her own conceit a person of the highest importance, well versed in diplomatic intrigue, and up to the schemes of the court—imparts to you in confidence news found in all the papers, and fatiguing family secrets known to all except yourself.

The Miss Templemores, before the morning was over, were as well acquainted with each circumstance of the gala, as though they had also been present; and

and setting aside what they considered the *éclat* of the thing, they began to find they had lost but little in not being themselves of the party. It had been in fact nothing but Brighton *removed over the way*—the same faces, the same dresses; and though the scenery was different, the *mobility* was so great, that no one had space to enjoy it. Saving this, the economy of customs was unchanged: Mr. O'Shannon substituted his quarter-deck *hornspike* in lieu of a pastoral; sir Rollabout Useless, though blind as a beetle, was peering about for an heiress; sir Marmaduke Ptisan twirled his watchchain and seals; and the "fiddling priest" was *au-fait* at his jokes, with, as usual, nobody attending.

There are many who wish to assume the air and tone of fashion, that think they distinguish themselves more by unjust censure than by too great a facility to commend, who exaggerate every





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stream of popular attention, and had provided no possible loophole for the envious to shoot their arrows through. Rendered implacable by former defeat, their latent animosity now raged with surprising pertinacity; unrestrained acrimony was levelled from every quarter, turpitude lay couched beneath the sympathy of pity, and deprecating comparisons were coloured with condolence.

It is in this manner the thoughtless and volatile are reminded that their path is not always to be strewn with flowers; the envious trample them away, and the thorns are left alone where the roses once concealed them. In truth, it is expecting too much from humanity, to conceive that it will let a proper season pass of having a pluck at you, without taking advantage of it; and the more superior your plumage may be, the less chance you have of retaining one feather in your cap, to shew the world what has been.

been. A decided superiority has many secret enemies to combat with—enemies that only *lash out* in private, till the tide of public favour turns, and leaves you to their mercy—*mercy* that would rather see you spinning like a chaser upon a pin, than again mounting to the station they had gladly hailed your fall from.

Mrs. Templemore soon perceived that there was more attached to the being asked to the P—— than she could possibly have had any idea of; and when she found the drift of the loungers that assailed her, she was sorry she had not exerted herself, to have rendered their malice abortive. Nothing indeed would have been more easy than to have obtained the invitation through her friends, and she found that she had fixed on a most unlucky moment for retrenching the dissipation of her daughters—dissipation that she saw was leading them to no good, but rather estranging them

B. 6.

from

from that which other measures might produce them. How could she expect men to marry her daughters, when she feared they were already tired of their faces—faces seen all the morning on the Marine Parade, and at night at every party that was open to them? Domestic pursuits were given up for idle lounging, and their whole time was squandered upon those who set little value on the enjoyment: all their ideas were wrapped up in conquest, and their judgment was only used towards directing its attainment; surrounded by flatterers, yet receiving no substantial proofs of their regard, and practising expedients, without one answering to their wishes.

Till now, Mrs. Templemore's hopes had risen and fallen with their own; but she began to see things in a clearer light, and to fear that, unless some other expedients were pursued, she had little chance of providing for her two elder daughters.

daughters. She was aware that, though surrounded by professed *admirers*, they had not a *lover* among them; and she could not but applaud the sagacity of men, for the shrewdness they evinced in the distinction. It is true, they were too beautiful not to gain universal homage; but their beauty seemed spent for the advantage of others, without gaining any good for themselves. Mrs. Templemore saw all the evil, without the strength of mind to avert it; she saw that for want of a proper reserve, they would eventually be seen with indifference—be stared at one season, neglected the next, and the third sink into oblivion. Devoid of prudence or discretion, they excited admiration, without securing esteem, and forgot, in their study to please, that it is *unconsciousness* that only gives pleasure: dress and dissipation were the employment of their days; their mornings were passed in anxious wishes for the night, and the night brought

brought forth plans of pleasure for the morning. Thus did they waste their hours, ransacking the town for new objects of delight, and cultivating schemes to perpetuate the enjoyment.

It was grievous to a mother to see how much they marred their interest—how little probability there was of attaching a rational being, whose choice would redound to their credit. She remembered her own days of youth, and the reflection made her still more discontented with her daughters; for what expectation could she form for their advancement, when they appeared so little to deserve it? Were they characters to make reasonable wives, or domestic mothers? Were they the companions a man would seek to pass his life with? Would he look to such as these to sooth and share his sorrows, or trust them with his happiness, while thus perverting all their own? Weak and fallacious was the expectation;

expectation; the blandishments of beauty can charm but for a time; it is rectitude alone that firmly links the heart.

Reflections such as these almost tempted Mrs. Templemore to think of quitting Brighton and all its frivolity; she saw that while there, it was bad policy to change the *dynasty*; and the only probability there appeared of providing for her daughters, was to remove them from a scene they had entered on so rashly. Yet how could she impress on their minds the conviction of her own? how induce them to believe that it was for their good she left the mazy round—a round that brought at every step new conquests to their feet, that seemed to want but time to fashion to their wishes? It was against all this she would have to contend, and her natural indolence shrunk from the trouble of the undertaking. With her usual inertness, therefore, things were left *to take their chance*,  
and



and her daughters to get husbands, if they could, by the means they were trying to effect it.

The Miss Templemores, however, were not so blinded to their own unprofitable course as their mother had suspected; yet while they surmised the truth, they were loth to give up the pleasures they enjoyed, for the sake of the speculative chance of good more sober habits might produce them. They thought of the insipidity of solitude with horror and disgust, and their only wonder was, it had not dulled their intellects as children. To return to it again promised hopeless, endless misery, and they chased away the fear, by flying with keener relish to the amusements of the evening; but these were the fantasies of their *blue-deviled* moments. At other times, they saw a life of endless sunshine expanding wide before them; Leslie, they were sure, would never marry; and until  
that

that was likely to be the case, they might suit themselves at leisure. Cecil indeed was certain she might have sir Archibald at pleasure, and Mary had equal hopes in respect to Mr. Stanley.

The story of the *on-dits* was perfectly different; they could not look calmly on at lord Mountvillars' attention to the family, without taking upon themselves to say he was certainly engaged to one of them; which this was, with many was rather doubtful; but the more envious had declared it was, in point of fact, *the heiress*.

Where there are three sisters, it is no easy matter to detect the rights of such a case; for however inclination may prompt, it is indecorous to be seen for ever wooing her you love. *Between the acts*, the sisters come in for notice, and the world are tortured to the quick, to know the *veritable Amphitryon*. It was  
sometimes

sometimes Cecil, sometimes Mary, and there were others who declared, they never should be surprised if that little tame thing, *the poor one*, was to catch him. Why, was not so clearly demonstrated; for though he danced alternately with the sisters, no one could take upon themselves to say they had seen him with the youngest. He talked to her sometimes, and that was all; but that was enough for the magpye parliament to pass some weighty bills upon.

The knowing people of the place had set down Mary as the heiress, for they had gleaned, by some good luck, that the money belonged to one *that had*, or *that had not*, a *surname* given her by her sponsors. This was no very satisfactory intelligence to go upon; but as drowning men will catch at straws, they took it for want of a better. Cecil and *Leslie* left their notions all abroad; but *Mary* was unique, and *Mary* was the heiress.

To

To Mary, therefore, lord Mountvillars was awarded: attentions were tortured into courtship, courtship into marriage, and the whole town faced about to attend to the proceeding.

The daughters plagued their mothers, and the mothers plagued their daughters, and how to mar the whole affair became their mutual study. Some talked of congratulating the parties, as a sure method to effect it; but others urged it might put it into their heads, if by chance it had hitherto escaped them.

Shakespeare has said, "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and many were the prayers that this instance might not mar the maxim. There were others who would not believe he had one serious thought about her; and many were bold to say, that if he had, she would soon dispel them.

Yet

Yet, in spite of all this, lord Mountvillars was constant in his attendance on the Templemores; and their friends would have burst with vexation, but from the hope that seeing them so much together, in time he would get tired of them. Stanley, Steinbach, and sir Archibald, were also subject to animadversions; but they could better afford to lose all these than part with one Mountvillars—a *spec* all the nrammas had prepared themselves to pounce upon, like birds of prey to fetch him down, and lay before their daughters—daughters that were ready to cry with vexation to see him devoted to another, and stark mad with wonder that he should like such *flirty girls* in preference to themselves. Many made a point of calling on Mrs. Templemore, *to see how matters stood*, and as many made a point of staying away, to shew the indifference they felt about it.

At this juncture the gala took place  
at

at the P——; and on finding that Mrs. Templemore and her daughters were not there, their malice found a vent they had not thought to look for. This was the time to trample down the objects of their envy: the young ladies took the advantage of their absence to set at lord Mountvillars with all their might; and their mothers, by dint of looks, shrugs, hems, and ahs, set to work to prejudice with all their strength. But lord Mountvillars was impenetrable to each attack: silent he stood among them all, and on the first permission to depart, took advantage of the moment, and left the crowded circle.

Nothing was now to be done but to spit their spite at the fountain-head, and Mrs. Templemore found she must take some hasty steps to counteract their invidiousness of malice. Nothing appeared so likely to prevent it as to call her friends around her, and she fixed an  
early

early day to throw her rooms open to receive them. In an instant the tide of affairs was changed: her balls were too gay not to make every one anxious to attend them, and sweet smiles and sugared words were the methods used to ensure their blest attainment.

Such is the empty approbation of the world! lost by a trifle, and by a trifle bought again—a dissembling, a mean world—self, the main spring that excites it on to action—envy, the attendant curse that stimulates its malice—scandal and tittle-tattle take the place of more honourable pursuits, and cheat vacuity and indolence of the languor that attends them; honesty is at war with interest—rectitude with pleasure—dissipation, riot, and rapacity, are its mediums of delight; and friendship suffers wreck on the rock of vanity and selfishness. Refinements of palliation set it at peace only with itself, and censure, contempt,  
and

and satire, are lavished on its neighbours; it joys to find them tainted with vices invidious as its own, and is industrious in discovering follies, to justify detection. Specious and artful, it shields itself by pointing out new prey to the pursuit of the censorious; then triumphs in the scheme that averts its own betrayal. Virtue and magnanimity are words to suit the poet's tale, and the worldling casts them off as weak visions of the fancy.

I write not rashly ; let the world search its heart, and say this is not true? if *truth* is there, it cannot. It is no *Peter to make up the metre*, but the effervescence of the thoughts that are excited, by witnessing the perverted bent of degenerate human nature. Selfishness is now become the concomitant of humanity, malevolence and envy are abstracting it from all its better feelings, and great talent only leads it further from the performance



ance of its duty. The depraved pursuits of genius eradicate virtuous inclinations, turpitude and malice are fiends that occupy the heart, prudence is spurned because inadequate to pleasure, and pleasure is the empty toy that breaks the bonds of social justice.

## CHAPTER II.

Not monkeys can be more ridiculous,  
 Besides the infamy you must contract  
 In the opinion of the good and wise.

SHADWELL

.....

ho would not be a wit, at so trivial a charge as that of  
 suffering a little by a *corn* and a tight shoe?

*Comforts of Human Life.*

.....

"Hunting, with hound-like nose,  
 Into that hornet's nest, a hive of woes."

I do not know a greater nuisance than  
 rainy day!" exclaimed sir Archibald  
 Murray, mournfully looking from the  
 windows of the Steine Library, and fix-  
 ing his little black eyes intently on the  
 earest puddle, to ascertain if it still  
 continued; "it spatters like the deuce,  
 and it will not hold up till midnight."  
 Here he fetched a sigh, and cast a look

of mournful feeling towards the clouds. —“ Not enough even of the Anglesea blue to make an under-waistcoat, much less a pair of cossacks, for those lumberlogs, the Dutchmen. It is uncommon dull work being pent up here all day : there is no torment equal to such weather.”

“ What do you say to a tight boot ?” asked captain Auckland, hitting his heel as he spoke against the floor, and wincing with the agony of endeavouring to shift the posture of the part afflicted ; “ what do you say to Hoby’s true touch, with a *nutmeg* packed up as a passenger ?”

“ Boil it as the pilgrim did his peas,” said Stanley, looking for a moment from his paper.

“ Oh ! take a hint from Aaron and Moses,” observed another, “ and carve away, as they threatened to do their ugly Jewish noses.”

“ My plan,” interrupted Lovelace, “ is

as Moses said to Aaron, that is, as they are so much *the go*, the best plan is to wear them."

"You are talking poetry as Moliere's *bourgeois gentilhomme* did prose, without knowing it," said Auckland, and he tried to laugh, but it would not do; the pain made him sick at heart, and hopping across the shop, he sat down by the side of Stanley. Again he hit his heel against the floor, and again his lip was bit with agony.

"The fellow has stuffed you in as tight as a pellet in a pop-gun," said Stanley; "and, egad! if I was you, I would draw the ramrod out, and shoot him. '*Shoot, great rusty-fusty, shoot*; such *narrow soles* as his deserve your indignation."

"Kick at him *to boot*," said sir Archibald, almost in fits with the *éclat* of having squeezed out a pun—"kick at him *to boot*, I say." He could not bear the probability of its being lost, and

again he repeated—"Kick at him *to boot*."

"*Pshoo, pshoo!*" said his friend; "he may *wax* wroth now, but his anger will not *last*; and though he *bristles* up, it will *all* be *healed* over in a minute."

"What a *cobbled* set of puns!" said a young ensign who joined the party, "though, if I had made as many, I should be as pleased—as pleased as *Punch*."

"Can you *mend* them?" asked Stanley.

"That is not *brad*," said sir Archibald, trying to slur over the r. "Another pun, 'pon my soul! and I think I have had the last of them," and again he was quite hysterical with the satisfaction it produced him.

"My *pump* has long been dry," said Lovelace; "and unless you just allow me to look in at Thunder's, to refresh my *understanding*, you will get no more from me. I am at the last *extremity*, and am positively as heavy as a *lap-stone*."

This

This nonsense only passed a very few moments of their time; there were still many hours to dinner, and how to *get them under* seemed to baffle their invention. The groans of Auckland and his boot were echoed by sir Archibald about the weather. Stanley had read every word in the papers, from their respective names down to that of the printers. Lovelace twirled round the rowel of his spur till he had cramped his leg, and fretted his finger; and the little ensign had nearly nibbled off the thumb of his glove, lost in pleasing reveries of Cecil Templemore.

Thus did four *intellectual* beings seek to pass the time, watching its lapse with gladness, feeling a weight of care removed at the end of every hour, yet languishing under the pressure of those they knew were still to come.

How many thousands are there who wake in the morning only to wish for

night—who take up a book, because they cannot think, and throw it down again, because beyond their comprehension—who fly from the dread of solitude to companions whose society gives no pleasure, and who plunge into vice and riot, because it lessens the tediousness of lassitude; passing their mornings in drowsy longings for the night, their nights in frantic follies that unfit them for the morning! Fatigued by the vacuity of their minds, they fly to frivolous avocations, and seek rather *tuer le tems*, than rationally to spend it.

“Go it,” said Lovelace, watching a drop of rain down a pane of glass of the window at which they were standing; “I match this against that, and, two to one, he has it.”

Sir Archibald caught at the pastime —“I will back this against you,” naming another drop. “See how the fellow splits it!”

“Done!”

"Done!" was uttered, and the bets ran high; the drops came in *neck and neck*, and another heat must take place to decide it. The spectators were excited to perfect rapture, and the opponents again eagerly selected their horses.

The drops started fair from the top, and went a few paces with equal advantages. Lovelace's then made a stand, and the odds ran high against him.

"Twenty to one!" said sir Archibald.

"Ram them along!" said Lovelace, and again the race turned in his favour. His was seen creeping along in a straight current, while the other took a zigzag motion.

Sir Archibald wrung his hands in agony, clicked his tongue against his teeth, and moved about his legs, as though in the act of spurring. By a



lucky transition, his again got the start; a large drop behind sent it rapidly on, and it bid fair to distance its competitor.

Lovelace rattled about his sword, as though to terrify dame Fortune once more to shew him favour; but all would not do; his racer bored cursedly on hand, while the other was making a regular descent towards the goal.

“You are dished, my boy—you are dished!” said Auckland, who had quite forgotten his pain in his anxiety for his friend—“queered! floored! ’pon my soul! fixed on the wrong cattle! Why, the statue at Charing-cross would trot it along better. How stands the odds? They will nick you of the Spanish; you will bleed——”

“A cool fifty for this damned folly!” said Lovelace, in a surly tone, turning about as he spoke, as though all hope was ended.

At

At this moment sir Archibald's *bit of blood* stopped; had a pin fallen, they might have heard it. It stopped *about an inch above its final destination*, while Lovelace's, seeming to profit by the delay, began to collect with diligence all the little tributary bubbles which lay in its way, rapidly run on with miraculous celerity, and reached the end of its labours.

Sir Archibald looked thunderstruck, while Lovelace spun about the shop like a top; he had won above a hundred pounds, and he began to plan how he should spend it.

"Turn out an entire new suit," said Auckland, who, notwithstanding the penalty he paid in the pain of his foot, could yet think of nothing but dress; "turn out an entire new suit, new gold lace, instead of turning the old, and buy a true Damascus blade to put in your best scabbard."

"While I," said sir Archibald in a whisper to Stanley, "had best go and purchase a halter, or petition for the old sword to cut my throat with."

"What do you say to the *altar* and Cecil Templemore?"

"A deuced deal more than to the halter and the sword. I will propose to her to-morrow—make myself uncommon forcible to-night—try to get out *how much* she goes for, and write a letter to say I will have her."

At this moment lord Mountvillars and colonel Clanmaurice entered the library; the latter just returned from Ireland, and beating round at every quarter to get a ticket for Mrs. Templemore's ball. The gentlemen took advantage of it, and hoisting their umbrellas, lord Mountvillars, Stanley, colonel Clanmaurice, and sir Archibald, departed to make in person the application.

"Well,

"Well, I must say," observed Mary to her sister the morning of their ball—"I must say that things have turned out much better than I possibly could have expected. Nothing is so pleasant as a party at home, and I know mamma would never have thought of it had we been to the P——."

"I grant you it is better *now*," said Cecil, "for the pleasure is to come, while whatever delight we might have experienced there would only exist in our remembrance. How spiteful the people have been about it! but I will indulge myself in the revenge to-night of not finding partners for their ugly daughters; it is quite fair to retaliate."

"Oh! quite fair," returned Mary, "if our party does not suffer from it; but nothing makes a ball go off so well as the managing to set all the frights dancing; they are so delighted," mimicking them as she spoke, "it is all so pleasant, and they all danced every dance.

Not very profitable employ for the gentlemen; but they manage so generally to please themselves, that it has at least the charm of novelty."

"The difficulty is to make them do it," said Cecil, yet agreeing to the justness of the statement; "for there are some such rebels at any control, that it is vain to endeavour to attempt it; these make me so angry, I hate even to ask them again, and a poor lamb who is ready to suffer, makes my heart ache in inflicting the sacrifice. These are some of the drawbacks in the delights of a party at home; for my part, I like to go abroad for pleasure."

"As to *drawbacks*," said Mary, repeating her words, "you may find them everywhere, if you choose to look after them; but having it so much in one's power to do as one likes at home, I think they are as thinly scattered there as anywhere. It is a great thing being able to look in the glass till the last moment,  
and

and to begin the evening without the fever of supposing that the wind has distorted your hair to the shape of a fury's. I pity the poor girls to-night, for this rain will be sadly against them; I know what it is to have one's head hammered with an umbrella, flattening it down in some parts, and the points dragging it out in others."

Cecil laughed at her whimsical description—"That is bad enough, in truth," she replied, "and is almost an equivalent to the troubles one finds at home, having to sit for an hour entertaining the first people who come, looking so wild and scared at finding themselves so premature, yet too covetous to have *enough of it* to stay away till a decent hour. Oh, the horror of the first knock, which, at a fair reckoning, breaks in upon one at least an hour before it is expected! then the rush that takes place to light a creditable number of candles, to avoid the card-tables, and to  
clamber

clamber up to the chandeliers, running against each other, and sure to attempt to light the wrong; for it is but an attempt at best, for though you cover them with the blaze, the wicks choose to remain unignitable. The result is, you burn your fingers instead of the candle, throw down the consuming paper in a fit of despair, and tremble as though you had been committing murder, when called upon to receive your friends. Then, to see them stare and glour about, counting the card-tables, the number of candles which the servant is taking in hand—how many new packs of cards, and how many old ones—peering all over one's dress, as though they meant to get every article by heart—talking all sorts of tittle-tattle, because they think they are obliged to talk, and drinking so much coffee, that you fear there will be none left for any body else."

" Oh, what a true picture !" said Mary, laughing at the caricature her sister

sister had drawn. "He best can paint them who has felt them most." I think, Cecil," she continued, "we must publish a new set of the Miseries of Human Life, and have this to begin with."

"It would take a long summer's day," rejoined Cecil, "to get to the end of them, for old Testy was placidity's self compared to you, and Sensitive's nerves *dough*, compared to mine."

"I think things affect us more than they used," said Mary, her thoughts at the same time *trying back* to past days; "either the times or ourselves are changed; for what we once considered trifles, now take the colour of vexations of the greatest magnitude."

"It is the aggregate of trifles that constitute our trouble," said Cecil, talking more rationally than she was aware of, "and I cannot set down those things as *trifles*, that so sensibly, so tenderly, affect us. What can be a greater nuisance than when you are singing a well-known air that you have selected for the display



display of your graces, for a girl to come up to you who knows something of the tune, and who good-temperedly begins to go through it with you, not understanding a word about a second, but following in the same notes close upon you, till she finds herself quite *au fait* at it, and then begins just to gallop on a note or two before you, the mamma all the while looking her applause, and smilingly pointing out the *good notion the dear child has of music.*"

"You will never forget that," said Mary, interrupting her, "and I do not think you have spoken a civil word to Mrs. Day since."

"Why, was it not enough to provoke a saint? I never was so mad in my life, and I have made a memorandum never to sing again till I have first ascertained there are no children in the room—so provoking!"

"Oh! doleful—doleful indeed!" returned Mary, "and nothing can explain how I pitied you. I knew how it  
would

he before you began, and I did  
ing I could that might warn

id Cecil, who seemed la-  
the recollection of another  
then what could be more en-  
g than the affair that happened the  
other night?"

"I am tired of talking of the P——,"  
said Mary, interrupting her.

Cecil smiled—"I do not mean *that*,"  
she said, "of miseries the *ne plus ultra*;  
when we attack that, it must have a  
day to itself. I am recounting what  
are termed the *minor* miseries; and if  
these *are* the minor, Heaven defend me  
from the major!"

"*Major* Steinbach?" asked Mary.

"Nonsense!" replied Cecil, hastily  
returning to her old subject. "What, I  
say, could be more vexing than the af-  
fair the other night at Mrs. Parkland's?  
After having indefatigably attended all  
her stupid parties, nicely *picked out* in  
our

our best, from the fallacious idea they might be gay, and never finding them any thing worth the wear and tear, think that we should at last resolve to go in the shabby things we did, discovering, too late to remedy the evil, that the party was composed of our heart's best darlings !”

“ And all our *Mrs. Grundies* there !” interrupted Mary ; “ I never was so mortified in my life ! I had on second-rate gloves—second-rate flowers, ugly tumbled things—and a *brute* of a frock, fit for nothing else but the rag-bag.”

“ Fancy me then,” said Cecil, smiling in spite of her troubles—“ fancy me, and my odious-painted trimming, so vulgar ! so the appearance of trying to look smart !—those glaring red roses—nothing men hate so much ; and then my satin shoes, dirty as the ground, crossed all over with scarlet ribbon—every one seeing, all the time, the intention was to make them look clean, and quizzing me,

no

no doubt, for the failure of my expectation. I never was so glad as when the evening was over, to escape from such a world of tribulation !”

“ A world so full of miseries,” added Mary, “ that one meets with them at every turn ! I am sure one could run up a book of them in a minute. More of the miseries. *Talking of shoes*, as Caleb Quotem says, after having squeezed your feet into a pretty little pair of satin slippers, and are as proud as possible of their appearance, find that on performing the first quadrille, the poor pent-up prisoners have liberated themselves from their torture by bursting out at the sides—no others to replace them with, but those the *proper* size for your feet, which clearly explain to your mortification the cause of the mishap with the others.”

“ There is no end to them !” said Cecil, sickening with their very recollection. “ Such a book as that would be a diary of one’s days—would be too true a tale  
to

to be perused with satisfaction, furnished out of the tortures of cross events, and established on the untoward vagaries of Fate—vagaries that in time will make one's temper as crooked as themselves. I will begin with Monday.—Miserable the first. In a party of pleasure, declaring that riding in any of the close carriages, had in requisition for the occasion, will bring on a headache, for which you feel yourself very conveniently predisposed, hoping by this manœuvre to get placed in a curricule or cabriolet; then find yourself, by the officious care of some of the sly old *chaperons*, mounted, in spite of yourself, on the coachbox, by the side of an old fat coachman, who has lived in the family a hundred years, and who thinks he may presume upon it to talk to you, and do all in his power to make the ride "*greeable like*"—the cattle and the coach as fussy as himself; and while you see all the rest of the party flying past you on the wings of speed, you and  
your

our hopeful set crawl along the road at a snail's pace, stopping every moment to clog the wheel in going down hill, and to wait the horses after coming up, while you are praying all the time, without any prospect of the sort, that the one would take fire, or the others run away with you, as the only likely means to rid you of the misery."

"You managed that very badly," interrupted Mary, "very badly indeed, and I prophesied you would. Why could you not have gone on horseback?"

"What, to have been paired off with Major Steinbach? No, no; I had set my heart on the cabriolet, and but for that old warplot, Mrs. Mason, should, without a doubt, have accomplished my purpose.

"I hate parties of pleasure," she continued; "they never go off well; every one grows discontented with the failure of some scheme, and then they indemnify themselves by plaguing their companions. Oh! there is nothing so hopeless

less as an arrangement of the sort. The call there is on you to be talkative and gay, soon scares away all the faculties to effect it—not wishing to be silent, yet thinking in vain of something apt to say—feeling angry with those who in some way have annoyed you, and vexed with yourself in being so readily annoyed.”

“The way to meet with pleasure,” observed Mary, “is, I believe, never to expect it. Our brightest rays of joy are always kindled by an unexpected spark; therefore nothing can be more hopeless than a premeditated scheme of merriment. People are brought together whose feelings towards each other are those of cat and dog, all jostling one against the other, and all failing, individually and collectively, in obtaining the end of their desires.”

“I should say that *you* had no room for uttering complainings of the sort,” said Cecil, with a look of inquiry, which  
at

at the same time put the question—"you had no fat coachman puffing at your side, but the graceful lord Mountvillars?"

Mary sighed, and then replied—"More graceful, I grant you, than your portly charioteer, but not one-half so pleasant. Leslie, I think, makes every body silent; for we rode, I assure you, the whole ten miles without scarcely uttering a word."

"Well, but you could talk?"

"And so I did, to the hedge-rows and trees, as we passed them; no one else attended; and though 'stones may have ears, and trees may not be dumb,' it was but dull work, and I soon grew tired of the colloquy."

"Was the man asleep, or composing an offer of marriage?"

"Asleep, I should have thought," returned Mary, "but for a circumstance that contradicted it. Leslie's horse, by some chance, started, so unexpectedly, that she had nearly lost her seat. In an instant



instant he was off his horse by her side, looking so anxious and so pale. I never saw a man so frightened in my life; his nerves must be very weak, for I cannot say I saw much room for danger."

"And after this I suppose you got on better?"

"No, not a bit. He was excited but for a moment, then sunk again to his former taciturnity. I assure you I longed more than once to be in the tilbury by the side of Stanley."

Cecil laughed archly at her sister, and then again commenced the miseries. — "Tuesday—let me see. Oh! it's measure full of woes!" Again there was a mischievous smile playing on her cheek—"Fastening the ringlets, which lend their aid towards decorating your head—fastening them in, I say, so lightly, that they may have the appearance of nature; then finding that in performing *les graces à merveille* to a turn, that you have

have left a few of them hanging to the buttons of your partner's sleeve, who has not held his arm up high enough to allow you to perform with impunity the evolutions so hostile to art."

The two sisters for a moment smiled without speaking, which at length Mary interrupted, as, blushing a deep red with the recollection, she said—"Oh, Cecil! I hate to hear its very mention. My only comfort is, that I think no one perceived them but yourself. My flowers all came out with them; therefore they were not so obvious, and if they had been seen, I cannot but fancy that ere this some *kind considerate friend* would have made me understand it: folks are not too good-tempered on these occasions."

"Indeed they are not," said Cecil, in a tone that would not have disgraced a testy; "the world is too replete with wit and wickedness to let such an advantage escape them—of too ingeni-

ous, too industrious a turn not to accommodate such a personal embarrassment as that to the ridicule of mirth and of malice. A thing of the kind once happened here."

"Not exactly," interrupted Mary; "the lady you allude to lost her *wig*, which is too harsh a cognomen for mine."

Cecil smiled at the distinction, and continued—"Your misfortune is certainly nothing in the scale with hers; she, poor woman! kept her house for a month, and when she came out, the subject was fresh as ever, and the poor *Absalom* was quizzed from all quarters—quizzed for a whole season, and then, when the next came round, some idle wasp put it in verse, and it appeared in the county paper."

"Such things would almost make one forswear the world," said Mary, sighing; "a world that preys like a pike on the fish that swim around it. In nothing are you safe from its animadversions, particularly

particularly when you provoke it; *flirts* are a rare morsel!"

She looked towards her sister, who replied—"The *mercenary* equally palatable."

There was a pause for a moment, which Mary playfully interrupted by saying—"A perfect prototype of *Mrs. Foresight* and *Mrs. Frail*."

Cecil saw the resemblance, laughed, and Mary continued—"Throwing stones, with houses made of glass"—oh, Cecil, Cecil! in these words, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels—take care of one another, and grow better friends than ever."

This little insurrection put an end to the *miseries*, and they left their apartment together.

CHAPTER III.  
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There is a species of minor wit which is much used, and much more abused; I mean railery. It is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see daily the quarrels and hearthurnings that it occasions.

CHESTERFIELD.

EVERY THING began to give signs of the *blow-out* to take place in the evening, for every one was lending their aid towards promoting the general cause of what is emphatically called *turning the house out of window*. The chairs and tables were already dislodged from the drawing-rooms, to make way for the live lumber that were soon to occupy their station; the carpet was up, and the housemaid, on all fours, in one part, scrubbing away with all her fury.

Mrs.

Mrs. Templemore and Leslie were arranging some greenhouse plants in large ornamental baskets, when the two young ladies entered. These were an agreeable surprise to them, and they were some time before they could express the delight it gave them.

“ We only want the floor chalked,” continued Cecil, “ to make it a perfect paradise. I wish we could have it done.”

“ While you are about it,” said Mrs. Templemore, dryly, “ why not increase the wish to coloured lamps, transparencies, and wreaths of fancy flowers? just as likely to come to pass, and equally easy to pay for them.”

Cecil looked rather angry, for she could bear ridicule from every body better than when it was coupled with the sarcastic manner of her mother. She was silent, and was walking away to hide the feeling, when Leslie affectionately prevented her, saying—“ Let me be the

sprite to realize your wishes. No doubt lamps are to be procured; and if they are, dear Cecil, you shall have them."

"May I, mamma?"

Mrs. Templemore kissed her cheek, for there was a winning sweetness in her tone never to be resisted.

"But the chalked floor?" said Mary; "no one here, I think, professes the sort of thing, and without that, to my idea, other ornaments are superfluous."

"Why cannot we do it ourselves?" asked Cecil, eyeing the dimensions of the room as she spoke. "A border round the space set apart for the quadrilles is quite sufficient, and we could accomplish it in no time. A side and an end for you, Mary, and the same for me—a trifle, that would be finished in the space of an hour!"

"Pray tell the servant to be ready with her pail to wipe off your folly when you

you are tired of it," said Mrs. Templemore, "for I reckon you will only destroy the order of the room before you readily dispense with the labour."

"There is no labour, mamma, in scrawling a border of——" Again her eye measured the room—"of about fifty yards at farthest."

Leslie interrupted her—"Not fifty yards, Cecil, for I shall be delighted to lessen the number."

"How? You cannot draw."

"Try me," she said, "and you shall see I will perform my task with the hands of a cunning workman."

The room was soon measured out, and with great dexterity they began their occupation. Leslie's portfolio furnished them with *Arabesque* patterns, and every thing promised to answer their expectations.

"With what various feelings the light fantastic toe will efface our morning's labour!" said Mary, moralizing for a moment as she slackened in her task.

"The *toe*," said Cecil, "seems to me to have but one feeling; you have advanced your statement wrongly."

Mary smiled and continued—"I mean, how different the hopes and fears that inhabit various bosoms! some bounding along, light as the joyous visions that entrance them, others assuming the semblance of joy, to cheat them of their troubles."

"I never found dancing do them any good," said Cecil, working away with all her power, "for however swift you may skip along, they are sure to overtake you; yet I believe there are many who hide, under shadows of joy, the substance they have in their sorrows."

Leslie looked towards her sisters; but
perceiving

perceiving they had forgotten any one was present but themselves, she again busied herself in her labour.

"I wonder if we shall have all our friends to-night?" asked Cecil, after a silence of some moments.

"All, no doubt," returned Mary; "our friends convenient, friends agreeable, and friends elegant; the whole lot of them, take my word for it."

"How do you so define them?" asked Cecil. "I know none that in any way act up to your distinction."

"The first class," continued Mary, "are those who administer to our necessities—so disagreeable in every other light, that we should certainly discard them if we knew how to get on without them. In the *corps dramatique* they would be called *chorus-singers*—in the *corps de ballet*, *figurantes*, and with us watering-place people they are the *ballast* that keep our pleasure-boats from
D 5 upsetting.

upsetting. The object to be desired in a party is a crowd: Chesterfield terms it a *mob*; this mob must be procured, for the not having room to sit, stand, or breathe, gives a gala prodigious distinction. Providing *picked men* for these occasions is impracticable, and thus, as every dog is sure to have his day, the halt, the lame, and the blind, are had in to fill up the crevices—are brought forward as foils for the meteors of society, a deeply-shaded mass, to contrast their *foreground* fascination."

"You talk like a *tailor*," said Cecil, "that is, much more than you work; but pray continue, for I am anxious to come to the *friends agreeable*."

"Were I to humour you, Cecil, I should name the *little ensign*; but, in my conscience, I cannot admit him; he is a puppy—a decided dandy, which, of all the disgusting animals that infest society, is certainly the most contemptible—exhausting all his talents in the cut and the

the set of his coat, and exchanging respect and consideration for the gewgaws of notoriety."

"I presume," said Cecil, "you are clearing the course for Stanley; but there are too many blots in his escutcheon for him to be received *namine contradicente*. You have provoked me to take up arms, and now hear me cry down your magpie."

Mary seemed much more diverted than annoyed, and Cecil continued—"A creature made up of mischievous prattle—prattle, which, in whatever light we view it, vanity appears the predominant figure on the canvas, while in the background are seen sneering satire, growling censure, restless petulance, grinning ridicule, and frowning contempt."

Mary laughed outright, and Cecil, more petulant than ever, continued—"He is a man who fondly conceives he possesses such fascinating powers of conversation, that every one must listen to

him with rapture, and thinks he is court-
ed for the special purpose of entertaining,
which he effects by retailing anecdotes
twenty times repeated, and by cutting
foolish puns that would disgrace a village-
jester. Then he has a trick of indulging
in what he would term *pleasantry*, that
is, to sketch with the pencil of sarcasm
the features of each of his friends, in
which every foible is unhesitatingly
dragged to view, to raise a momentary
laugh, and to gratify his own ambition;
he is fonder of displaying the frailties
than the virtues of his fellow-creatures,
and their vices are exposed to view to
furnish food for his whimsicality. He
is a man whom neither reproof nor
praise, admonition nor persuasion, defeat
nor victory, can induce to hold his
tongue—an indulgence that makes him
more ridiculous than either you or him-
self seem aware of. Destitute of judg-
ment, yet loquacious on every subject,
and whether competent or not, the world
would

would end if he did not speak, when, not content with giving an opinion, he permits the most irrelevant ideas that are jumbled together freely to obtrude themselves, which prove him unacquainted with systems while launching into science, and that he is trusting to an active genius to make up for want of information. Thus deficient, he speaks on every topic advanced; but, like the mercenary troops of an enemy, his shallow endowments seldom cooperate with each other. They do not support with energy the common cause, and every new accession of ideas, for want of stamina, are like undisciplined recruits, who exhibit an appearance of power without being in any ways formidable. Ambition is his besetting sin—a morbid ambition, that not only teaches him to rival his competitors in grinning like a clown through a collar, but tempts him to the risk of attaching a heart that is more fitly sued by his betters.”

“As

“As far as rank and riches go,” interrupted Mary; “for if you mean lord Mountvillars, in nothing else do I see the superiority; and to tell you the truth, I like Stanley over and over again a thousand times in preference to his lordship.”

Leslie started from her knees; the chalk fell from her hands, and clasping them together, in a piercing tone of joy she exclaimed—“Heaven be praised! powers of mercy, I am thankful!”

“Thankful for what?” asked her sisters, suddenly moving round to observe her. “You look quite animated, Leslie! What on earth has possessed you?”

She had again placed herself in her former posture, and in a hesitating tone she said, as she again resumed her employment—“I am thankful, because I have just turned the corner.”

She said this with many intermissions of speech, but which again grew animated as she proceeded—“I am thankful,”
she

she added, her eyes glistening as she spoke—"I am thankful that one care, one anxiety, is put an end to."

There was more meant than met the ear, but her sisters took it in its literal sense, and congratulating her on the superior progress she had made to themselves, they again left her to prosecute her labours undisturbed.

"As we do not seem to agree," continued Mary, "in our ideas of the *agreeable*, shall I turn to the description of our *friends elegant*?"

Cecil gave an ungracious assent, and Mary again for a moment was silent. At length she said, returning once more to the old bone of contention—"It seems to me, Cecil, that you have abused Stanley for the very talent you excel in yourself, for I must say I never heard him cut up any one so dexterously as he has now been dissected at your hands;
yet

yet surely to make your friends laugh is a very innocent employment, and though, like epicures, nothing will go down now but highly-seasoned dishes, is the poor cook therefore to be blamed because he makes them to their fancy? Railery and scandal are now the components essential towards promoting polite conversation; they are the very fashion of the day; therefore let those be reprobated, who, by giving it such countenance, contribute to the snares they fall into themselves. It is they must answer for the sin who make it—not he who for the fashion takes it; begging Butler's pardon for the parody."

"Your position is satisfactory to a superficial glance," said Cecil, "and it is arguments such as these that tend to encourage the evil—that strengthen the perversions of vivacity, and help to increase the corruptness of the human heart. With such a reservation, the tongue runs riot, reason is hoodwinked by

by the flashes of *esprit*, and, like the poor toad, harassed and wounded by the narrow, the individual suffers for the frolic of his friends. Thus the barriers of society are broken down, and we blush not to be amused by the frailties of our neighbours, forgetful that while we laugh at the mutilated character of another, the freedom should make one tremble for the safety of ourselves. I do not like scandal," continued Cecil, "and I hope I never shall; for notwithstanding, Mary, you soften it down to *modern good-breeding*, I must think, with justice Woodcock, that it is of much more affinity with *old-fashioned impudence* than the times are ready to allow."

"You seem," interrupted Mary, "not a little out of humour with these said times; what more have they done to perplex you? I shall not be surprised to see you turn hermit some of these days, and moan out your cares in a wood."

"No, no," returned Cecil; "a wood,
is

is too dull a scene for me. If I turn hermit, it will be an opposition *Hermit in London*. It is no use to be at the trouble of *making the sage*, unless you have those round you to plague with your sarcasms. Owls may talk to kings; but I fear they would be stupid companions for me."

"In truth," said Mary, "I believe the world contrives to come up to your criterion of delight, however you may measure its iniquity; and when you consider that we are placed here among so many good things, it is neither to be wondered at that we scramble to attain them—that we are fertile in expedients to secure scantlets of happiness, or that we are dexterous in artful strivings to appropriate substantial blessings. But these studies are too abstruse—these disquisitions too profound for me," she continued, jumping up from her recumbent posture, and twirling a few pirouettes in the centre of their employment. "My back
is

is as bent as a rainbow, and it will cost me more pain to resume the straight line than it did to accommodate its form to our labours. I wish we had completed it."

"And I too, with all my heart," said Cecil, resting on her elbows.

"It will be highly amusing to-night," continued Mary, "to see the curious *pas* and *faux pas* that will tread our magic circle; some so gravely dodging it in and out, others grinning all the time, to shew the little pains it cost them; then to see the girls manœuvring to get fresh partners! There is nothing so amusing as to watch the policy of a ball-room; some breathless with exertion, others with anxiety, yet all frisking about to the same tune that is expected to lighten their labours."

"But what is to lighten ours, Mary, if you continue to play truant?"

"One more pirouette, and I have done. Let me just shew you how captain

tain Auckland dances—a perfect pitchfork set in motion, his feet always maintaining the same distance apart, while he chaises his body at random.”

No one could resist laughing at her caricature, and after one or two more imitations, she again knelt down and resumed her employ.

“I wonder if dancing will ever go out of fashion?”

“Till people take as much pleasure in cultivating their *heads* as they now do their *heels*, certainly never.”

“I hope it never will,” again rejoined Mary, “for a ball-room is my delight; it gives one the opportunity of enjoying a *tête-à-tête*, without encroaching in the least on the scrupulous attention to propriety fastidious decorum has established.”

“I have heard a ballroom termed,” said Cecil, “a *salon of love*—a sort of
Cupid’s

Cupid's Royal Exchange—a Matrimonial Lottery Office.—

"Where, as is the custom in those speculations," interrupted Mary, "a hundred blanks are turned up to one prize. Who do you intend dancing with to-night?"

"You might as well ask me," said Cecil, "who do you intend to marry? for the answer would be the same—anybody that asks me. What are your plans?"

"To spirit Lord Mountvilliers into making proposals. His attentions are too obnoxious, I am sure, not to keep others off; so it is but fair that I should turn them to some advantage. To judge from his actions, a very little will do it; and my only wonder is, that he should go so far as he does without giving me one reason to believe that he ever intends to go further; but a ball-room often settles these things in a minute—things that would take whole ages of common life
to

to bring about. Leslie, you look tired," continued Mary, anxiously regarding her sister; "this tiresome freak of ours is too much for you. One moment you look as white as the chalk you are using, and the next—look how red she has turned!" addressing Cecil.

"What are we to do?" asked Cecil, in something like a *fuss*; "what shall we do if we all get tired? There is now nearly three yards to do, and it is almost four o'clock. I wish we had not begun it, for mamma will never cease laughing at us, should we not be able to get it done."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and before they had time to deny themselves, the party of gentlemen from Donaldson's were ushered into the room.

The Miss Templemores were somewhat confused at being caught in so servile

vile a situation; but the admiration their work excited soon set them quite at ease, and they were not at all sorry for the interruption, as their visitors offered to finish the border for them, as a return for their being admitted.

Much amusement ensued in establishing them with the proper quantities of chalk, and in shewing them the use of the pattern; but their industry ceased with the novelty of the thing, and in a short time Leslie was the only one true to her undertaking. Cecil and Mary were delighted in again meeting with colonel Clanmaurice, and all recollection of the necessity of completing their task vanished with the sight of him.

Colonel Clanmaurice was a man of about thirty—a *Paddy*, and possessing a better fortune than many of his countrymen can lay claim to; but, as they are proud of saying, their money is *neither*

to bring about ~~the~~, for they are too continued ~~to~~ be very well received her sister ~~and~~ if they are not born with is too ~~a~~ spoon in their mouths, it is ~~for~~ own faults if they do not place it ~~there~~ before they die.

The peculiarity of the Irishman's character is eminently flattering to women, for though they can at will assume the proper port of a Hercules, their pleasure is to become the slave of Omphale; not *one* Omphale, but twenty such; the more the merrier, while, "ah! on my soul, they're in love with them all."

It is a well-known fact, that women universally prefer their society to that of any other men; they are better acquainted with the modes of pleasing, their manners are more animated and *striking* (I mean no national reflection), and they flatter with more facility, and trifle with more grace. The Irishman
lives

in pleasure, and his pleasure is to
and while the ardour and ducti-
s character render him too at-
tend to women, they are lulled into
forgetfulness of the temporary and time-
serving passion that brings him a slave
to their feet; and though their eyes may
be perfectly open to the national incon-
sistency of the character, every woman
believes her own lover constant, till she
finds herself betrayed, and she then adds
another feather to his cap of acknow-
ledged conquest, by joining the hue-and-
cry against him. Their flint and steel
particles are sure to kindle flame, and
women's hearts take fire and consume
like tinder before them. Blinded by
the flashes of their wit, they will not
think they ever can betray, and forget
to expect, from the facility of the attach-
ment, that it promises an equal facility
to any other whose charms may put in
for a claim. By nature endowed with
wit, and of brilliant and shining qualities,
VOL. III. E they

they freely emit the sparks of gaiety kindled by the collision of society—their natural conviviality leads them to the love of wine, and wine helps to increase their natural love for women.

Colonel Clanmaurice was all this and more—was every thing by turns, and nothing long—a *bon vivant*, *un homme d'esprit*, *un gallant homme*, *et un homme gallant*; and what embraces all these in their most extensive sense, he was what the English designate by the term of *a damned good fellow*—a term that has been analysed, and found to convey the opinion of every thing that is bad. Be that as it may, the colonel's society was universally courted: he owed his birth to Ireland, and nothing more; and he thought from that he was licensed to abuse it as much as he pleased: he hated the place, and never went near it, but when prompted by self-interest, to coax and caress an old rich uncle, who pro-
mised

mised to increase his worldly possessions by the bequest of his own. He had just existed a sufficient time in the land of *potatoes*, to imbibe a nate touch of the accent—would invariably substitute the *o* for the *a*—designate every thing by the term *hondsone* that pleased him, and tell you, with all the lightheartedness of his country, how *shuperfluous* were the *trobblings* of care; yet he had no idea that he carried the signs of the country that gave him birth—hated the brogue more than he could possibly express, and would as soon think of saying he liked *staggering bob*, as that he patronized the sweet pea-whiskey. He had indeed no respect for the green isle of Erin—an unworthy member, who quizzed the community to any one that would listen to him.

He had just given Stanley a whimsical account of its economy, swearing at the same time he could not wonder at the

dislike the frogs and toads had to inhabit it, and declaring that when once the old gentleman was a *bit of stiff*, nothing should ever tempt him to sojourn in the place again.—“ Now to give you the least taste in the world of it,” he continued, “ I will divide the *cratures* into three classes, and then you will have them all before you, in that broth of a city, Dublin. There are the inhabitants of the first floor, the natives of the parlour, and the aborigines of the kitchen. In the first floor, they are all promise without performance, good humour and grandeur, claret and complaisance; in the parlour, they are oaths and ostentation, bronze and blarney, wit and whiskey; and in the kitchen, rags and rudeness, stench and stupidity, dirt and dram-drinking. Och! and then the gentle walk you have to take across the water! women squeaking—bilge-water shifting—ship rolling—waves dashing, and all in a comfortless state of unsettlement,

as to what troubles may come to us next."

He had an odd manner with him, that never failed to procure him hearers, and seeing the attention he had excited, he continued—"Then you should have seen the scrape a poor couple got into, who were coming *to this* to be married: bigamy among the brutes goes for nothing; and but for the blunder of having got into the same ship that contained his wife, who was on her travels to look after him, every thing would have gone off well.—'A gale of wind shortly,' says the captain, who was *awake* to the rock they had split on.—'Heaven forbid!' said I.—'There is sure to be a breeze, at any rate,' he returned, 'for we have a termagant they little dream of down in the steerage.' At this moment the rolling of the vessel caused the fair Statira to come on deck for a little fresh air, and then began the din of arms, and, oh gods, how they did fight! Notwithstanding

my sufferings, mental and corporal, from danger and delay, I could not help lending a curious eye to the marvellous conflict. Understand me rightly—I did not literally lend an eye to either of the combatants, only figuratively; for if I had, it would have returned to its owner, like pots, kettles, and saucepans, much blacker than when first borrowed. Och! he was a bold man, for he sought to marry two wives, and he fought with them with equal valour and intrepidity. How they wrestled! then they bruised, and when they could not vent their spite upon each other, they discharged their gall upon the foaming sea, and made the inhabitants of the deep partake of their bitterness. It was a doubt with me which was most against their stomachs, the blows, or the ocean. By turns they looked sick, by turns sorry, and I left them with redoubled rage setting-to to take another round; and no doubt by this time there is no more of them left,
than

than there was of the two famous Kilkenny cats. That now is a story told against us, and serves us right too—och, we are a clumsy set! and I never would trouble my country again, if my little potatoe ground did not trouble me.”

The Miss Templemores knew nothing of all this; they could not anticipate the unnational sentiments he professed; and Mary congratulated herself as warmly on having just read Lady Morgan’s Florence M’Carthy, as Cecil did that she should be able to talk to him out of Phillips’s speeches.

“They are the *schoolboys of the heart*,” remembered Cecil, “and I will tell him so the first opportunity.”

“*Ireland can best be served in Ireland*,” repeated Mary, “and my attack shall be praises to his patriotic nature.”

“*By nature ardent, by instinct brave, and by inheritance generous; the chil-*

dren of impulse, they cannot avoid their virtues; and to be otherwise than noble, they must not only be unnational, but unnatural. That will do," said Cecil; "I can talk upon this for an hour, and nothing so soon creates an interest, as a flattering panegyric on the character."

The party however were too noisy for them to have the opportunity of *making much way*; and understanding his desire of being invited to their ball, they reserved their acquired discernment for the evening. Stanley was particularly animated, sir Archibald strove all he could to be agreeable, colonel Clanmaurice was never still a moment, and Steinbach, who had joined their party, afforded as much amusement by his whimsical mistakes, as the others did by their quickness of fancy. Lord Mountvillars was the only sedate member of the community; for though he would join in the repartee for a moment, and electrify his

his hearers by the sudden and brilliant flashes of his wit, it was only for a moment; the next he relapsed again into the restless and unsettled being his friends but too often found him. Wrapt up in his own sombre thoughts, he wandered from one drawing-room to the other, unheeded by the merry group that occupied the one, and apparently so by the indefatigable Leslie in the other. But Leslie's heart was too true to its weakness, not to know when he was near her—not to rapidly hurry in its pulsation when she heard his steps approaching—not to sicken with the inconsistent thankfulness of joy, when again they were receding.

The hurry of her occupation, joined to the agitation his vicinity excited, had tinged her cheek with a bright scarlet tint; and the massive plaits of her dark brown hair, the snowy whiteness of her Indian robe, joined to the exquisite sym-

metry of her prostrate figure, gave her the appearance of a lovely idolatress worshipping the sun. Lord Mountvilars stood and gazed for a moment, then turned away, and seemed again to forget that she was present; yet again he approached her, and again receded, apparently without the perception that any one was near him.

Contending emotions warred in Leslie's bosom—she almost feared to stay; yet the necessity for flight appeared as the weak chimera of her fancy. She believed that he observed her not; and to substantiate the truth, she shook her ringlets back that had fallen over her eyes, and cast a hasty glance towards him. His were fixed upon her in doubtful admiration, and as their glances met, he seemed irresolute whether to advance or to retreat; but there was an attraction in the look he had met, that seemed to conquer his indecision; and after an un-
availing

availing attempt at resistance, the next instant he found himself by her side.

Leslie had witnessed not these struggles; she had resumed her occupation, and was again mechanically attempting to trace her figures on the floor, when he, the secret object of her adoration, threw himself beside her. With breathless anxiety she awaited the result, fearing that he would speak, and seeking to steady the tremors of her frame, that she might not betray her weakness when called upon to answer him; but a moment's reflection left little dread of the kind, for there had lately been so great a distance of manner kept up between them, that she almost smiled at the feeling that led her to expect it.

Lord Mountvillars did not speak, but appeared to her to be examining the various kinds of chalk that lay near her; and hoping that these were the sole ob-

jects of his attention, she endeavoured to resume at least the appearance of composure; but lord Mountvillars' gaze was earnestly fixed upon her—rivetted on the sweet melancholy imprinted on her face—entranced on the beautiful form, that gracefully reclined so near him. He was about to address her, when he perceived himself observed from the other apartment, and on major Steinbach's addressing something to him in German, he took up the chalk, and silently prepared to assist her.

The pencil trembled in Leslie's hand; and as she continued to trace the Arabesque figures, they betrayed by their zigzag outline the tremor her frame was enduring. In an attitude that rendered her loveliness still more lovely, she threw herself back, rested upon one arm, and laying down the crayon, seemed about to give up the undertaking.—
“Do not take pattern by mine, lord Mountvillars,”

Mountvillars," she said, seeing that he was observing what she had done, "do not take pattern by it, for I am too tired to draw correctly."

A heightened blush suffused her cheek as she encountered his brightly-beaming eye; and to escape from his penetrating glance, that seemed to search her inmost heart, she again busied herself in her occupation. There was so little space left to be filled up, that they were both employed in tracing one pattern; and as their pencils abruptly passed each other, Leslie's hand more than once came in contact with his. The touch thrilled through her frame—she found her situation admitted of no alternative, and a moment's hesitation determined her choice. She again threw down her pencil, and was about to quit the scene.

Lord Mountvillars was soon aware of her intention, and without uttering a syllable,

syllable, he gently detained her with one hand, while with the other he traced these words upon the floor.—“ Hate me, Leslie, but, in pity, do not fly me !”

Leslie was staggered in her purpose, for there was a tender pleading in his look that could not be resisted ; and again her eyes, to escape from the softened expression of his, sought the ground, and again rested on his petition, while, dreading that it should be seen, with her disengaged hand she instantly effaced it.

Lord Mountvillars still detained her other hand, and feeling the questionable-ness of the situation, she sought to withdraw it from him. As though fearing to part with it, he resisted the endeavour ; and there was a suppliant feeling in the pressure he gave it, that again left her powerless, and uncertain how to act.

Encouraged

Encouraged by the success of his last attempt, he a second time traced his wishes on the floor, and Leslie was entreated, in even more forcible language, a second time, not to leave him. She became every moment more embarrassed, less able to quit the scene, yet feeling the necessity every instant becoming stronger. Her hand was still closed in the firm pressure of his; and though she repeatedly essayed to speak her wishes for its release, the dread that she might be heard by those in the next room, effectually silenced her. In this dilemma, she had herself recourse to the materials she used for drawing, and in a hasty manner she scrawled—"You are taking unkind advantage of the circumstances that keep me silent."

There was a sweet expression of wounded feeling in her look as she concluded—a dignified chasteness of manner, that immediately checked the presumption; and first pressing the little trembling

trebling captive to his lips, with a deep-drawn sigh he released it, saying, in a low tone—"Resentment and anger, Leslie, with you are momentary feelings towards every one but myself; it is my lot to offend, and never to be forgiven."

At this moment major Steinbach joined them; and lord Mountvillars immediately rose from his feigned occupation to converse with him, leaving Leslie unmolested to put the finishing touches to the border. Their conversation was held in German—desultory, and skipping from one subject to the other, when at length, without mentioning their names, Steinbach spoke of the three sisters.

Leslie abruptly rose from her knees, and the blush that had mantled on her cheeks, tinged to her very ears, as she said—"I should be taking a hateful advantage, major Steinbach, did I not tell you that I understand German." They started, and

and Leslie, seeing his distressed look, continued—"Fear not, that I shall repeat the sentiments I have undesignedly heard you express; and I wish, with all my heart, that you may change them as readily as I shall endeavour to forget them."

There was an indignant feeling of pride visible in her manner as she concluded, and she was turning away, when lord Mountvillars detained her.—"You must not be angry, Miss Templemore," he said impressively, yet tenderly taking her hand; "you cannot be offended with sentiments that owe their foundation to truth——"

"Then much less ought I to hear them," said Leslie, interrupting him; "yet do not mistake me," she continued, sighing as she spoke, "but believe, I grieve more that so unjust a comparison should have been made, than that I should so unwittingly have become acquainted with it."

Steinbach

Steinbach all this time seemed sadly cut; he knew not much the purport of what she had been saying, and his prevailing thought was, that the moment his back was turned, she intended relating what he had uttered to her sisters.

Leslie perceived his dismay, and possessing too kind a heart to allow him to maintain so tormenting a supposition, again assured him, in his own language, that nothing was so contrary to her intention, as to repeat a conversation she had so undesignedly become acquainted with. The party now from the next room joined them, and in a few moments the gentlemen took their departure.

CHAPTER IV.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent; though sweet, not lasting;
 The perfume and substance of a minute—
 No more.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....
 Yes, go! nor let me see again
 That smile, love's treacherous token,
 Lest I once more resume my chain,
 And this poor heart be broken.

OPIE'S *Tales*.

THERE was an inconsistency in lord Mountvillars' manner, that could not pass unheeded by Leslie; but while she too sensibly felt the tenderness he at times betrayed, it gratified her not, but rather led her to distrust his former attentions, than to place any faith in those of the present. With Mary, they were
 much

much less equivocal, and, as she herself had expressed it, the only wonder was they went no further. Sometimes Leslie would fancy they sprung more from the head than from the heart—that they proceeded rather from principle than from inclination; but the next moment destroyed the idea, and the plain question, “why should he do this?” shewed her its improbability. No, if he sought her sister, it must be for herself alone—if he loved her, it was unalloyed by any sordid motive, while that he had evinced for her by his own confession, was instigated by the worldly love of gold—a mortifying discovery; and Leslie struggled hard to efface the tender infatuation his false, unstable preference had led her into; but it yet, clung to her heart in spite of her endeavours—was still dear to her, though connected with reflections that pained her much to dwell on. These, in time, must wean her from it—would teach her she was cherishing in her

her breast sentiments that she had need to blush for—sentiments that she shamed to confess the very existence of. Sometimes she fancied this wished-for hour had come, that she could meet him with calmness and with indifference; but his presence destroyed the illusion, and taught her still to tremble for the weakness of her nature.

There was a native elegance in his manners, that could not fail to undo the sobering reflections of her private hours; and when she saw him rising so transcendently superior to the swarm of fashionable flies that perpetually buzzed around them, she could scarcely wonder at the power he had gained over a weak, simple heart, that never had seen his equal. She sought in vain for his prototype, for in the world there were none like him. Some were conspicuous for disgusting rudeness, practised for affability; others for an equally-disgusting obsequiousness,

sequiousness, that set all appreciation of their minds at defiance; this entertained her with the history of a boxing-match, shewed her how they flung their *wistycasters*, expatiated on a *chanceried nob*, and repeated the names of the *swells* that attended; while others, had she given them a hearing, would have taught her the whole art of farriery, by storing her mind with the true principles of *nick-ing, docking, training, and cropping*. In the society of lord Mountvillars, her mind expanded in the pursuit of his ideas; her soul glowed at the noble effusions of his; and her heart, true to its first attachment, yet beat on in all its hopelessness of passion. But there was no pleasure in its fond indulgence; it was the struggle of love against reason, and though love was sure to win the day, reason stood by, and pointed at the victor.

Continually thus at war within herself,

self, she was far from being happy ; restless and dispirited she passed the day, and sought the solitude of her own chamber, in preference to joining the empty dissipation of the night. She thought of her days of childhood passed in the ceaseless sunshine of delight, and she sighed on comparing them with those of the present.

The death of her idolized friend was her first sorrow ; long she had mourned her loss, and when time had ameliorated the desolation of her soul, and planted a portion of contentment there, it all vanished at the touch of love. The heart wants something to rest upon, but Leslie's was doomed to meet with disappointment ; she saw lord Mountvillars ; nature appeared to her in new colours—hers was the affection that not unsought was won ; for though she was deceived, he had appeared for some time to possess reciprocal affection ; all was hope—it was
more

more; it was the day-dream of the fancy, too bright, too sweet, to be realized. Leslie thought she was beloved, and found herself mistaken.

The colour of our fate is but too often tinged by our first affections, and Leslie's promised nothing but patient misery; she joyed in nothing but sad ruminations on the past, and gloomy prognostics of trials yet to come. The passion that had once dilated her heart with bliss, now became its trouble, reproached perpetually with her tears, and corrected by the same hand that had once administered to its weakness.

Her attachment indeed was no longer happiness; yet while the presence of the object was inimical to its extirpation, she could not forego the pain thus blended with the pleasure. Still however she reasoned on the folly—still urged the necessity of obliterating her love, for an
object

object that could offer her nothing to counterbalance the misery she was a prey to. She had felt her heart beat responsive to his own, and she had yielded it up without reserve, believing that she could never repent the confidence of placing it where excellence such as his enticed it from her.

It was by degrees that his character had developed itself, and she found, too late for her peace, that he had many, many faults—errors the most insufferable to the uprightness of her nature. Grief and bitter disappointment overwhelmed her; but her love, once raised on the semblance of moral goodness, still fondly hung to the recollection of the visionary virtue; but where was that elasticity of heart that repelled pain—where the sanguine chimeras of unbroken hope? The enthusiasm had passed away with the truth that had supported it—perished with trust betrayed—extin-

VOL. III. F guished

guished with the singleness of heart that had led it to its ruin.

Sometimes Leslie would think herself deceived, and that he loved her still; that circumstances, known only to himself, induced his altered conduct; and that the tenderness he at times betrayed, was still the pent-up inmate of a perplexed heart. The opinion, once indulged, gained strength from circumstances difficult to be defined, and she clung to the image raised by her morbid fancy. Thus the passion she yet indulged, rendered it hard to be believed that she had ceased to interest the object of her tenderness; and while he acted as though there was still room to hope, futile were the arguments cooler reason suggested. But it was an unsatisfactory expectation she was indulging in; each attention he paid her sister, struck a deep chill to her heart, and she gave herself up to the conviction, that the being on whom her whole

whole existence depended, had but too surely left her for another. The poignancy, the tortures of the feeling, were not to be described—all seemed blank in futurity, and she felt that she could readily forswear the world, to ponder in secret on the recollection of brighter hours passed away for ever.

Oh, how painful when comparing the present with the past!—how heart-breaking to find that the voice that had haunted her in solitude, thrilled through her agitated soul in society, was breathing tenderness in the ear of another! Yet still did she hang entranced on those features that had once smiled upon her—asked, in a frenzy of the mind—“Can it be true so vast a change?” and almost wished to find the reason in herself, to spare so harsh an accusation from being pronounced on him she loved. Yet vain was every subterfuge: she remained but too truly the same. Lord Mount-

F 2

villars

villars alone had changed; the ties of sympathy still existed in her heart, while those which had once vibrated in concert to them were gone, alas, for ever!

He was happy far from her—happy with an object least calculated even to bring back her very recollection. Nothing indeed could be more distinct than her own character and her sister's; and to love the one, was evincing to the other how little she could be cared for. Thus was Leslie situated, and what consolation could the world afford to sorrows such as hers? Despair, deep-rooted in her heart, was feeding on the love she cherished, and she had no relief from the soothings of pity, for pride imposed the necessity of concealing this inward consuming woe. Whole evenings, which before had been passed by her side, were now spent in administering attentions to her sister—evenings where all beside remained the same, to
attest

attest the change that she alone had suffered.

The loss of the heart we love is a calamity the mind shudders to contemplate; it is a sorrow that admits no limits; existence becomes a burden, and we would willingly shut out the light that shews us not, as wont, the fond looks of those we love; our whole being is changed from life to death; we call to mind incidents that prove our misery perfect—incidents that tell too true that we have ceased to be the object of affection, that the being on whom we had fixed our choice has left us for another.

What consolation, I again repeat, can the world afford to grief like this?—none. The only thing that remains, is to forego the sight of him whose presence reminds too strongly of the past, and blasts too surely our prospects of the future—whose conversation renders re-

gret more sharp—whose indifference tortures the heart that breaks to its undoing. Repulsed by something more cruel than hatred—stripped of consolation, what good can it bestow?—none, but to tempt the heart still to love on, when respect and hope are exhausted.

Leslie *did* love on; but the passion was locked within the confines of her own bosom; she saw that his moments were given to another, and she betrayed not the weakness that threatened to destroy her. To see him was all she asked; she would not tamper with the love he bore her sister, and she sought not to revive the affection he once had cherished towards her. With this she again retired within herself, never addressed the false object that filled her heart, and sought to avoid all that might make him conscious of her presence.

It was while following this conduct a
ray

ray of light burst on her ; and the idea that he loved her still, filled her heart with new-found rapture ; but it was rapture that could not last : the next moment saw him constant to her sister, and Leslie was forced to confess again she was mistaken. Yet again the tenderness of his soul would beam upon her—again the feelings of the past revive, and she felt the heart once hers, though separated by a barrier independent of his will, was true to its attachment ; but in a moment these illusions were destroyed, and she suffered more from the transitory reprieve her hasty fancy brought her. This mockery could not long succeed, and the soft words of lord Mountvillars misled her mind no longer. Vainly he essayed to gain a patient hearing ; she shunned him, scoffed his kindness, and trusted him no longer.

CHAPTER V.

Is it fit thou shouldst sit up whole nights, baking thy blood with hectic watchings? Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms, check thy perspirations, evaporate thy spirits, waste thy animal strength, dry up thy radical moisture, impair thy health, and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age. STERNE.

.....

Blessed is he who hath no expectations, for he shall not be disappointed. POPE.

Mrs. Templemore's ball went off, as all those gay sort of doings generally do. The young ladies, who had danced their hearts out, were delighted; while those whose shoes had enjoyed a sinecure, were on the *qui vive* to pull it to pieces. It had been literally crammed, for the supper was known to be coming from Carter's, and all the world were inclined to taste it. The democrats were richly studded

studded with the aristocrats, and the men of arms meekly qualified with civilians; all were huddled together within—all was bustle and confusion without: the carriages crushed the flies—the flies stung the carriages; the *Comet* was cut out by the *Moons*, and the *Times* run down by the horses—such was the outside; the in, equally heterogeneous, all disproportionably paired together—the thick and the thin, tall and short, fat and lean, pretty and plain, rich and poor.

The Miss Templemores were the queens of the night, and every body acknowledged their sovereignty—the most beautiful among the beauties, the gayest among the gay. Dissipation had not yet robbed their cheeks of their rosy tints; their eyes sparkled with the consciousness of their loveliness, and their smiles, which betrayed the happiness of their hearts, were innocently lavished on all who approached them. But colonel

Clanmaurice was their mark for the night : they had heard he was rich, saw that he was handsome, and felt him to be perfectly attainable ; Cecil therefore promoted him to her list of flirts, and Mary thought he would make the other *string to her bow*, should either of her others evade her.

But their old favourites at the same time were not neglected, and Cecil could spare as many moments to her little ensign, as Mary with pleasure bestowed upon Stanley ; but Stanley was not the same Stanley she once had known him : he rather avoided than sought her presence ; and if, for a moment, she found him by her side, he as suddenly left it, to make room for lord Mountvillars.

In the society of his lordship, she found little to repay her for his loss : it is true, she was the envy of the circle while honoured by his selection ; but
with

with the novelty of the distinction, the pleasure vanished, and ten thousand times would she rather have been the companion of the *roué* Stanley, than the boasted favourite of the heartless lord Mountvillars. While basking in the sunshine of his smiles, she felt he loved her not—felt, that though so lavish of his praise, his heart was shut against her. Dissimilar in taste, unequal in understanding, and opposite in disposition, to use a coachman's phrase, they seldom *pulled together*; but it mattered not—he was determined to seem pleased, though she fancied she saw him smile in derision while countenancing folly.

Thus was she perplexed by his condescension, unwilling to give him up, yet expecting little happiness in the gratification of her ambition. This night, however, she hoped might decide her fate; she was determined to provoke his attentions to the utmost, and then, by a

coup de grace, to bring him to make proposals. This done, her anxieties would be at an end; and though she was certain she should never *feel at home with him* in the high rank she was about to enter, she supposed it could readily be dispensed with.

Cecil all the time was flirting, to her heart's satisfaction, with every one who surrounded her. The little ensign, colonel Clanmaurice, and even sir Archibald, all came in for their share of it. Steinbach alone kept aloof, and Steinbach, from that circumstance, regained a portion of her fading inclination; but nothing could entice him to her circle; and to indemnify herself for the slight his altered manner shewed, she made still greater exertions to captivate those present.

There is no accounting for the taste of a coquette; or how the little ensign
pleased,

pleased, might be puzzling matter to many. He seemed indeed to have little to recommend him but his curly hair, and his pale blue eyes, his ready smile when the company smiled, and his assenting voice on all occasions.

Sir Archibald flattered himself *he was a better man than him, any day in the week*, and more confident in himself, by witnessing her attentions, he sought to win the day by exerting his own endeavours. If laughing pleased her, no one could laugh so well, and he “ha, ha, ha’d” for an hour. If she liked curly hair, the little he had curled; therefore here he was not deficient. Nothing remained then but to *cut the creature out*, and he commenced the struggle of putting it in practice. With this he rubbed up his elocution and converse, talked of the fineness of the weather, and corrected himself the next moment, on recollecting that it rained. By degrees, however,

ever, he became conscious of the force and grandeur of his own energies, cut the weather, and began to expatiate on the beauties of the modern poets, the dead languages, the dancing girls of Egypt, the Indian jugglers, and Toby, or the sapient pig.

Cecil could not stand this long, and the roughs and smooths, the bitters and the sweets, by turns broke in upon him; irritable contradiction one moment—a smile to obliterate it the next, till at length worn out by his self-conceit, and his emptiness of mind, she ceased to give him her attention.

Sir Archibald soon perceived the tide had turned; but desperate was the game he played, and desperate must be the throws; ruin stared him in the face on one side, if that the heiress should reject him on the other. What was to be done? He fixed his eyes like an Indian fakir

fakir steadily on the point of his nose, and prepared to think about it. The result of this cogitation was, to pick a hole immediately in the little ensign's coat, and he flew at it with all the furor of a turkey—talked of *gutter-scrapers*, *flag-trampers*, and all the depreciating terms he could think of, but in so low and so meek a voice, that no one but Cecil heard him.

Unconscious of the malice in force against him, the little ensign continued to pour his little nothings into one of Cecil's ears, while sir Archibald's venom was directed to the other.—“Growls and curses, like a deadly gnome,” came from him; but Cecil heeded them not; she saw his drift, and her pleasure was to provoke him, and to excite still more, by continuing her attentions, the puffings of his jealous irritability. His mischievous sneers continued, and expressing all the contempt he could in his
little

little wisened face, and taking advantage of the ensign's momentary absence, he said—"How very *young*," laying a pointed emphasis on the word, "how very *young* that *chap* is! when he grows older, it is to be hoped he will forget a few of his follies."

This seemed a reflection on her own understanding, and Cecil coloured up with anger; and repeating his last word, she continued—"When one meets so much of it in the world, sir Archibald, I do not know but the follies of *youth* are the most agreeable; and the least likely to annoy one." She was turning away as she concluded.

"No fool like the old one, then, you think?" said sir Archibald, forgetting, in his attempt to be witty, how near it came home to himself, "no fool like the old one, then, eh?"

"Exactly so," returned Cecil, with a look that could not be mistaken, and immediately left his vicinity.

This

This did not look much like *acceptation*, but sir Archibald was not to be cast down. There was a great deal of difference between *expecting* an offer, and having one really in one's hands; and he made no doubt but if he could *cook up a prime sort of a letter*, that she would be ready to jump into his arms the moment he extended them towards her. It was, in fact, sink or swim with him: his creditors pressed hard, and though he was dubious as to the extent of her possessions, from the belief that *Mary went her halves*, yet any thing was better than nothing; and the next morning *the devil might take him* if he did not *vamp her up a closer*—best hot-pressed, bloody hand for seal! tucked up in a *swell* sort of an envelope, and, egad, the thing was done!

All this time the dance went on merrily—the withered spinster forgot her wrinkles while treading its mazy round
—gout

—gout was attempered to brisk motion, and dropsy to divine attitudes and light-some gesture—all attempted to shine, though nature and the waste of years denied to many the power. The feet of the dancers beat time to the music, and the music in turn beat time to the dancers; Jenkyns and D'Egville's steps vied with each other, while those who, from economy, *picked up* their skill, caught a hint from the learned *en passant*, for every toe cut capers, and every heart bounded to the motion.

At length the supper was announced—a supper known to be Carter's best turn-out—a supper where profusion reigned around—ices to refresh the appetite, conserves to pamper it, and French wines to provoke it; every delicacy of the season was collected together, the tables groaned with the weight of the feast, and the chickens and pheasants, like those of the far-famed *Lubberland*,
cried

cried out—"Come, eat me! come, eat me! come, eat me!" No expence had been spared; the tongues were decked out in wreaths of orange and white flowers, which, like the *flowers of eloquence*, seemed naturally to spring there; in short, every viand was most profusely decorated, and Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

No sooner was the supper announced, than every nerve was screwed to its highest pitch; the barometer of joy rose many degrees, and all was bustle, agitation, and confusion—all pressed forward to "riot amid the sweets," and the staircase was crowded to actual suffocation. What was to be done? the stoppage was complete—"Mourn, indeed, ye miserable set, for now the measure of your woes is full," no possibility of moving—no admission, for Mrs. Basbleue and Mrs. Tantamount stopped up the entry, actually wedged in, while forcing their way through

through to that marvellous attraction, the *loaves and fishes*, keeping the rest of the company out from their *primum mobile* of life, their *elixir vitæ*, their sovereign balsam of felicity, and their grand scheme of perfect bliss. The "evidence of facts" was such, the ladies were jammed in; and until the pressure of the crowd appealed to their "true point of honour," nothing promised relief. Once free, the supper-rooms were filled; and the tables immediately all surrounded by keen appetites and empty stomachs. The *acutis nasibus*, the *naso adunco*, the *suspensum nasum*, were all put in requisition; and like hounds in a chase, they hunted after that which best seemed to suit their purpose.

The Miss Oldboys, *comme à l'ordinaire*, were the *first* to seat themselves, and the *last* to quit the table. "Budge," says the fiend *decency*—"budge not," say they; and indeed where there are so
many

many *gobbos* to keep them in countenance, they do right to play well their parts. The *gagging* act, as it is called, was thrown out, and well it was for those whose keen and hungry appetites lead them thus to prey upon their neighbours, and who make a principle of lining their insides, to indemnify them for the wear and tear of the out;

“Look at Mrs. Gas,” said Stanley, directing the attention of Mary across the table to her opposite neighbour; “look, what a tax it is, the once having possessed a fine face and a handsome figure; no doubt all the town is ransacked for the *juvenile spring stay*, and all the *friseurs* dunned to death for those hyacinthine-looking ringlets; but it will not do after all, and she, notwithstanding all her pains, can hide from no one, but a *blind man and a galloping horse*, the sad havoc that time and dissipation have effected in her charms; and yet she takes
every

every means she can towards coaxing them to stay ; but, after all, perfidious wrinkles will appear, in spite of cosmetics. The bare throat presents a yellow tinge, which no art can disguise, rendered more conspicuous by that muslin tucker, shirt, or whatever it is called, tacked to the miserable row of white beads that encircle it ; then the black shade that encompasses the faded eye, the stays *à la Diane*, which in vain exert their art to mould her wasting figure. Lamp-black, ground in spirits of ginger, form the ornament to the “ crystal of the soul,” rouge gives complexion, ringlets juvenility. Yet what end does all this answer ? She might make herself a respectable *old woman*, but she turns out a devilish bad *young one*.”

“ Her face is really handsome still,” returned Mary, “ as far as that goes——”

“ And Heaven forbid it should *go further*,” interrupted Stanley, “ or the woman would be a perfect mask ! Those prominent

prominent features always frighten me."

"Not into good behaviour," returned Mary; "for, hard-featured or not, you spare no one. I should like to know what you say of me?"

"Say of you!" said Stanley, his eyes beaming brightly upon her, "say of you!" he again repeated, looking all he felt. "I would say with Beaumont," he softly, yet impressively added, "I would say that you are,

' ————— outwardly,

All that bewitches sense, all that entices ;

and with Shakespeare, that

' I will believe thou hast a mind that suits

With this thy fair and outward character."

"Mr. Stanley can become a flatterer, as well as a satirist," said Mary, casting down her eyes to hide the gratified feeling that sparkled there. "This is quite a *nouvelle* talent," she continued; "how long have you possessed it?"

"I do not *flatter*, Mary," he returned,
in

in a tender yet emphatic manner, "it is no *façon de parler*; they are the sentiments of my heart—a heart that is often aching when it seems most glad; but it is as well to put the best face on things," he added, smiling away a sigh as he spoke, "and though

'I am not merry,

I do beguile the thing I am by seeming so.'"

Mary dared not trust herself to ask him from whence sprung this change? indeed there was little occasion for the question; she saw it all beaming in his eyes, and her heart beat responsive to his silent passion. But this was not following the course she intended to pursue; and while Stanley possessed all her love, her thoughts still turned towards lord Mountvillars. Stanley, she was assured, was hers at any time; but her ambition was to inveigle rank and riches.

Things,

Things however had turned out differently to what she had anticipated; lord Mountvillars seemed to have put his preference, or whatever it might be, to sleep, and was roaming about the rooms without any apparent purpose, giving himself up to mechanical movements, instead of indulging himself in acts of volition. He had danced the first quadrille with her, and that was all—was more absent, if possible, than ever; and though he had managed to make her a few civil speeches, his calling her once by the name of *Leslie*, instead of her own, convinced her he was thinking little of what he was saying.

There was in the broad scale of his attentions presumptive proof that he *meant something*; but when she, by diligent inquiry, pursued them to their source, they eluded her search, and she found herself bewildered by a variety of contradictory matter, for while, in a ge-

neral sense, they promised unlimited success, the heart, with its inherent tact, questioned their sincerity.

There is a language in natural feeling that eschews sophistry, requires no philosophy to render it intelligible, but sees correctly between truth and fallacy, and teaches us, in full and perfect proof, how to distinguish the voice of true affection from its counterfeit. Where it is, there is little doubt about it; but where it is *not*, heterogeneous conclusions are brought together to establish its validity: the senses lead us, without our knowledge, to a true criterion of judgment, and the instinctiveness peculiar to our natures guides us with precision to discover the true state of human feeling; and yet we smother the gift—rather prefer struggling after that we know is not, and seek to believe we are deceived, while we know but too well we are deceiving.

Thus

Thus did Mary, with no affection, tangible or visible, endeavour to conjure it up in the visions of her fancy, preparing to take attention as an equivalent to love, rank as synonymous with felicity. This night, however, which she had resolved on should decide her fate, left things in the same state as it had found them; or if any thing, lord Mountvillars' attentions had taken a retrograde motion, while Stanley had partly returned to his allegiance. The castle she was building received a shock, and fearing that it might eventually turn out a common brick-house, instead of the Vitruvian edifice she had projected, she resolved to be more circumspect in her conduct in future, and was resolved to *try tenderness*, to bring his lordship to some subjection. Yet all this time Stanley possessed her heart, and when he left her side, to seek the society of another, her eyes followed him, in spite of her political resolves, dodged after him through

the crowd, and never looked so bright as when he again was near her.

The *supper dance*, as it is called, is generally considered the pleasantest dance of the evening, as it is reserved for those whose society as a partner delights you. It is in this dance that heart meets heart, and if the world were sharp, by casting an eye around them, they could give a pretty shrewd guess *who and who were together*.

Cecil was paired with her little ensign, Mary was enjoying the society of Stanley, and Leslie, the quiet Leslie, was seated by the side of the no-less-silent lord Mountvillars. Mary eyed them from the distance, saw the apathetic air that apparently reigned between them, and was satisfied in knowing that though not with her, lord Mountvillars was in the best place he could be for the safety of her political interests.

Leslie

Leslie indeed seemed to regard him not; he had handed her to the table, much against her inclination, and with as little pleasure she saw him take the seat beside her; but she was now more distressed than surprised at any thing he did, and she sought, by entering into conversation with the next person to her, to take from the restraint attached to a *tête-à-tête*.

This person happened to be a pet of Mrs. Basbleue's, an Italian comte, who was tossing about the viands before him with his fork, in the same manner we English make our hay. With the true *politesse* of the Continent, every thing was offered to Leslie—" *Mi permette ch'io la serva? A che cosa vuol mangiare—Vuole della carne o del pesce?*"

Leslie declined taking any thing.

The Italian listened to her with defer-

ence, fancied he understood her, and was preparing to heap upon her plate as many good things as he had piled upon his own. Again Leslie endeavoured to make him understand that she desired nothing; but in vain: he had not fixed, he thought, on the right things, and again his dark eyes rolled round the table, to find something he fancied could not fail to please her—" *Ecco qui belle ciliege. Son bellissime! Mi permette ch'io la serva? La sua tavola era messa ala reale!*"

Again Leslie declined accepting any thing.

He could not understand it—could not take it into his comprehension, and again he began to proffer her every thing within his reach, saying between each—" *Dica quel che ama, signora?*"

Leslie, wearied by his continued persecution,

secution, at length explained to him in his own language that she wished not for any thing.

The Italian was in amazement, and the uplifting of the eyes, the shrug of the shoulders, evinced the little opinion he had of her sense, as he said—“ *Che! non vuole, ne bere, ne mangiare?*”

This seemed almost a reproach to her want of courtesy, and Leslie blushed as she softly replied—“ *Beverei volontieri un bicchiere di vino.*”

He seemed delighted to bring her round to reason, and finding that she was well acquainted with his language, began to overpower her with his conversation. She declared she understood little of Italian; but he seemed to divine her reason for declining it, as he said—“ *Non bisogna temere, bisogna esser ardito.*”

Lord Mountvillars all this time had continued silent, and Leslie was uncer-

tain whether he had not remained perfectly unconscious of the passing scene, when he said—"Miss Templemore's talents are something like Fontenelle's handfull of truths; she lets them out but one finger at a time."

Leslie blushed, for it called to her memory the scene in the morning.

Lord Mountvillars seemed to recollect it, and after a penetrating gaze, he said—"It is the want of precision in the choice of words that leads to many misunderstandings; and if I might venture, I would say, that Miss Templemore judges erroneously of what major Steinbach advanced this morning. I grant he expressed himself harshly; but, at the same time, an unprejudiced mind might have clearly distinguished his meaning."

"The disposition, bias, or temper, can have but little to do with so plain a statement,"

statement," returned Leslie, indignation rising to her eyes as she proceeded. "Major Steinbach might have softened his reflection, as you say, by using other terms, but he would still be arrogating to himself the power of censuring those whose right or wrong mode of conduct can be of very little importance to him. I confess I am angry," she said, seeing a smile that would not be suppressed rising to lord Mountvillars' countenance, "I *am* angry; but agree with me—have I not reason to be so? for though major Steinbach may form his own conclusions on it, it is the happiness of constitution, the joyousness of nature, the laugh, that repels the vexations of humanity, and that finds every thing in life conducive to their felicity, that he has stigmatized with the name of *levity*. Could I tamely stand by, and hear him censure sisters I love so much—sisters whose gladness, whose innocence of heart, is thus to be turned against them?"

She was silent, and lord Mountvillars said—"Do not mistake me, Miss Templemore. Major Steinbach's opinions are not mine, and yet I must be allowed to defend them: with you they seem strangely mistaken, for was not his speech rather the vehicle of an intended compliment to yourself, than a serious critique on your sister's?"

"And could he expect such a thing would be gratifying?" she interrupted, in a tone of unaffected surprise. "But I will not believe," she added, "he intended that I should understand him. This is his only excuse, and I am very willing to admit it."

"And yet, Leslie," said lord Mountvillars, again returning to the subject—"and yet," he corrected himself, and continued, "and yet, *Miss Templemore*, you are a distinct character from your sisters; they have none of the——"

Leslie interrupted him—"None of the querulous discontent, fractious peevishness,

vishness, unsocial inclinations—none of the habitual indolence, coldness, apathy, that have become with me second nature.”

Lord Mountvillars looked at her with tenderness; it was a heart-kindling expression, and Leslie's frame glowed with the soft emotion it excited. Exquisitely alive to the danger of her situation, she followed the example of some ladies opposite to her, and rose to leave the table.

Lord Mountvillars was soon aware of her intention, and making some difficulty of removing the chair that kept her from passing, he said—“ Leslie is changed—changed even from what I have known her: all warmth is chilled, all emotions are blighted, glowing sensations are repressed, by manners freezingly cold—her hand answers not to the pressure of——” He hesitated in the word

—"to the pressure of friendship: her eye replies to no expression of tenderness; and if she is sought by one who would reinstate himself in her favour, she is so cold, so listless, that his purpose falls unexpressed, and he retires to mourn the scorn in justice he does not merit."

Leslie replied not; her heart was softened, and dreading the disclosure of her feelings, she hastened, as soon as possible, to quit the apartment.

It was a late hour when the gentlemen again joined the ladies in the ball-room; but the dance was merrily resumed, and there appeared little inclination with any one to break up the joys of the night—joys that seemed to increase with the abridgment of the time that remained for their further indulgence.

The

The old and the young indeed all seemed to enjoy the dissipation—all hurried forward with different desires, yet all tending to the same point; some impelled by the frivolous wish of excelling their compeers—some from the debility of their mental faculties, gay to escape the *bore* of thought. The vain wish to be gazed at—the affectation of distinction—the pride of superiority—all form the happiness of the ball-room—a happiness that is shaken with every blast, and wrecked when it is least expected.

Solomon says—"In vain is the net spread in the sight of a bird: alas! the birds of the air are wiser than the children of dissipation!"—wiser indeed, for spread but the net of flattery, and, like herrings, the *pride of the earth* are sure to be caught in its subtle meshes. It is an odd world we live in, and the only wonder is, that where the good is so intermingled

intermingled with the bad, that we should pay so much deference to each other as we do. But we must take the good and the bad together, and continue to bear with the one for the sake of the other.

There are some who like to neutralize these qualities, blending their *devil* with so much of the saint, that they become uniformly stupid, vapid, and insipid. Others like in preference their *good-for-nothings*, and their *good-for-somethings*, kept apart and distinct; have families at home, mistresses abroad, and enjoy them both extremely, while the neutralizer starts from the latter, cools on the former, and passes his days in a doze. Perhaps it is an unfair criterion, but I hold that we have each as much good and as much bad in our compositions as our neighbours, only that some keep the good in one bottle, the bad in another; some mix a smaller part of the

the bad with a greater part of the good, and after a trifling effervescence, become decent people; others a small quantity of good with a great deal of bad, and become average people; others mix equal quantities, and are set down as little better than *milk and water sort of live lumber*; others keep the bottle of bad carefully and slyly concealed, and are thought wonderful prodigies of propriety; others conceal the good bottle, and are careless who sees the bad—are abused by all the world, but, in point of conscience, are as easy as their neighbours.

Mary Templemore took great pains to hide her bad bottle, for lord Mountvillars had joined her after supper, and whether it was the champaigne that had been freely circulated, and which had exhilarated his spirits, but she never found him so animated before. There was a wildness, a levity in his manner, that suited her much better than the general superiority of his demeanour—
than

than the austere courtesy, which, while it sought to lessen the distance between them, only increased its formidableness, and added to the restraint it intended to dispel, as she was in the habits of remarking *she never could feel at home with him*: but this evening brought them nearer to a level than ever they were before, and though the rooms were beginning to thin, she still hoped, before they were quite empty, to bring him to the terms she desired. The poet says—

“ When *how d’ye do* has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion;”

and though their separation would only be till the visiting hour next day, she yet hoped, in the excited state of his senses, it might have some influence over him.

But lord Mountvillars was more social than tender, and though unguarded, nothing was betrayed. Mary was at a loss to understand him, for though she
could

could trace the progress of feelings and passions in others, his were still an enigma to her. His animation however delighted her; she ceased to look after Stanley, and while listening to his brilliant ideas, thrown open without reserve for the first time—unsubject to his sorrow—untinctured by his misanthropy, she felt all the amazing influence of his powers—looked at him with wonder strongly blended with admiration, and felt he was indeed a masterpiece of nature.

The rooms were now nearly empty; a few determined quadrillers alone occupied them, and Mary, in the failure of her schemes, was giving up her chance for the evening, when their conversation turned on love. This seemed to be her time, and she began to expatiate on *heart meeting heart—exclusive devotion—of liking, approving, loving—of taste, sentiment, and feeling.* Already she

she felt secure on the pinnacle to which she was rising ; in attending to her he had curbed the elasticity of his spirits, and he was apparently intent upon the subject.

At length the moment seemed to arrive: Mary vibrated with emotion, for at the instant Stanley, with her sister Leslie, passed across the room before them, the blood rushed into her cheeks, leaving her heart sick and cold ; but she had advanced too far to retreat, and she again turned towards lord Mountvillars.

She almost doubted the evidence of her senses: he also had changed, so much so, that she could scarcely believe him to be the same being he had appeared the moment before. A ghastly paleness had spread itself over his countenance—there was a wildness in his eye—and the goodwill he had borne towards her, all seemed to have vanished.

She

She doubted not but he was chagrined at her agitation on the appearance of Stanley, and she once more endeavoured to renew the subject they had wandered from. For a moment he continued the indulgence of silent reverie, and again she spoke of love. Still he was silent, and putting on her best looks, she raised her eyes to his countenance. Mary started; for all there was anguish and care, the agony of a tortured heart, and the struggles to conceal that heart's emotion. In vain he essayed to speak; the voice died away ere it rose to his lips, and he bit them with anger at the failure.

At length a violent effort overcame the dominion of his perturbation, and he resumed the smile of his countenance; but it was a ghastly smile, rendered more horrid by the contrast of the radiant one it had superseded. He attempted to resume his frivolity, to talk with the unconcern of
a heart

a heart at ease, and to remove, by a renewal of his former gaiety, all impression of his late distraction. But the laugh was unlike the ebullition of mirth, and his words were the ravings of fancy. Friendship, he said, was a jest, enthusiasm a folly, and love the "shadow of a shade."

"So much for *jealousy* and *champaigne*," thought Mary, as he hastily took his departure. Her scheme had failed, but the occasion of the failure gave her fresh hopes of success in the future.

CHAPTER VI.

Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet,
 or an aglet-baby, or an old trot, with ne'er a tooth in
 her head, though she have as many diseases as two-
 and-fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so
 money comes with all. SHAKESPEARE.

.....
 I come to wife it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Ibid.

.....
 When I think of this world's pelf,
 And the little wie share I hae o't to myself,
 And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Old Song.

" To Miss Templemore.

" York Hotel.

" MADAM,

" You cannot be so blind to
 the effect of your own charms as to ren-
 der it necessary for me here to disclose
 my

my passion—a passion disinterested as ever reigned in the breast of mortal, owing its birth to the perception of your virtues, and its encouragement to the favour of your smiles. In forming a connexion for life, there are many who think of nothing but money; but let such mercenary wretches look to the enjoying their ideas of felicity—ideas as distinct from mine as you are to the rest of your sex. With me your money is no object, for were you rich as Croesus, or the like extreme, it would make no difference in my feelings towards you. With the choice of one's heart, a competency is sufficient; that competency I have to bestow. Think not then I am influenced by the love of gold, or that I tender you my hand on worldly considerations. Money may buy a horse, but will money purchase happiness? Money may give you good cheer, but will money purchase content to sweeten it? I am not so slow as to think it, and
with

me the last question will be, *how*
h you are possessed of? Do not think
 I am one of those sort of fellows
 set their sordid hearts on money,
 though it is an uncommon good
 g in its way, I again repeat, it is
 last thing I can ever think of. I
 with impatience to receive your
 ver, when I shall take the first op-
 unity of laying myself at your feet.

“Yours, most disinterestedly
 attached,

“ARCHIBALD MURRAY.

P. S.—I have no objection to settle
 your money on yourself.”

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,” said Cecil,
 ding the letter over the table to her
 ther; “so much for disinterested af-
 tion.”

“So much indeed,” replied Mrs. Tem-
 more, dejectedly laying down the let-
 ter;

ter; "I really never could have thought it."

Cecil took it up, and was again perusing it, when her mother continued—"I have often thought it was a mistaken plan the concealing from the world the arrangement of our finances. This," pointing to the letter, "still further tends to establish the belief; for had not sir Archibald been dazzled by the hopes of your money, he might, ere now, have loved you for yourself. I cannot think how I came to fall into it."

"It seemed the tacit consent of all parties," replied Cecil, "for Leslie herself seems as desirous to conceal her good fortune as we are to take advantage of it."

"I hope you have said nothing," demanded Mrs. Templemore, hastily, "done nothing to establish the impression?"

Cecil smiled as she said—"Oh no, mamma; our consciences are quite quit
of

of that; but indeed there is little necessity for it, for the people are too ready to give us credit for all we desire, for it to require much *finesse* on our parts to enforce it."

"There is no good to be done here, I see plainly," said Mrs. Templemore, after some moments silence, in which Cecil had again amused herself by reperusing the letter; "there is nothing to be done here without money, and with it you may do it anywhere. I must say," she continued, with a long-drawn sigh—"I must say, I *did* have my hopes of sir Archibald; but since he has deceived me, I have little expectation that either you or your sister will ever form a connexion while we stay in this place. It is not the sort of thing for it, and were Leslie but in a little better health, I would, without hesitation, quit it to-morrow."

"If one of us were provided for," observed Cecil, not liking much her mo-

her's determination, "you would have less anxiety about the other. What do you think of Mary's chance with lord Mountvillers?"

"Why, that if she succeeds in tempting him to have her, she possesses more management than I give her credit for."

"And yet he is very particular."

"He is so," said Mrs. Templemore, musing on the observation—"he is so, as you say." Again she pondered—"He is so certainly; but I do not think it will ever come to any thing. Mary's marks are as much too high as yours are too low."

Cecil saw a lecture in the distance, and murmuring to herself the words—"Oh! what's for love too high, or what too low!"

She drew the writing-table towards her, and prepared to answer her letter.

"What do you intend to say?" asked Mrs. Templemore, looking over her daughter's

daughter's shoulder on the little piece of paper on which she was writing a copy.

"Thank him for the honour intended," returned Cecil, still writing on—"compliment him on his liberality, and make him miserable with the idea that I am reserving *my fortune* for another."

"It is too visible," said Mrs. Templemore, again taking up the letter, "too evident that his views are merely mercenary; yes, it is as well," she continued, reading it over once more before her final determination. "Send a refusal by all means, for acceptance would only expose him further to our contempt, and subject us to the disclosure of our foolish double-dealing."

Mrs. Templemore, among a few of the *distingués* of Brighton, received an invitation to attend the festivities of P——h. The Miss Templemores were wild with delight; lord Mountvillars and Stanley they soon found were to be of the party, and nothing was wanting to complete
H 2 their

their felicity, for Mary was sure of happiness in the society of her adorers, and Cecil saw a wide scope for achieving new conquests in the opening before her. The gaieties were to last three days; public breakfasts every morning—balls every night—in short, nothing would be wanting to constitute felicity.

The expected day at length arrived; the carriage, with four post-horses, was ordered at three, and with tremulous delight the Miss Templemores awaited the coming hour. They had admitted a few loungers, and they longed ardently for the moment when they should make those not invited die the death of envy at the superiority of their own good fortune.

A knock at the door, but it was a double one, and the Miss Templemores slipped back into the chairs they had so readily sprung from.

“ We

"We have all been reviewed," exclaimed the little ensign, bursting into the room before the servant, with red face and starting eyes, to repeat his tale of woe—"we have all been reviewed, and some say"—here he looked towards Cecil with a mixture of tenderness and reproach—"some say that Miss Templemore has done it."

"Done what?" asked Cecil, with unaffected surprise, for she was totally at a loss to understand his meaning.

"We have all been reviewed," he again repeated, "and they have all got it in their heads that you have done it."

His voice faltered as he spoke, and while Cecil was wondering more and more how she could be suspected of interfering in military arrangements, he took a written paper out of his pocket, which more fully explained his meaning. It proved to be a lampoon against his regiment, and every one requested he

would read it. He began—"Particular of a review taken of the Light—"

Here his voice quivered so much, that he was obliged to make it over to Stanley, who, with an audible voice, continued as follows:—

"Come, ye proud men of arms, and ye daring in fight,
Those who laurels have gather'd, most lasting and bright,
From the campaign in Spain and renown'd Waterloo,
Take your station before us, and pass in review.
None with fright, or with dread, let our scrutiny move,
For your gen'ral's a woman——"

"Meaning you," said Stanley, directing his looks towards Miss Templemore, then continued—

"For your gen'ral's a woman—her aide-de-camp Love!"

"Meaning you," said Cecil, interrupting him in her turn.

Every one smiled, and Stanley continued—

"Much engaged are all hearts in the story we tell,
And though right to begin with the good co-lo-nel.

His

His valour and virtues we quickly glance over,
For tho' handsome and gay, he can ne'er be our lover;
So in haste we'll dismiss him from this gladsome strain,
As most strongly he's fetter'd by Hyman's firm chain:
But our pen is not wanting his fame to complete,
So with pleasure we turn to demure——"

"We all know who this is," exclaimed every voice at once. "Pray go on."

Stanley continued—

"His commander's bliss viewing, must needs do the same,
Yet forgot to present the fair lady his name.
But we'll not be ill-natur'd, or say ought of ill,
Only whisper, *en passant*, 'deep waters run still.'
Many here, though most worthy, we pass in a trice,
Such as——"

"Oh! never mind names," interrupted Cecil, anxious to come to the ensign's.
"Pray, Mr. Stanley, read faster; you make it sound quite like a sermon."

But Stanley was not to be put out of his way, and in the same tone he proceeded—

“Who is this that now steps forth since these are dismissed?

A man whom they say's on the invalid's list.
What! inspect a sick man? our feelings forbid it!
If we gloss o'er his faults, the pity that did it
Would magnify virtues; and not here be it said
That our mercy or favour has justice misled.
To his brothers' attention no praise need be given;
He wants it not here—'tis recorded in heaven!
Then joy to the fav'rite of Mars and of Love,
With the aquiline nose, and the white front above!
And the brows that adorn it are Cupid's own bow,
Whilst his arrows are shot through the bright orbs below.
His lips are the traitors that laugh at the ruin
Which the rubies and pearls are constantly doing.
That heart is a lost one, though in armour it's cas'd,
Who sees his fine figure with elegance grac'd,
As it bounds through the dance, or glides gently along,
To the soul-moving waltz, or the gay cotillon;
His mind's worthy and pure as the gold without dross,
And his name—need we say it?”

“What nonsense!” again interrupted Cecil, at first delighted with the *éloge*, believing it to be the ensign. “It is really quite fatiguing. I think we have had quite enough of it.”

No one else however was of the same opinion,

opinion, and Stanley complied with the general wish by proceeding—

“Tho’ our courage now fails us, our fears we’ll surmount,
And haste to review a pompous old *count* ;
But our mind, should we speak, of this sarcastic elf,
You’d be tempted to think that *he wrote it himself*.
But now here is one, with his good-looking face,
And his love-laughing black eyes, our paper must grace.
His superior in figure, say where will you find ?
Such expansion before—such redundancy behind !
The fav’rite and friend of his brothers in duty,
The proudly-prized partner of each chosen beauty.
You’re now far away—yet, as balm to the smart
Of the love-stricken damsels who gave you their heart,
The wreath of *Vergissmienicht* you must not refuse ;
’Tis the hope of their love ! Now——”

“ Who do you think is coming ?” said Stanley, pausing a moment.

Many names were mentioned, but none the right.

“ You are dull people,” rejoined Stanley ; “ you should look to the rhyme.”

It was now soon ascertained, and

he continued from the line he had left off at—

“Appears on review—sure, ’tis Cupid’s own brother,
With curls over one eye, his cap over t’other;
And his neat little body, bedeck’d with such grace,
While ‘who views me must die,’ is proclaim’d in his face;
But though eyes on him glance, and soft sighs are handy,
The heart never falls to the lot of a dandy.
But we’ll let him pass on, nor say half what we feel,
For we scorn thus to break ‘butterflies on a wheel.’
Then let the fly live; and to quench Cupid’s fire,
Let him take a good draught of ‘Perkins’ entire.
Who is this, who, like grasshopper, skips on before?
’Tis the youth who is known by the name of *Mouch*
Or.

Conjecture arises, from this appellation,
He gain’d it from valour and feats done the nation;
And the curls that in brilliancy rival the sun, . . .
Secur’d him the title his bright deeds had won;
But place us not along with such gossiping folks—
We well know it was gain’d by his *gilded culottes*.
In the Temple of Fashion he has always his place—
In the Temple of Dandies, he might e’en shew his face;
But the Temple of Dandies, and the Temple before,
He would willingly barter for one *Temple-more!*”

Cecil blushed scarlet, Mrs. Temple
more looked vexed, Stanley laughed,
and

and the little ensign was ready to cry with the intenceness of his confusion.

At this moment the carriage drove up to the door; all felt relief. The ladies were handed in, and amid the farewell of some, and the *adieu au revoir* of the others, the "all's right" was given, and they drove off.

Cecil was too happy not very soon to forget her late confusion, and though Mrs. Templemore took the opportunity of saying some severe things upon the folly of thus subjecting herself to the sarcasms of the public, they were all lost in the new anxieties she soon became a prey to.

Mary was not exempt from them, but had, as well as her sister, all the sinkings of the heart, and blood rushing to the face, occasioned by the momentary

fear of having left something behind. Satisfactory assurances however soon came to their aid, and they recollected, one thing at a time, that they had certainly put them into their trunk; this cleared off, still other fears came on.

"My wreath of moss rosebuds," said Mary: "I would lay any wager I have left them behind! I cannot remember, for the life of me, whether they were put up with the other things."

"I saw you put them into your hand-box," said Cecil, reassuring her.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, certain. I only wish I knew as well," continued Cecil, "which pair of satin shoes I have brought with me. I never thought of it at the time; but I make not the least doubt I have left my best, and have selected instead a pair of old ones."

"The pair you put up," said Mary,
"were

"were wrapped up in paper; so, I should think, they are the right."

"White or brown?" asked Cecil, with anxiety.

"An old letter, I think," said Mary.

"Then they are my best," returned Cecil, with delight—"they are my best, for I wrapt them up in sir Archibald's brilliant offer of marriage."

"Determined, I suppose," interrupted Mary, "that though it is no longer of value to your heart, it shall, at any rate, become serviceable to your *sole*."

Mrs. Templemore soon caught the infection, and Cecil was delighted to find that she had forgotten all about the impertinent review, in anxieties concerning the welfare of her *toque*, which, whether it would come out of its box squeezed, or in the same state as it was put in, was matter of questionable concern that entirely occupied her feelings. Leslie alone seemed at ease, for she was

so used to trust to the memory of her maid, that she sat apparently Placidity's self in the corner of the carriage.

"There goes Mrs. Tiltabout home from her morning's drive," said Cecil, as they passed her carriage a few miles on the Worthing road. "I think she must kill a pair of horses a month, for she thinks nothing of a ten miles airing."

"No wonder," returned Mary, "if you reflect a moment on the old proverb. I suppose she is recruiting herself after her yesterday's fatigue. You should have heard Stanley recount it."

"How did the party go off?" asked Cecil.

"As usual," replied Mary; "the porter, *alias ploughman*, received them at the door, when the footman, *alias coachman*, ushered them into the presence of the hospitable hostess, whose anxiety was such, that it almost led her to the top of the stairs to receive them, bobbing

bing about, and *how-d'ye-doing* herself into their notice; and '*wont you please to be seated?*' was then repeated till the whole party had fixed themselves. That done, her next anxiety was to remove them all to seats that she thought *more pleasanter*. The situation of one was considered too cold, another was recommended to one, with a view of *waist-rurality*—another sat in the air of the door; and another, who had selected a couch to himself, looked, *for all the world, like a frog on a washing-block*. This lasted till another party entered, and then it was all to begin again with the last arrival."

Cecil laughed heartily at the account, and Mary again resumed.

"The table," he said, "literally groaned with the weight of the feast; every dish was of the largest and most substantial kind, and where the delicacy
of

of the poultry could not come under the denomination of immense, the mystic number *three* crowded each dish, and made up the difference. The second course was not to be outdone, and there was gathered together such an assemblage of puffs, pies, and patties, in all their varieties, that you might have readily believed yourself to have been in a *pastrycook's shop*."

At this moment they entered the lodge gates, but as the park was large, they had a mile or two to go ere they reached their journey's end.

The lodge was too pretty to escape their notice, and Mary, taken with a sentimental fit, exclaimed—" I think one should have a much greater chance of unalloyed happiness in passing one's life in that dear little thatched cottage, than in spending it in all the grandeur necessarily

cessarily attached to the superb mansion we are approaching."

Cecil interrupted her by saying — "Of course, Mary, you place in your 'mind's eye' the man of your heart seated with you at that picturesque casement window, dressed in all the comeliness of a straw hat and fustian shooting-jacket, while the beauty of his neat foot is hid under the clumsy cut of a pair of *ancle-jacks* or *high-lows*, whatever they are called."

"Indeed you are mistaken," returned Mary; "I placed no male model in my picture, believe me; they are the worst pieces of furniture you can place in a small room; they do things on much too grand a scale, and if you escape being tripped up over their straggling *ancle-jacks*, you are sure to have your teeth set on edge every minute, by brushing against their coat-sleeves, that is, unless as you say, they are composed of *fustian*."

By

By this time they had arrived in sight of the great house, and they had just fresh-modelled their barks, and put their frills and ruffles *comme il faut*, when the carriage stopped at the door.

CHAPTER VII.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Poet.

"A tale without end!"

"A tale without end!" rejoined L.

He paused.

"It has a beginning," observed I.

"And it has also a middle," said my friend.

"But then it has no end," returned I;

And there we left it.

EVERY thing at P——h came up to the Miss Templemores' ideas of delight. There was a large dinner-party the first day, and a ball at night; and though Cecil had the vexation of finding a blood-shot eye the result of her journey, and Mary, that drawback to grace, an inveterate stiff neck, yet they were perfectly satisfied, notwithstanding that they were,
 without

without a doubt, the prettiest girls in the room.

Lord Mountvillars and Stanley had travelled together, and the two friends felt all the restraint of being united in such close quarters as a post-carriage. There had for some time existed a distance between them, each sensibly feeling the effect, yet neither taking any measures towards discovering the cause. It was matter of vexation the thoughtless arrangement that had now thrown them together, and the first few miles were spent in silently wondering at the folly, or in constrained remarks on the various objects they passed by. -

By imperceptible degrees, however, their conversation got round to a subject more interesting to both; the Templemores were mentioned, and each seemed answering his own ends in the remarks that were made upon them; but

but still there was nothing like confidence between them : observations were made and replied to, yet still each heart closely guarded its secret.

Like duellists, however, who fight across a handkerchief, they were too near not soon to take a surer aim, and lord Mountvillars, for the first time, discovered the silent passion of his friend; his thoughts rushed back to a thousand past circumstances that tended to establish the truth, and with it the cause of the diminution in a friendship they had so long entertained towards each other.

Stanley, knowing not that he was betrayed, continued the conversation, stilled the beatings of his heart, and, in a careless tone, congratulated his companion on his prospect of felicity with Mary.

Lord Mountvillars fixed his eyes steadily

dily on those of his friend, and said—
“You are trifling with your own feelings, Stanley, and are misjudging mine; it is too evident you love her yourself.”

Stanley vibrated from head to foot, and concealing the workings of his countenance with both his hands, he replied—
“I *do* love her, Aubrey; but what avails it? Is it wise that I should sue where my friend is but too successful?”

Lord Mountvillars bit his lip, twirled the tassels of the carriage, and at length said, with a decided tone—“Stanley, I have told you I shall never marry.”

His friend cast on him an inquiring look, where reproach was visibly blended; indeed there were many feelings struggling with each other, and once more he hid his face to conceal them from observation.

Lord Mountvillars, no less agitated, again addressed him, saying—“This,
Stanley,

Stanley, is the work of your infatuated friendship; it is you that have taught me to be a wretch—to trespass on your inclinations, and driven on by despair, I have followed your misguiding councils—have acted up to sentiments I do not feel, to efface others that are tearing me to pieces. What will gold be to me, when the heart is wrecked in its purchase?”

He paused, then continued, in a tone of bitter resolve—“Better were it a thousand times to grovel on in misery, than to bear about the toils that have lured on still further to my destruction.”

He took Stanley's hand—“They were cold calculations,” he continued, “my friend, you led me into, injurious to your sentiments, and at variance with my own; but they are ended, and I curse the hour that first saw me stoop to play the hypocrite—curse the hour which, in wounding your heart, Stanley, now tends to heap deeper tortures
on

on my own. Believe me, when I say, I pray Heaven you may be happy—nay, distrust me not, *happy with Mary Templemore.*”

“And you,” said Stanley, firmly pressing his friend’s hand—“what, Aubrey, shall I beseech of Heaven for you?”

Lord Mountvillars interrupted him; his lip quivered, and he dashed a tear from his eye, as he said—“Strength, Stanley, to bear my sorrows as a man, fortitude to uphold me in adversity, and callousness of heart to close it to the only blessing that mercy has vouchsafed me.”

The conversation was here put a stop to; but though Stanley was sensibly relieved by the declaration of his friend, there was too much despair couched in his concluding words for him to feel all the satisfaction that might otherwise have accrued from it; and though lord Mountvillars pointedly ceased in his attentions towards Mary, so much had he
reason

reason to doubt the cause, that he failed to take advantage of it.

Mary however seemed to heed not the change; the officers invited from the out-quarters very seasonably filled up the void, and the defalcation of her late allies was apparently unregarded. Indeed it would have required not a little to have embittered the Miss Templemores' cup of felicity; every thing was new—every thing delightful; they seemed to be *living* for the first time in their lives, and the only drawback was, that in three days they would return to a home that for the first time took the character of *homely*.

Leslie alone was dissatisfied; but, as she herself had expressed it, dissatisfaction with her had become second nature, and she patiently awaited the time that would relieve her from the painful constraint the being in a houseful of com-

pany occasioned. Fearful of exciting remark by keeping her own room, she joylessly mixed with the crowd, shunning, as much as possible, the assiduous attentions of the men, and avoiding, with equal distaste, the frivolity of the women.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract, and Leslie guessed not that she was eliciting her troubles, in thus seeking to avoid them. Ovid knew not a little of human nature, when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover; his passion was increased by the pursuit; and Leslie, by the same measures, gratuitously obtained those attentions other girls were straining all points to arrive at. In truth, our modern Daphnes are different sort of people to the far-famed one of old, and instead of flying from, they reverse the order, run after their Apollo, and are then surprised that they

they cool upon their advances, not recollecting that lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing in comparison to what they enjoy in the pleasure of the chase.

Leslie was a *rara avis* in the little world of fashion to which she had been transplanted, possessing most palpably the powers of pleasing, yet never striving in the least degree to please. There was no coquetry in all this; her character was studied—its perusal surprised, and it was the wish of all to make an impression on a heart so untutored in the hackneyed routine of life.

Leslie felt this, and shrunk yet more within herself; but her gentle repulses only tended to augment her troubles, and she anxiously looked for the time that would release her from a distinction she so little desired. She wished to see no one,—hear no one, but lord Mountvillars—to

watch him from the distance, and to dwell on his charmed accents, though directed to the attention of another. She desired not even his attention towards herself; she was sure to pay for it dearly.

For the next moment, as though to indemnify her for the lapse, his devotions redoubled towards her sister—that sister who had confessed she loved him not, while *her* whole soul was wrapt up in his image. Yet though she almost arraigned Fate for the contrarieties of our natures, she felt indescribable relief from the disclosure—a disclosure that satisfied her heart that it was doing no wrong to a sister's peace, while indulging the infatuated feelings that so sensibly militated against its own. There was no harm then in continuing its indulgence—a fatal argument for her repose, and she now hugged his image more closely to her heart than ever, weeping over his inconsistency, and lamenting the

the unpropitious will that denied her his affections.

The visit to P——h broke in upon all this. It is true that he was still near her; but she wanted solitude to nurse the indulgence of the sad, the tender thoughts that now were her only pleasure. All these were destroyed in the round of mirth they had entered on; meditation was put to flight, and she had to listen to conversation that only fatigued, instead of diverting her.

Lord Mountvillars was the only one who heeded her not, and though she would at times detect a stray glance, the manner of its removal told her too plainly it was merely accidental. Sometimes he would approach near to the seat on which she rested—hesitate—and when she has thought the next step would bring him to her, a stolen look has shewn her he was gone, and the quick

quick beating of her heart subsided to the disappointment it experienced.

Owing to the badness of the weather, the billiard-room in the morning was the point of general meeting; here the gentlemen assembled to shew their skill, and to exhibit the graceful attitudes attendant on the game. The ladies flocked after them to witness their endeavours, each interested for her favourite, glorying in his success, and ostentatiously expressing the delight his boasted victory gave her. Bets ran high, gloves were lost and won, and the whole was a scene of gaiety and confusion.

Lord Mountvillars at length entered the lists, and Leslie was solicited to name her favourite. A bright tint of scarlet suffused her cheeks, her eyes sought the ground, and, in a tremulous tone, she declined taking any interest. She was not, however, so easily to be excused;

excused; the gentlemen persisted in their entreaties, and to escape from them altogether, she framed the excuse of a headache, and suddenly left the apartment.

Thankful for the escape, she retired to the library, a beautiful room, deserted by all but herself, and drawing a large fauteuil to the fire, she threw herself into it.

Resting her head upon her hands, the feelings that had been pent up within her bosom all burst forth; the pleasures and dissipation that surrounded her were insupportable; great distractions of mind are always at the expence of the heart, and she longed for home, where she might again renew the thoughts that were now almost as strangers to her.

A prey to the torments of an unhappy passion, yet feeling all its folly, one moment

ment she would endeavour to reason herself out of it—would open her eyes to the invincible indifference that marked lord Mountvillars' actions towards her—would think of his affection for her sister—would feel that his heart was shut against her—was dead to the preference that had so cruelly misled her; then she would try to teach herself to hate him;—but it would not do; she only hated herself for the impotency of charms that had turned his soul against her.

While indulging over and over again these tormenting reflections, she heard the library-door open, and believing it to be a servant, she arose, and was leaving the room by an opposite direction, when the sound of her own name prevented her. It was lord Mountvillars. In a piercing tone of entreaty he addressed her, besought her to stay, and deploring his own intrusion, prepared again to quit the apartment.

Already

Already he had reached the door. Leslie bowed to the attention, and was again resuming her place at the fire, when, in the soft tones of entreaty, he said—"Why, Leslie, do you force me to quit you?" He hesitated a moment, and appeared to be struggling with his inclinations, then continued, in a resolved tone—"Nay, Leslie, it is impossible; I cannot—will not do it;" and the next instant he was by her side.

Leslie rose, and was preparing again to leave the apartment, when lord Mountvillars took one of her hands within his, and firmly detained her. She dared not trust herself to speak her displeasure; a sudden agitation seized her, and she felt all the necessity of flight, without the powers of effecting it. There was a tenderness in the pressure of his hand that taught her to fear him; he was trifling with the affection she bore him,

and she again sought, with earnestness, to disengage herself from him.

With an air of wildness he strained her to his heart, then sunk on the ground before her, and concealed his face by resting it on her knees—"Forgive me, Leslie," he softly breathed; "sweet angel of goodness, forgive me! I know not what I do! I have lost my reason—lost all but the love that thus distracts me."

An indignant feeling swelled at Leslie's heart; she was again about to become the repository of his secrets, and she shrunk with horror from the confidence he would repose in her.

Lord Mountvillars instantly perceived her repugnance; he rose from his knees, released her little trembling hand, and retreated some paces from her. The colour
of

of his cheek grew strong, then faded to ashy paleness, as he said—"You hate me, Leslie, and you cannot conceal it from me."

There was a pensiveness in his tone that sensibly affected her; tears sprang to her eyes, and in token of amity she extended her hand towards him. He took it coldly, for she had turned her head away, to hide the intenseness of her feelings, so coldly, that it struck a chill to her heart, and she feared she had forfeited the little share of affection she had hoped he still bore towards her.

"It is over," he at length said, in a tone that betrayed the struggle with his feelings—"it is over, Leslie; my brightest visions are at an end, and the regret which they leave behind must be locked in the recesses of my own wretched heart—a heart so lost to every sense but love, that it cares little how soon it is broken."

Leslie could no longer conceal her emotions; convulsive sobs vibrated her frame, and the tears stole through the hands that endeavoured to conceal them.

For a moment lord Mountvillars intently regarded her, watched the workings of her frame, and seemed to gain a ray of hope from the witness of her suffering. Gently he removed her hand from her countenance, and in a softened voice he said—"Leslie, you weep—you weep for me, yet still would hide your pity; but deny it me not, Leslie, for I need it all—all, ay and more! A kind look, Leslie, would do much towards soothing my affliction."

Leslie turned her soft eyes towards him; a look of *measured* affection smiled through her tears, and in an earnest tone she said—"Had I the means, lord Mountvillars, of lessening your inquietudes, Heaven knows how joyfully I would employ them. I feel most sensibly

sibly for your sufferings; whatever may be their nature." She hesitated, then continued in a tremulous tone—"Perhaps if I knew them better, I could better speak them comfort."

Lord Mountvillars had again sunk on his knees beside her—he had again taken both her hands within his, but he placed them from him as he said—"Leslie, there is a coldness in your manner that but mocks the commiseration you extend me; it does not soothe—it does not solace me, but rather leads me to dread destruction to those hopes that rest upon you for their realization."

The gloom of despair again settled on his countenance; he rose, and walked a few paces from her, controlled the rising sigh, and continued, in a tone of forced firmness—"I can suffer deeply, and can still be silent—can deny myself the last blessing left me—can control a lacerated, a devoted heart—can leave for ever the object of my love, who
heeds

“needs not the wretch that she has made me!”

As he concluded, with an air of unrestrained transport, he again strained her to his heart, then hastily prepared to quit the apartment.

Leslie advanced some steps after him—“Hold, my lord,” she said; “leave me not thus a prey to hopes whose downfall may distract me. Tell me—oh, tell me, the feelings you allude to! Oh God!” she said, sinking on the ground, and hiding her features in the cushions of the chair, “I have had a heavenly vision! have mercy in its dispersion!”

She sunk confounded with what she had said; an indiscreet moment had betrayed her love;—she covered her face still farther with her hands, and awaited with anxiety the moment that should tell her he had left her. For an instant
all

all was silent, a kind of stupor seemed to absorb her powers, and she shrunk yet closer to the downy pillow on which she rested.

At length a soft voice struck upon her ear—her own name was tenderly uttered, and she knew lord Mountvillars was once again beside her—"Hear me, Leslie," he said; "look up, my Leslie, and hear me. *My* Leslie, did I say?" His head reclined close to hers, and she felt his soft breath pass lightly over her cheek; as in a whisper he continued—"Yes, heart and soul, *my* Leslie, though destiny divides us. It is time that you should hear how fervently I adore you! doting to distraction, yet dare not ask you to return the love that urges me still further to my ruin. Hear then the disclosure of my woes, the misery that has dragged me down to play the hypocrite that Leslie blushes to find me—hear the reasons that have tempted me to feign
those

these sentiments towards your sister, never excited by any other but yourself. Oh, Leslie, you know not how much I love you ! never was passion more ardent, for never was one more strongly combated ; but vain have I strived to draw the arrow from my heart—the attempt only served to lacerate the more ; for could I see you every day, and cease to love you, the sweetest flower on earth ? —oh no, Leslie ! every day but riveted my chains—every day taught me still more to adore you !”

“ Then why,” said Leslie, “ that false dealing towards my sister ?” Her heart was wrung by contending emotions ; she felt lord Mountvillars loved her, but she felt also that he had acted unjustly towards another. Perhaps his engagements with Mary were already fixed. It was a horrible thought ; his actions were incomprehensible, too intricate for her to fathom. These reflections again repressed the tenderness of her bosom ;
she

she shrunk from his ardent gaze, and said, with a distant manner,—"The feelings you express are new to me; and at variance widely with your actions. Let us better understand each other—let us acquire sentiments conformable to the nature of our situations—reason prescribes it—duty enacts it, and from you I look for the example. Let me then no longer find you an inexplicable being, but a tender friend—an affectionate brother."

While she spoke, the agitation of lord Mountwillars increased by degrees; she felt it communicate to the hand that still held hers. A mortal coldness seemed to glide through every vein as he replied,—"Drive me not to distraction, Lettie, by alluding to my baseness. I never loved your sister; cares for the future alone drew me towards her—providential cares that shame me in recital, and heap fresh burden to the load of my misfortunes. Mine are not the griefs of morbid sensibility

bility—they are misfortunes that arise from serious perplexities; but I am a man, Leslie, and, as such, I hope I yet shall bear them.”

Leslie's tears flowed afresh; she dreaded to learn the extent of his sorrows, yet tenderly entreated their disclosure.

“I am not one of those,” he replied, “who would ease themselves of absolute and irremediable woe, by robbing their hearers of tranquillity; but it is right, Leslie, you should know the cause that tears me from you.” Leslie shuddered; and instinctively her hand grasped firmly the trembling one that held it. He felt its pressure, and a tear started in his eyes, as he said—“Blessed girl, how shall I ever leave you—how resign my only bliss on earth, to become a solitary, a penniless wanderer? In three months, Leslie, I become a beggar—no hopes to rest upon—prospects dark and desolate
—my

—my every power snatched from me, and Leslie, my brightest joy, parted with for ever! This now constitutes my only care: I once thought I should mourn only my blighted prospects; but my agonized heart has since convinced me of the error. What is the loss of wealth, compared to the attendant pang of parting with you, sweet love? Yes, Leslie, I lose you in the moment that tells me, surely tells me, you are my own. Thus are my griefs blended with my joys! I have seen the pity of your countenance, heard the tender tones of your voice; nay, Leslie, hide it not, but tell me you do not hate me—tell me you forgive a presumptuous being for harbouring those feelings towards you, which Heaven itself made the free properties of his heart; all the rest is foreign to it: yet I am not by nature deceptions, and though I have hitherto dissembled, it is a part I will play no longer—I will struggle no more against my love—I will not even desire
to

to be freed from it—it has been my only consolation, yes, in spite of the trials it has made me suffer, it was dear always to my heart. Its extirpation would have appeared to me a real annihilation; I can leave you, Leslie, but never, never cease to love you——”

“And why should we be more wretched than we are?” said Leslie, fondly interrupting him; “why must we part the moment of our union? You inspire me with vague fears of misfortune in partaking of your lot. Explain, lord Mountvillars.” She hesitated, and, in a subdued tone, she murmured the utility of her sixty thousand pounds.

“Oh, name it not, Leslie!” he replied, still ignorant that she was the possessor. “Oh, name it not, Leslie! it is the bribe that so long bought me from happiness—happiness I might have enjoyed till want shall blast it for ever. Heated at the gaming-table, my father lost his all—died under the pressure of threatened evils,

evils, and dying left them entailed upon his son. To you alone, Leslie, has the exposure of a parent's weakness been betrayed—a weakness that has only allowed me the enjoyment of those riches a twelvemonth, I had been taught to expect for ever. Too proud to beg, I have failed to take its advantage; the time approaches, and finds me unprepared as ever, sinking under the blow, and resolved to fly from a country that has witnessed my prosperity. In a few days I quit England for the new world, there to waste out my hours in care: I dare not ask you, Leslie, to share my fate. Can this fragile form bear the buffets of stern fortune? for though fondly sheltered in my breast, they would yet glance upon you.” Leslie was about to speak; he kissed away the words, then continued —“No, Leslie, I dare not lead you to misfortune; every blow would strike still deeper to my heart, if it only passed over mine. Should I die, what would then protect

protect you? No, Leslie, I dare not do it; Heaven is the only place where we may meet—death the only friend that can bring us again together—death that will now be the work of sorrow, not the remorse of having led you into woe. In acting thus, I do violence to the ardour of my passion; for did I consult but that, Leslie alone should tell me I must leave her; I would ask her to fly with me to the furthest corner of the globe, to participate my lot, and to chase away my sorrows by the sunbeams of her presence; but Leslie might then well doubt the extent to which I love her. Could I bear to see these rosy lips pale with penury and care—these starry eyes, whose fire renders them so lovely, all sunk with the sorrow to which I had subjected her? Accustomed to the happy effervescence of her love, could I bear to see it chilled by the blighting hand of want? Oh, Leslie! the very thought drives me to distraction! Let me draw a veil over a
perspective

prospective more terrible to contemplate than losing you for ever."

"Oh, my friend!" said Leslie, "why this inconsistency—why talk of parting with happiness within our reach? Lord Mountvillars, I do not understand you; you say you love me, yet reject the hand that would lighten your vexations. Say rather you are acting on my credulity: I have no confidence in your love—it is all fatal dissimulation, presuming on a weakness that is so harshly corrected by the coldness of your councils; but it is a defect that in future shall be foreign to my heart—it is terminated, since I see and condemn the capriciousness that fosters it—I will root it out of my soul, and enrich that soul instead with those regulated feelings, which will force you to restore me your respect, while you return to those ties you are now so culpably abusing." Lord Mountvillars stopped the picture of agony before her. She saw and pitied his distress, extended her hand

hand towards him, and continued, in a gentler tone—"Forgive my petulance—I feel that I have wronged you—I see clearly into the kind motives of your heart; and it is equally fair that you should read mine—a heart wounded by your refusal of that wealth it has long lost the enjoyment of. Think not I am acting from ostentation, or that I would claim thanks for what I part with so readily; this is not a time for the trifling of false delicacy—it may be our last meeting." She hesitated a moment, then continued with acquired firmness—"All my possessions are in my own hands;" again she paused, "consider them, my lord, at your disposal; the privacy of my future life will render them unnecessary—take half—take all—every thing to make you happy."

Lord Mountvillars could not long remain in error; he discovered that Leslie, and not Mary, was the favourite of fortune.

tune. An *éclaircissement* took place, and in a short hour, Leslie Templemore quitted the library, the affianced bride of lord Mountvillars.

Thus it is the benefits of this world are frequently distributed; the rich take the poor, the poor get the rich, chance settling the difference of accounts, and bringing us all very nearly to the same level.

The two Miss Templemores left P——h perfectly dissatisfied with their own home, and every moment was spent in wishing they could do things in the style of other people. Every thing annoyed them they met with; the small teaspoons, the black teapot—then having to make the tea themselves, instead of its being handed to them on a silver waiter. In short, they could bear the sight of nothing that belonged to them. The blue crockery at dinner took away

VOL. III. K their

their appetites—so different to plate!—then the odious carefulness of having to lock up the wine, and the tea and sugar—their mother took every body for thieves. How did lord E—— contrive it? His cellar was never empty, and they'd be bound he never did such a thing. Oh, it was hateful to be so cramped in their means; and again they both ejaculated with a sigh—"Oh that we could do things in the way of other people!"

It was the information of Leslie's intended marriage that brought them round to their proper senses, and the home which they had so much abused appeared to their disturbed minds a palace, comparatively speaking, to the one they must now return to. What was to be done? The only alternative seemed marriage, and Stanley had no difficulty in persuading Mary to become his on the same day that Leslie had consented to become the happy bride of lord Mountvillars.

Mountvillars. Cecil, like the hare and many friends, in vain looked round for a refuge; all were ready to flirt with her; but none, not even colonel Clanmaurice, for whom she had cooled upon the little ensign, were willing to act up to the hopes they had excited.

It is not love that engages the silly and the vain to set their caps at each other—it is not love that leads them into a corner, to flirt out the time that intervenes between the dances. Rather say, it is the mutual predilection for distinction, the momentary fondness for the same follies. This is not love, but selfishness, the desire of being envied for the hour, in having appropriated a pretty piece of good, which they take the pains of persuading themselves others are ready to die for. Good looks, however, do not last for ever; and the *flirt* finds, too late, that she has squandered away her hours in administering to the vanity of others,

without the wisdom of securing one moment for herself.

Thus it was with poor Cecil Templemore; irritated against herself—irritated against the world, yet still seeking in that world the fulfilment of her desires. With no real feeling of happiness, she flies from one amusement to another, decorated by the kind hands of her sisters, and enabled by them to carry on a life of dissipation that is now her only pleasure—always restless, thirsting for something never to be attained, and advancing to that opprobrious animal, an *old maid*, with nothing to look back to but a life spent to little or no purpose, but to warn others by its example.

It is always a comfort to be able to attach *blame* somewhere, and Cecil readily tacks hers to the insufficiency of Brighton; and while hurrying forward through all its rounds of dissipation, with a velocity

city accelerated in proportion to the disappointment of the chase, her only solace is to abuse it with all her might, and to warn others from becoming devoted dupes to the emptiness of its enjoyments. To use a French idiom, however, it is but to beat the winds, and to waste her words: folly and fashion still flock in to this marketplace of beauty; and though sense and sobriety are driven out by their vagaries, it is a loss *gained*, for they can very well dispense with the croakings of austerity, and the cold water which sanctimonious affectation would cast upon their pleasures. Then

“ Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
 Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering-places!
 Boys yet unbreech'd; and virgins yet unborn,
 On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.”

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